

I won't say it's name  
What if it's all a lie?  
What could it even mean?  
What if the truth comes into the light and it's all obsence?  
No conclusion to this curse  
Just a way to make it worse  
I won't say it's name  
I won't give it a face  
I won't admit to the love I've lost all the hurt I've cursed  
Or the doubt I put in place  
I won't say it  
They say what's done in the dark will find a way to shine  
Because what's done in the dark could bury me alive  
And I'm finding I'm losing my will to survive  
Without enough the dirt I still welcome the hurt  
What could I hope to see?  
Obsinity