

## 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