

Sun, throw shadows cross the floor
That leak into my soul
Blackness tossed against the wall
The room feels so cold

The alibis you gave
Were promises in vain
Echoes of impermanence
Voices from the grave

Tell me what it's for
All this emotion
When you walk out the door
Why should I follow?

You've been playing games
With my emotions
Turn and walk away
You leave me hollow

Warmth, cascading over me
A puppet for your strings
A mound of flesh on which you feed
Satiated