

Alone

Balzac

I still cannot seem to
Find this place
A sense of sin,
From deep inside,
Shows the sights

The fading of the light
It's from deep inside
To see the shape,
The one who descends
On the world

His image has now
Faded away
Has been long gone,
Now is broken and lost
You make judgement
Piece by piece,
A montage of pain

I'm alone, alone
Nobody knows my loneliness
Alone, alone, I'm alone
Alone, alone
Nobody knows, it's only me
Alone, I'm alone

I can't find myself, I have no place of my own
It's only me