

# Nameless

## Rapture

i'm sleeping with a knife again  
i'm just a drawing on the wall  
sooner or later everything falls apart  
every day a punishmentI have tried so hard to do right  
fought to heal every hurt  
every turn I take  
leads me back to where I started fromall my dreams  
they die on me  
and I don't think  
there's ever healing itthe days grow long  
filled with empty hours  
when I wake up alone  
with these shadows as my only companysplinters of glass at my feet  
silence in her white dress  
like dust on books no-one reads  
and beds no-one sleeps in anymore(speechless nameless sleepless alone)"...the fog is rising"  
[Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)]

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