

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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