

Diary Of Dreams "Eyesolation"

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Raindrops fall to cleanse my soul
The song of whales tear me apart
My eyes still stray along this shore
A seagulls' plaint adoring mine
My tongue too weak to speak a word
O' was I born to be misunderstood
Fingers touch, but do not feel
O' tired seem my restless eyes
So tired is my smile
In my endless depth of guilt
A cripple of my fear
And the needle serves me well
Memories now wash ashore
I feel remains of sympathy
Imagine the ability
To gather roses in winter....
Somebody
Something
Welcomed me
On the other side
Dank and gentle
Moist and soft
Almost like lone
The needle serves me well
But whom have I to blame ?
Just the cripple of my fear
Just call my disguise
The needle serves me well
The needle serves me well
But whom have I to blame ?
So tired is my smile
Was I born to astray
In my endless depth of guilt ?
Just a cripple of my fear
Just call my disguise
Just almost like love
And the needle serves me well....

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