

## **Delicate Fade, A "The Inside World"**

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The grave awaits this seamless face,  
Upon the setting sun,  
For by tomorrow we will wait,  
Until our hope is gone.

Breathe the air of fault,  
It never takes it stride,  
Upon souls of trusted friends,  
From which we keep our lies.

No hope for the sun,  
Turn around and hide,  
The world around us twists and turns,  
Or is it all inside?

Wind blows in your direction,  
Sleep covers my eyes,  
Wind blows in your direction,  
Sleep covers my eyes.

The wind blows at your hair and face,  
But you never look away,  
Your crying eyes of tearing ashes,  
Make me turn my face,  
Why are we here?

No hope for the sun,  
Turn around and hide,  
The world around us twists and turns,  
Or is it all inside?

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