

Slow Coming Day "This Emotion"

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Here I am confused.
So unsure of where I stand.
Consumed by emptiness.
Sick of being used by this world.
When will it end?
This game I play with you.
When will I stop to pretend and go standing on a black
line?
The misery breaks my heart.
Deep down inside, I know I can't go on living this way.
When will it end?
This game I play with you.
When will I stop to pretend and go follow you?
I have not forgotten your whispering voice or the
sweetness of your presence.

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