

Prepare To Fly

Silent Descent

'Cause I have too much hate.

Drinking happiness with darkness and empathy,
Mixing life with death and reality.
Dying? Every five minutes being five less,
Sitting back whilst others walk on.
Can't catch up now, so why try.
Deteriorating, as light slowly sets,
I'm wasting away.

Silhouettes and shadows of where I could've been,
Glimmer in the distance, shining in success,
('Cause life goes on.)
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Glimmer in the distance, shining in success,
('Cause life goes on.)

Evading yesterday,
I choose to choke upon the stars again.
Am I my own breed?
One who travels with no means?
Evading yesterday,
I choose to travel with the stars this time.
A chance to find me,
In the dark of oblivion.

I sit at this table in attempt to write my summary,
Can't find words, how can you sum up a failure?
I'm dying.
Every time I write it down it's not enough,
Not enough for me to move on.

In the dark of oblivion,
Now I am prepared to die,
I'm preparing to fly -
From this hell.
I cannot succeed,
I'm not prepared to believe -
I will not stop,
'Cause I have too much hate.