

Empty Trash "Tort"

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Crawling on, disease prays for
An ordinary unmindful, to the next sleep
Sliding down the brightness of the pretense world
My cleverness never been so I'll
Now counting the seconds to the next sleep
And crawling on, disease prays for
I won't deny all my faults

Can feel all my tort
Everything bright, confused and
Spread the falling rain

Searching for, lucidity calls
Moments of light I need, until the next sleep
Striking down the crawling of the people's sins
My emptiness never been so full
Now counting the seconds to the next sleep
And falling on my deepest fear
I won't be ready, for this claim

Can feel all my tort
Everything bright, confused and
Spread the falling rain

Striking down the crawling of the people's sins
My cleverness never been so I'll
Striking down the crawling of the people's sins
I won't deny all of my faults

Can feel all my tort
Everything bright, confused and
Spread the falling rain

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