

Grey

Staring at the Ceiling
thinking of the past
I want to hear you where I
heard you last
a brush of nothing and I
feel you near
A phantom lover I can
Almost hear

And the world is grey
In a sky gone dark
huddled in a corner sheltering a spark
as a storm front grows
And the sky is bleak
in a world as
black as my sin
and it's my sin but I won't give in
when the storm front comes

Pacing in a room tearing at the walls
Where we both lived and we once
had it all
peeling back paper
til my fingers bleed
Looking for a layer that's still
You and me

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In a sky gone dark
huddled in a corner sheltering a spark
as a storm front grows
And the sky is bleak
in a world as
black as my sin
and it's my sin but I won't give in
when the storm front comes

Memories turning
spooling to the floor
awash in feelings I have
felt before
My worst regrets will never
bring you back
Talking to your ghost will never
fill my lack

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when the storm front comes

Staring at the ceiling
Looking at the walls
I want to hear you we once
had it all
Pacing in a room
Thinking of the past
I'll breath you in and try to
Make it las-t

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In a sky gone dark
huddled in a corner sheltering a spark
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and it's my sin but I won't give in
when the storm front comes