

This House

Reflections

This house is an empty home
The thought process of an abandoned child
Left alone to sort out all the answers
To questions he has never heard

And when he falls asleep
He cannot dream
It is only a fantasy of a brighter place

Only a figment of a taunting imagination

(Let this sleep last forever)
How do I seem to fall to the floor
Hopeless and broken
Every time that I convince my mind
The other side is sunshine

I'm so sick of letting myself (Letting myself, letting myself)
Be a victim to your bars and chains
I let myself walk away from who I was
Just to see if you could love me
And all I found
Was this empty path
Left alone
To walk on my own

A nightmare
Is only inspiration