

Silhouette of a Life

10 Years

Forced myself to sleep last night,
Woke up to all white.
Saw all the tears and cries,
Screamed out but no reply.
Nirvana dreams were never right,
Crossing to the other side.
It's too late to take this back,
Accidental excess.

Now what's in store for a
Soul with premature wings
That will never soar,
For what they're made for.

Why we wingless angels fall,
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all.
So tell me why we wingless angels fall,
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all.

Life is always strange,
Signs like wandering mental sodomy.
This can't be happening.

So tell me why we wingless angels fall,
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all.
So tell me why we wingless angels fall,
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all.