

The Real

Lethal

I've been swept away with a violent brain storm
With the constant pounding scream of pain
Outside my window pane.
The night is waiting, anticipating
You to light a candle for me
Too much to conceal, too much of the real
Too much reconstruction.

That's why I fear the morning
Challenging the night for twilight
Calling me its victim
For it always makes me feel the real

I felt the chance come on
It felt like I was dying
Avoiding the sentence
Of waiting for a second chance
I hope you don't mind if I don't find
Comfort in your brave new world
I'm out of the race
I'm out of the line
I'm out of words to call mine

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