

Epiclore

"Cold"

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Lying here in the cold
Crumbled and trampled over
Blinding fear, a dismal life alone
May it hurt, truth be told
Uncertain, discontented
Fears convert into pain

When the world grows cold around you
A sense of nothingness that ails your soul
Can turn into sorrow and despair
Dreaming
In the haze our mind blends into
A state of unison is all we know
A garden of Eden we can share
When the world grows cold

Hanging on to one hope
I can repress no longer
Waiting for a sign of some response
Even though worlds apart
May be meant to stay asunder
Can't let go
Have to try

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