

Future Years

Deadsy

A morbid beauty
Glow in resonation
Mercurial signs they read
Make real our minds
True fascinations
For now we're rolling
And kinda golden
As time keeps folding
We're old when our poor souls depart
Whereas cold cruel jokes now make you cry
One day you'll take them in your stride

All of the time we've resided here
You'll see our chalices rise
With ever endless tears
And illusions they fly
But someday soon will clear
Just sit back and recline
I'll guide you through the years

Through the future years
As they'll soon appear
Someday all too near
Now the distance clears

Bad ways which rule all the ways we go
Through black and the gloom
Consecutive days and plain afternoons
The things in life
They pass the time
While those all around are bored

Though we come down in real demise
Trek through all of the feelings with no tears in eyes
Kept fear veiled so it hides
Life's never forced or dry
So there's nothing inside me
I just seem alive

To the future years
As they'll soon appear
Dressed in slacks as we will
So its stars they steer

Just tie a silk sheet round your neck
And twist it till your face turns cherry red

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You'll see our chalices rise
With ever endless tears
And illusions they fly
But someday soon will clear
Just sit back and recline
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