

# The Shelf

Ivory Night

I'm a retarded thing  
I can't realize why I'm inside here  
So many years are wasted  
No love, no hope

The door is still open, they left me the key  
But never I'd walk away  
A shelf made of wood is nailed in the frames  
Such a subtle barricade

The sun will never shine  
The night is never black  
My neon god is high  
Above me in the concrete skies

I have to sit on top of the shelf  
The floor is stained by myself  
The stench of what I tried to keep  
Has melted my lungs indeed

The sun won't shine, the words don't rhyme  
I'm out of time, the shelf will remain  
I'm raised in here, I'm reigned by fear  
I am sincere, the shelf will remain  
As long as I'm sincere  
The shelf will remain - in here

I sort my memories somewhere on that shelf  
Hide-and-seeks in the schoolyard at 12:15  
My childhood fear systematically aligned  
First wet dreams and all I've fantasized

The sun will never shine  
The night is never black  
My neon god is high