Mind Games

Silent Descent

I'm standing alone,
Opaque walls around me.
Am I searching for something That was never there?

Wash the conscience of responsibility.

Move colour across the glass, intoxicate.
Break down the game,
Intentions turn to grey.
Save me from myself,
Give me something to blame.
Consume to the point I am not held accountable.
It was not of me if my thoughts were irrational.
And so we play the game,
Give me something, something to blame!

Wash the conscience of responsibility,
And I'll fit in with my own duplicity.

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