

## Elegy

Carina Round

Something ripped me open  
From my little death woken  
Fading rhythm of lifeline  
Is music for a dead child  
I'm skirting the rim, skirting the rim  
Of reality  
Skirting the rim  
Love don't pull me in

Somehow everything is broken  
Hours past and never replayed  
I see the sickness of a love that  
Though it breathes, can never be made

There are cracks where the white light burns through  
It seems I see everything but the truth  
Once more to that sacred place  
The dream that sucks me under  
I'm skirting the rim, skirting the rim  
Of reality  
Skirting the rim  
Love don't pull me in

Somehow everything is broken  
Hours past and never replayed  
I see the sickness of love that  
Though it breathes, can never be made

Somehow everything is clearer now  
Hours pass with never a relief  
I see the sadness of a moment  
Though it lived was never seen