

Within Y "Things"

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

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