

## 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?