

Do you remember who I am?
A voice of hope, ad nauseam
I prayed that you would see
The crooked road you took belonged to me

We only speak when half asleep
Within your dreams I tend to keep
Your very soul aside
From the dreary train of thoughts
Your brains provide

Time's tight for you
The longer you wait
The less your dreams come true
And I wish that you
Would make it
Through these dark December days
Before curfew

You crawled into my memory
An extreme extent of wannabe
You left yourself behind
To keep the haunting ghost of me in mind
You can turn back, you can decide
If your life should still be occupied
By this long gone friend
Whose days were suicidal 'till the end

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