

Autumn

Anything Box

Nothing really matters, we all turn
To dust, you know that? nothing is
Forever, everything will end in
Silence...

Nothing has a reason until it's
Defined by us, and nothing is elusive
As long as you have the will to
Look...

To give way to the new, to take away
The darkness of our hearts,
Replace the things that hurt...
To create...something...

Nothing...nothing becomes something...
Nothing...nothing becomes something...