

Over

Pati Yang

I am going over the edge for you
Over limits
Crushing eggshells
This is the day when the saints step down
Just to save me from myself
another day's sinking deep inside
I can't carry on this far
The evening's taking the shapes in dark
Men and women starring through a glass And now it's Over
For bad
For good
Over
And I'm over too
I'm over too I am carrying knife in my heave heart
It's still beating
I don't know
How many hours I've spent inside
Outside seems
Like A No-World
The minutes creep underneath my skin
Seconds vanish
Sink like veins
The clock is ticking me into sleep
Hope I'll find some time for dreams.

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