

The Pit

Omnium Gatherum

Sin
Makes one believe
There is something or nothing
Worth holding on
Keep on going
Mistakes are like illusions
Masters and pawns

Seeing leaving aching
Torn, a-part

How long has it been
Bleeding heart
Torn apart

Ivory tower
Mile up high
The halls are empty
No wind anywhere
No way to reach grey heavens
When drowning and burning
Lost in heaven

Every thing leaving
Every one seeing