

100 Years

November 2nd

When the night falls down
And covers all in dark
All the fears that I have fought
Sneak out of the corners
Through the keyholes of my mind

I see you in my dreams
Though not so often lately
Sometimes I fancy all those years
Were but a nightmare
I can still awake from

I'm not asking why
I'm so petrified
Sticking a finger in a wound to feel it hurt
Just to beat all the pain inside

You're the reason why
I'm always on the run
I wished so badly that my arms
That I outstretched to you
Were strong enough to hold you

No force in the world
Could keep you on this shore
(I) don't think that I can be who I was before
It's like I've grown old by one hundred years or more
One hundred years...