

Worries Turned To Dreads

Kiana

No sign of life, no tears to cry
Silence remains, everything's the same
Uncertainty, anxiety
These affections of incredulity

Prepare for the worst

Downward spiral called life came
To an end at some given moment
The blade tore through the innocence
Leaving the shell all sore and cold

Visions force-fed, a sudden fear of death
Worries turned to dreads, where these clues will head?
As time goes by, just all in vain
Hoping to regain the missing one's remains

Prepare for the worst
Cry, wait for the worst

Downward spiral called life came
To an end at some given moment
The blade tore through the innocence
Leaving the shell all sore and cold

No sign of conflict
what could have triggered it
No sign of conflict
such an outrageous way to play