

## Vendetta "Blacker Still"

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Here I am,  
Being me,  
Me- the unknown.  
Me- is what I can't be.  
I can't be

Look at me,  
What am I?  
Glancing through life, trying, but these lies I can't buy.  
Don't even ask me to let go,  
The traces of what I have,  
To them I'll cling to forever,  
I will,  
Even though the prospect is blacker still.

Yes there are troubles  
There is pain  
We're crushed under rubble  
Debris of silence- fierce and stinging.  
There are mistakes and remorse  
There is rebellion and curse  
But I'm not letting go of my courage,  
Albeit, my gloom is blacker still.

It's blacker still,  
And it will remain until I break away from all this,  
Search of light,  
Move ahead of my plight,  
But my sight is blacker still.

What do I need?  
A solace? An answer? The control?  
What do I need?  
The spirit? The force? The will?  
Nevertheless my soul is blacker still.

Yes there are troubles  
There is pain  
We're crushed under rubble  
Debris of silence- fierce and stinging.  
There are mistakes and remorse  
There is rebellion and curse

But I'm not letting go of my courage,  
Albeit, my gloom is blacker still.

It's blacker still,  
And it will remain until I break away from all this,  
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