

Battery "Fading"

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Again the clock is ticking
Counting down my life
I watch my childhood fade into time
All of my convictions are covering my eyes
All that I believe in has now been made me blind
Wash my hands of the past
Let my soul be free
Wash my hands of the past
What did it all mean?

Standing here all alone drowning in my desires
I've grown to hate the cold, but too scared to touch the
fire
The closer I get to the shore
The tide keeps rising higher
Take my hand, pull me out
This body has grown tired

Looking on with crying eyes
Wishing for time

Hold my hand
Protect my innocent mind
I close my eyes
From my mind again

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