

The Worst Is Yet To Come

Still Remains

These words have slipped again.
Stitch the lips of the one that murmurs them. Cloud your vision, make everyone disappear. There's still time to
wake up.
Get out while you still can speak. This mud is too thick to see through.
The stitches are coming out.
The wounds won't heal.
Is this embedded status permanent? So, I'm fearing
the worst is yet to come.
Days are getting shorter.
Close your eyes for awhile.
Rest a little longer. This mud is too thick to see through.
The stitches are coming out.
The wounds won't heal themselves.
Is this embedded status permanent? So, I'm fearing
the worst is yet to come.
Days are getting shorter.
Close your eyes for awhile.
Rest a little longer. These shoulders are too weak to carry any more. My will is too weak to carry on.

Songwriters

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