

No Solace In Sleep

Light This City

I've been so afraid, my love,
I must confess so afraid
I've given in to this sickness of invisibility
I exist now only in a memory
I fear the simplest things like waking from a dream
Because I somewhat can't find a firm grip on reality
I view myself as an old friends
Whom I once loved but no who is dead
And I just can't face my own grave,
Wilted flowers in hand,
Mourning something I have quite lost yet.