

Only Boundaries

Balance and Composure

I try to find my plight,
but it wouldn't show itself to me.
So I got lost along the way,
it seems that everything is grey,
but that's ok.

I know it's out there waiting for me,
but I can't see it from where I stand.
And all this going but not knowing if you plan on ever showing
up is getting so old.

I'm not getting out.

As you grow old you'll see that it's useless
to make an attempt to escape reality.
I see no hope for us, only boundaries surround me
and crush the hope inside.
Lately the colours don't seem as bright as they could be.
It's so impossible to treat these days.

I'm not getting out. [x3]