Wolf Skin

Invent, Animate

In this day and age.
I'm nothing but a pen with a worthless page.
And it looks like its all over for me.
This is nothing but the end of me.
So much for all the days, when I felt washed away.
This is what we said we'd never be.
A sheep in wolf skin, and a problem without end.
I never wanted to go down this road.
Set me free again.
Relevance on a scale of things, seemed so high at one point.
Weighing out my options was biased to say the least.
I'll say the least.
Wreak havoc, run away.
Wreak havoc, run away.
I won't return.
I won't return.
I won't return.
Far away, I see a day,
Where everything is new.
And I can see clear again.
I feel I've been deceived, by the very thing that kept me going for a ll these years.
One thing that's never changed, are questions, about a greater being.
Why am I here?
Author.
Maker.
Where are you?
I lost faith so long ago, and now I dont know where to find it.
I've never been so desperate to find,
a question, an answer, a way out of my mind.
Will they forgive?
I'm bleeding out to those I left behind.
No.
Oh, what a broken story.
It's played in my mind before.
The night sky didn't treat me right.
Is this it?
Am I defined?
Is this it?
Am I defined?
Curse the night.
Curse these eyes.
They're not mine, they're not mine.
Curse these eyes.
Curse the night.
They're not mine, they're not mine.

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