

Cancel The Sun

Salem

Drape the room in shades of grey
Over pastel greens they are running
Like the ours of the day,
Seemingly they run to nothing
Burn the midnight oil,
Turn the lights down to a whisper
Feeling so alone
Try your hardest not to miss her
The twilights throwing pounding rain,
Let it in, let it in,
Queen of hearts relentless screams,
Let it in, let it in
Defeated hearts always, will end up in flames