

Empty Suit

The Stone

A teenager is trying not to show the real him
Mysterious guys are the coolest ones
Won't look at even the best friends in the eyes
Scared of the thought, they could see through

Many years later he still is just pretending
Hiding something he has never found
Locked up from inside and the key is thrown away
Stranger to himself, lost inside

Counting - Years go by
Running - Out of time
Shining - The shine will die
Fading - Out of time

Black and white is all he sees
Colours, they are missing
Life is sometimes shades of grey
But colours he can never feel again

Behind the wall, thoughts of grey, one change, mind's decay
Empty suit, built on ice, one crack, end of lies

The goalline was crossed before he even got to start
Never knew when the time was right
Tried to hurry in everyplace but never got there in time
Now it's too late, the show is sold out

The flame is 'bout to fade inside his little vacuum
No one will give him a hand
No one will hear him through

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