

# Slightly Blue

## I Declare War

He was just hanging there stretched out and slightly blue  
The look on his face will never leave my mind  
It was in his eyes

A cold yet a comfort that we strive for  
You could see that he planned this for quite some time  
Clean shaven with his hair slicked back  
Thought was taken in his final desperate times

Sick man, the thoughts sink in  
Desperate to cling on to his miserable life  
Sick man, the thoughts sink in  
Desperate to cling onto it  
Walk out to the woods desperate and tired  
Walk out to the woods sick and tired

Silent and alone he tries to drink his way out  
Nothing left but this pain  
His mind spins into fits of rage  
Black jacket with mud on his shoes  
He wears his story four feet high

Nothing left, no soul in sight, no cold miserable life

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