

Depression

Morgana Lefay

A bad thing has to occur
Before you feel regret
It takes a long time to forgive
And forever to forget

Cheating on your love
Creates a false tomorrow
Deceiving on repeat
Makes a constant sorrow

Depression

A seed of suspicion
Never feeds on water
But feast on dark scenarios
Bring your senses to the slaughter

You mill and grind the thoughts
With a sickly love
You fall into the well
And you can not see above

Depression

A shadow in my soul

You now depend on the darkness
And you can not see the sky
This is where you live now
This is where you die

Depression

A shadow in my soul

Depression

Well of depression

A shadow in my soul