

Erratic

Dying Passion

You ramble through the streets
Like a sewer rat
Like an erratic ghost
You're a broken being
No one knows what you see
Things that are not real
Your beloved friends
They're talking and talking

What drives you forward to where you're going
you have no home where someone is waiting
but you still need to run
what is the place you want to go to
what are you running from
all annoying voices
they are here again
they will never leave
they are part of you now

Look around
there is just empty room all around you
this is it, the last chapter of your misery

Endless confusion
you are falling to oblivion
pointless Illusion

light turns to dark
you're here alone
all voices are gone