

## Pitch Black Mourning

Audrey Horne

All of these thoughts that come running through my head  
They seem to be distorted pictures  
Memories of how I first got to this point  
Through a blurry polaroid  
Days in the wilderness, lost in the emptiness  
All my thoughts are clouded by  
The pitch black mourning of something long gone  
A ghost without a name

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When morning comes it screams so loud  
Crackin' up again  
Wash the blood and hide the evidence  
The sun arise, it burns my eyes  
Well, I never thought it would come to this, my dear

Crashed on the way down  
My head first into the ground  
Bloodstains lead the way home for me  
Follow the trail from the ground to the wrist to these pale, anemic eyes  
Erase and rewind, throw it all back in time  
Tell me, will I still remember you?  
And how comes, the last thing I see as I pass out  
Is you fading to black

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