

Life Between Sleep "The Weather Portrait"

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This world grows three shades darker.
As this tunnel collapses into debris.
And everything turns black and white.
As bone meets the earth the truth meets sky.

Is this what souls are made of?

Feel the wind as the night sets in, as you guide the
light, with hopes of reaching home.
Just to keep you moving to keep proving, there's hopes
of reaching home.

As these gates they open now I see my life before my
eyes.

Escape from my body as projected on silver,
As a shadow of time made to watch over myself.
Just a whisper in the wind,
A shadow casted on the wall
I remain transparent to the world.
This weather portrait paints life on canvas,
Contrasting colors with these eyes.

Bring back this light so that I can start again.

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