

# Within Y, Things

## Things

As the rain keeps pouring down, everything's so sad and cold  
Learning to live with it all, learning to live with it all  
Sometimes it seems like it all stands still  
Sometimes it feels like, my own will

Awaiting it all to come, damaged as life upon  
Never will we be free, TORTURED!  
All the tears that we've shed, reflecting ourselves within  
Pale, white, by myself outburned..

The things we touch makes us feel nothing more than  
Than the shiver down our spines  
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