

The Shelf

Ivory Night

I'm a retarded thing
I can't realize why I'm inside here
So many years are wasted
No love, no hope

The door is still open, they left me the key
But never I'd walk away
A shelf made of wood is nailed in the frames
Such a subtle barricade

The sun will never shine
The night is never black
My neon god is high
Above me in the concrete skies

I have to sit on top of the shelf
The floor is stained by myself
The stench of what I tried to keep
Has melted my lungs indeed

The sun won't shine, the words don't rhyme
I'm out of time, the shelf will remain
I'm raised in here, I'm reigned by fear
I am sincere, the shelf will remain
As long as I'm sincere
The shelf will remain - in here

I sort my memories somewhere on that shelf
Hide-and-seeks in the schoolyard at 12:15
My childhood fear systematically aligned
First wet dreams and all I've fantasized

The sun will never shine
The night is never black
My neon god is high