

## By Others Considered

### In Mourning

Dark secrets always turns out to be the best  
Why does the rain always seem so black  
Bleeding for more to satisfy my everything  
Sealed from the others, leading me down

For the apparition of my longing  
I borrowed a smile, unfaithful to reality  
To dignify my hollowness  
Bewildered minds declaring this world for me  
Drowned by this burden

This is my confession, my lament to you  
It's me, I've painted the walls  
It's a portrait, of a black paradise  
From this day on I will look at life through darkness

This is my confession, my lament to you  
It's me, I've painted the walls  
It's a portrait, of a black paradise  
From this day on I will look at life with my eyes closed

Here is my confession, my last one to do  
From this moment, I will shut my eyes  
I look through the window, I look upon the world I face  
What do I see, it's a rainy day

Dark secrets always turns out to be the best  
I can't restrain always forced to go back  
Bleeding for more to satisfy my everything  
Sealed from the others, leading me down