

The Grey

Movements

Wait for a signal
Losing faith
Stuck in the middle
And I'm searching for a way out
But six feet deep, I've dug my grave now
There's no way out

I feel the salt beneath my skin
It's boiling up again
I can't let go, and I'm wearing thin
These knots in my throat coil and constrict

And it's the shortening of the days
The dark that seems to grip
All the ice that fills my veins
And this guilt that always trips

I've felt so gray and out of place
Bent out of shape, but stuck in my ways
And I've been searching for the answer
Will I always be this way?
And when I call out, will you answer?
'Cause I've been screaming but nothing's changed
Nothing's changed

I feel the cold against my face
And it's enough to keep me sick
So I'm left with this bitter taste a spoonful of sugar could never fix

And it's the shortening of the days
And the dark that seems to grip
Try to go and it pulls me in
I'm sick of swallowing medicine to feel something

I've felt so gray and out of place
Bent out of shape, but stuck in my ways
And I've been searching for the answer
Will I always be this way?
And when I call out, will you answer?
'Cause I've been screaming but nothing's changed

And it's getting harder to pretend like I'm okay
When there's a constant reminder being drilled into my brain
I still believe in happiness and I want to find a way
But lately, my whole world is being swallowed by the grey
For now there's comfort in the quiet, solitude, and rainy days
I've got my sadness to a science
All I can do is hope for change
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