## **After the Burial**

I could never find a way to rest upon your shoulders Misunderstood, please help but I meant so well I keep pushing through these bitter memories I try to to escape the nightmares but they are becoming of me I am the sleeping dream inside the dream My old me breaks my heart I hope I never wake up I need an answer Please help me This endeavor has swallowed me whole North winds twisting inside me I can feel this emptiness Slowly I am fading out I can feel this emptiness Slowly I am fading out And this is becoming of me My hands hold on tight, I'm not letting go Words are never good enough Everything I breathe is broken letters and bad timing And they are becoming of me I am the sleeping dream inside the dream I hope I never wake up