

Fobia

"Dead Sky"

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I feel the splinter in my hand, I see it all wasted.
I see it all passed by, there's nothing to show for it.
And there's some spare change on the table left for
me, pick it up, I'm running out again.
Why do I see these things this way, I don't help, I'm
running out again.

I tried to remind you of the day when the door closed,
we stopped dreaming as I left your side.
Only to scratch my knee on the ground running out
again, the picture painted nothing.
I was left without reason, we tried to remind ourselves
of the last time.

The perspective was never in my sight, it was always
inside,
They mentioned that you were great, but I just
considered you a friend.
Running out again.
Leaving nothing behind.
And I thirst for color to brighten my day.
I washed away the blood, only to see my scars, waited
so long,
Now I left your side, my wing has mended, fly into this
dead sky

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