

Call out an ambulance!  
Call out the police force!  
...suddenly, in the prime of life,  
the question begs, strikes a light  
the closing door, of fading hope  
is just beyond my reach  
Tears that run - crimson  
emerging for my dormant self  
the changing attitudes of life  
chains are strong only to the weak  
and it is just beyond my reach  
one way out - use it! Use it!  
Crimson is the colour of my life