

Sending Vessels

Vanna

I've seen the future,
And the future is smoke.
A shroud of ghost encompass,
A cloud of doubt on which to choke.

My mind's so clouded
In this life of distress.
Don't sink with me,
Don't sink with me.
I'm an awful wreck.

Just pull me out,
Take me away from all this.
This is the last chance I have
To not end up dead.

So just give me the chance,
To find another moment,
Where passion stemmed out from the start,
And carried to the sky,
Where we lived our lives,
With honest hearts.
Honest hearts.
I think we're losing sight of
What this is all about.
Impossible to settle now.
We're fading in the background.

So fade out,
Back to the shadows from which you came.
Leave me alone on the pier.
For now it's the only place that keeps me sane.

I've seen too many skies,
To let them pass me by.
I've lived too many lives,
To watch myself die.
I've seen too many skies,
To let them pass me by.
I've lived too many lives,
To watch myself die.
Watch myself die.

So send this vessel out to sea.
I'm not the ship I used to be.