

Grin Department

"Inside"

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What does time mean?
The years, the moments, seconds seem like
What has being to do with living?
Silence seems so loud in here
Calming white embracing me
The clock is frozen
Partitions moving closer

Inside, inside
Lonely
Within the white
Abandoned
Inside, inside
Waiting for the minute to be over
For another second to begin

The emptiness of mine
Dreams been kicked out of my mind
Infusions keep on fleeting my emotions
Unable to tell day from night
The difference between dark and light
Out of brain, out of myself

Inside, inside
Lonely
Within the white
Abandoned
Inside, inside
Waiting for the minute to be over
For another second to begin

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