

## The Worst Is Yet to Come

Still Remains

These words have slipped again  
Stitch the lips of the mouth  
that murmurs them  
Cloud your vision,  
make everyone disappear  
There's still tie to wake up  
Get out while you still can speak  
This mud is too thick to see through  
The stitches are coming out  
The wounds won't heal  
Is this embedded status permanent?  
So, I'm rearing...  
The worse is yet to come,  
days are getting shorter  
Close your eyes for a while,  
rest a little longer  
This mud is too thick to see through  
The stitches are coming out  
The wounds won't heal themselves  
Is this embedded status permanent?  
So, I'm rearing...  
The worse is yet to come,  
days are getting shorter  
Close your eyes for a while,  
rest a little longer  
These shoulders are too weak  
to carry any more  
My will is too weak to carry on