

Stranger Self

Novelists

I've become a shadow amongst the shadows of your conscience
Another fucking blood stain on these walls
Oh I've been lost for too long within this garden of concrete
Into this hell that your eyes have always been reflecting

You stand alone amongst the statues of these corridors
You're dwelling with a phantom between hell and home

Oh I'm no one to you
A stranger that calls for the rain
I held on for nothing
You don't seem to see me

You don't even speak to me anymore
Still thinking about just leaving and walking straight out the fuckin
g door
A stranger, figment imagined
Detail in haze, a ghost without the face and..
What, you ain't got no time for me now to be around
Love you from a distance the second I left
You see me now
Check, is that it
Mad, it's aristocratic
Glass inhabits
For the feeling it missed I'm shattered
Fuck it our frequency never matched
I never felt so attached
In a black dormant heart I will react
And I ain't got no time for you to feel
Time for you to heal
Time for you to see me through
This could be us but I know it's just you
This could be us but I know it's just you

Now you would trade your soul
For a fucking day out of your skin
To get away from this house
Where you ahve to face what you look like

You hate yourself
'Cause you're a passerby in the life of your loved ones

Aren't you sick of acting like you're fine?

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I held on for nothing
You don't seem to see me