

Elements

Eyefear

Although you think I'm safe, I'm only killing time
I'm slipping through the hourglass, destroying all that is mine
A mind too tired to awaken, a soul too tired to feel
Paintings of portraits
And portraits of sanctums
Where I can seek refuge and shelter for me
Twisted emotions and self abused mind frames
And I find myself searching through this primitive land
As the daylight disappears, and the full moon takes its place
I am by myself or so it seems
Half asleep or half in a dream
Watching shadows take their shape
Paintings of portraits...

Beyond dark mountains, a pensive thought he spares
You never turned away from me, until the end
He's at the window waiting, the rising sun
Shines on he's sorrow