

Between The Buried And Me "(Shevanel Part 2)"

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My head will not rest on this pillow.
As it's gripped in my arms tonight.
Like reality; too tight.
If a dream could last forever.
I would hold you here.
Time need not freeze.
I need not fear.
This world inside.
Is a world I long to find.
And I will not be afraid to love.
I won't be afraid to lose.
What I was once deprived myself of.
My teardrops have salt-stained this pillow.
As it's loosened from my weakened clutch.
By the sun's light; too much.
There's a hope today.
That I'll find a way.
This Dream of life inrealed to me.
Sometimes I run and sometimes I crawl.
Sometimes I fly and sometimes I'm gonna fall.
But this dream of mine will not change at all.

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