

Prototype

"Brighter Days"

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Sometimes I can feel my mind daring to release
Saddened by the hell of mine, refusing to dease
Caring not about myself forgetting brighter days
Further on through the trees other side cannot reach.
Chorus: I cannot reach
It's out of my hands
And now I must decide
Who I'll be
And now the pathways blocked
It sounds like silent defeat
And now the sun is gone
I think it's gone with me.
Bridge: What does it mean
Object of deceit
Motive to pass on
It's circling.

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