

In The Middle I Breathe

Profane Omen

Unfold, expose myself to these thoughts.
It seems there's no angel to take me home...
I'm cold and I drank every drop I could find,
And the fire in my lungs, it leaves no more room for smoke...
Still I breathe...
This world is a graveyard for our souls; the truth was buried in shallow ground.
No sleep, no dream to give me peace, no fate.
No reason for us being here... and I breathe...
All these thoughts cause too much pain; all the colours of childhood are turning grey.
All that I fear, I now must face,
so grant me this wish: give me time to inhale...