

Of Mind - Nocturne

Tesseract

Climb
You're dehydrated
Fly
Your wings are jaded
Cry
You're enervated
Die
For what you believe in
Try
You've nearly made it
Why?

You're the plague within my dreams
Soaring through an atmosphere of an adequate lack of strength
And we're responsible
The truth is that it will end here
Denial's an impairment of your fear
Can we save us from ourselves?
This is the saviour and its form

You can break through
Wake me up
Tell me it's gone
False hope sells lies I won't buy
We are still one
Let's attempt escape
Melancholia will feed
We'll admit defeat
The Vox Populi will cease
The air is thickening
We are drifting

What's done is done
One more second chance would be enough
Only on the brink can we see so clearly
Wake me up