

## Pitch Black

Systematic

Taste the colors that run over you  
A touch of gray that numbs the mind  
Left me for dead it fills my head  
"Locked in here for good!" she said.

Grip the dark that funnels dimmest light  
It turns my scream into a whisper.

My thoughts scream through me  
No way this could be  
Nothing left to see.

Silence will become the death of me  
In my head they speak in tongues  
Tear at my skin it never ends  
No words can save the shape I'm in.

My thoughts scream through me  
No way this could be  
Nothing left to see.

(I think I see the light)

My thoughts scream through me  
No way this could be  
Nothing left to see.