

## Futile

## Dying Passion

After the sleep  
When rest of the day is so futile to do something  
You can't go back to bed  
You're trying to find excuses for wasted time  
Between four blank walls where your regrets live  
It's hard to stay calm when you are all alone

Sleepy eyes, where have you been?  
Right between illusion and dream  
Constant lies  
You have believed those empty words  
Lead your hollow life

Fade like steam, find some place  
Where you can't hear your judgement  
Tomorrow you will sleep and live as it should be  
The dark river can turn to the omnipresent agony