

Pocky Boy

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She says that there are voices in her head
She talks to them but she knows they are dead
There was a time when she could tell
The difference between dream and life
But now she stands so quietly
Wishing she could leave us be

She says that there are voices in her head
She talks to them but she know they are dead
Once upon a time she dreamed that
She could feel her thoughts again
Instead she looks into the night talking to the ones who left h
er

Finally, finally die
Quietly, quietly die
Finally, finally die
Finally, finally die
Finally, finally die
Finally, finally die
Finally, quietly die
Quietly, quietly die
Finally, finally die
Finally, finally die

Hide me
Hide me

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