

Free Yon "Clarity Vs. Impossibility"

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Fake. Fake. Fake.

Happiness is just a cover up for the dead cell that you are.

That I am.

You've twisted me inside out and now I lay worn and open
for frustration and stupidity to sink into every pore that was asking for relief.

I've hit bottom, but only now is when everything makes sense.

Here it is gray solid and rough
Lead to paper is only thin enough,
But in this head lies endless pain that will never be still.

I will, 'til then not sleep.

I will, 'til then not sleep.

Nothing rhymes.
Nothing will sound right.
Cause this is, the last fucking time.

My disgrace is my subtlety
You will not hear my cries, because the blunt plea is the easy way out.

But one day this outline, this frame will collapse
leaving cold sore disturbance unlocked and erratic.
And only a few will affix each word of every song.

I will, 'til then not sleep.

I will, 'til then not sleep.

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