

The Worst Is Yet to Come

Still Remains

These words have slipped again
Stitch the lips of the mouth
that murmurs them
Cloud your vision,
make everyone disappear
There's still tie to wake up
Get out while you still can speak
This mud is too thick to see through
The stitches are coming out
The wounds won't heal
Is this embedded status permanent?
So, I'm rearing...
The worse is yet to come,
days are getting shorter
Close your eyes for a while,
rest a little longer
This mud is too thick to see through
The stitches are coming out
The wounds won't heal themselves
Is this embedded status permanent?
So, I'm rearing...
The worse is yet to come,
days are getting shorter
Close your eyes for a while,
rest a little longer
These shoulders are too weak
to carry any more
My will is too weak to carry on