

# Tomorrows Morning

Zeraphine

It's so severe  
You stare at me through eyes unbelievably sad  
Are you here?  
Your dreams captured under your bed

Could we adhere  
To rules and plans and these futile intents  
Could we break apart the ties, stop all motion  
The trauma's inside of our heads

Leaving our hopes alone tonight  
We buried tomorrows morning  
Tracing the scopes of our delight  
We buried tomorrows morning

You preserve to fight the pain  
But you're lost in this game  
There's no chance  
Are you near?  
My being is finally dead

You disappear  
In the arms of your ghost  
You're entirely enclosed  
And you mind escapes  
The answers are missing  
The consciousness is almost shed

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