

Sentiment

[SITD:]

In search of the pure, in search of the light
I miss those arms that held me tight
A pleasant breeze while time stands still
To venture forward I have the will

Seconds to minutes, hours to days
Every single time I see your face
I am agitated by sudden fear
I feel your presence, but you're not here

Oh God I would not
Normally pray
Save me from darkness
Let it drift away

I am so scared to fall asleep
Without your shine I'm lost and weak
I know the fault lies at my door
But for what I am living for?

An aching wound, I cannot breathe
No healing hand for my disease
I take no comfort in all your words
There is just pain like hell it hurts