

Vacant Room

For All Eternity

There must be more, to this vacant room that i've been sitting in.

Scratching at the walls, imprisoned in this state of mind.

Brought into life with no hope in sight.

Scratching at the walls of my new found home, the paint sits deep under my nails,

A constant reminder of the attempts ive made, To escape from this place, to free myself from pain.

To loosen these chains.

To escape from this place, to free myself from pain,

To rid my heart of hate. Rid my life of hate.

My mind, an empty room with no windows to see through.

Isolated from the truth(from the truth).

Do my eyes deceive me by what they have not seen,

Freedom, the one desire that will never cease. There must be more to this life of mine.

There is something deep inside that testifies of a greater kind.

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I cannot simply reach out for something better.

I sit here incapable of such a feat, predetermined defeat,

Unable to see past these walls around me.

My mind, an empty room with no windows to see through.

Isolated from the truth(from the truth).

Do my eyes deceive me by what they have not seen,

Freedom, the one desire that will never cease.

My heart, it needs to change.

I need a change.