

Promise

Far

Seeing it now, when we met
I was a stone
I wanted to be alone
Placing flowers at the foot
Of graves
Of friends i tried to save
They've gone away
Now i'm a slave to this promise
Dumb or brave, either way
I'm a slave to this

Saying hello to this sloppy pen again
Got stuff to figure out
Though i feel that something lost
That every memory
Every thought
I try to save
Has gone away
Now i'm a slave to this promise
Dumb or brave, either way
I'm a slave to this

I'm going to live my life like i'm dying
Not just thinking about why, i am well aware
I'm dying
An island, the idea is enticing
No sin or crime to taint my eyes
Dirty my morals
Noone but myself
Noone to fear, then...
...peace and quiet...but why?