

Sleeper

After the Burial

I could never find a way to rest upon your shoulders
Misunderstood, please help but I meant so well
I keep pushing through these bitter memories
I try to to escape the nightmares but they are becoming of me
I am the sleeping dream inside the dream
My old me breaks my heart
I hope I never wake up
I need an answer
Please help me
This endeavor has swallowed me whole
North winds twisting inside me I can feel this emptiness
Slowly I am fading out
I can feel this emptiness
Slowly I am fading out
And this is becoming of me
My hands hold on tight, I'm not letting go
Words are never good enough
Everything I breathe is broken letters and bad timing
And they are becoming of me
I am the sleeping dream inside the dream
I hope I never wake up