

Listen, to the sound of falling
The decline of a beautiful yesterday
Spiraling down a pitch black forever
Into the essence of your desperate idea
A creation of a weary and exhausted mind
Feeding upon its own poisoned fruits
And craving for our final decline
To let go and be pulled beneath

Can you hear it, the lamenting river
The river that has whispered our names
Once I stared into its cold black eye
As if tomorrow would never come
Sometimes I wonder if you do the same
If you yearn for that deadly kiss
Wanting to escape your plaguing burden
And reach out for a moment of peace

I never thought it would come to this
That we would end up in this weary state
Like shades of a forgotten eden
In constant denial of all that was us
Killing ourselves to live a lie
Killing ourselves without knowing why
Searching for peace but finding pain
We are suffering from selfish ambitions