

## **The Provenance "Carousel Of Descent"**

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How you stand there so proud and beautiful  
Beside the black me, the sick and helpless one.  
True gentle caring, natural and undemanding.  
A childish wish you'll see me through the night.  
I've seen them staring at me, even through the tears.  
The world's descending for a foolish boy in fear.  
I keep all doors shut, I endure this bitter guilt.  
I know they blame me but that's one thing I can take,  
right!  
I can take it!

I wish that every single tear I she'd was felt and seen  
by you,  
So you would understand how much you are and mean  
to me.  
I am so weak and tired, drugged somehow and  
sinking,  
Fevered and uncared for, strangely not even self-  
pitied.  
Thoughts spinning, swirling, carousel of misadaption,  
A freak of nature on the ride of a lifetime, yes, that's  
me.

The more I try to fight the deeper I'm descending,  
No use in trying crashing headfirst towards the ground.  
It has to end somewhere, I've known it would and here  
it is,  
This carousel, descending, had its' purpose and it was  
you.

How you stand there so proud and beautiful  
Beside the black me, the sick and helpless one.  
True gentle caring, natural and undemanding.  
A childish wish you'll see me through it all.  
I've seen them staring at me, even through the tears.  
The world's descending for a foolish boy in fear.  
I keep all doors shut, I endure this bitter guilt.  
I know they blame me but that's one thing I can take.  
I can take it!

