Pitch Black

Systematic

Taste the colors that run over you
Left me for dead it fills my head
A touch of gray that numbs the mind
"Locked in here for good", she said
It turns my scream into a whisperGrip the dark that funnels dimmest light
No way this could be
My thoughts scream through me
Nothing left to seeIn my head they speak in tongues
Silence will become the death of me
Tear at my skin it never endsNo words can save the shape I'm in
No way this could be
My thoughts scream through me
Nothing left to see(I think I see the light)
My thoughts scream through meNothing left to see
No way this could be

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