

Still-Motion

Shape of Despair

Arisen in vain to a life
Bleeding inner to suffer with time
Endlessly lost and still searching
For something, someday

Obsession and deceit
To burn a mark for a lifetime
Boundaries to brake
Reached from the edge of time
To rebuild the past
For something that will everlast
Just searching for to find itself
In still-motion

For to hope
Whenever to find a closure
Find itself in still-motion...

Get closer, closer to your own faith

Serve the frail mind
Escape through the lifetime
To glance for your dismal youth

Get closer, closer to your own faith