

# Whiteout

## American Me

In the eye of the storm  
Waiting for the winds to strengthen  
A gale to growIn the core of confusion  
Awaiting for the fallIt's not a fault  
Imperfection of sort  
Not a sin to be forgivenIt's not a failure  
To refrain from light  
When there is only darkness in sightIn the heart of the chaos  
Unease and disarrayAwaiting for the whiteout  
To bring conclusion for us allIt's not a fault  
Imperfection of sort  
Not a sin to be forgivenIt's not a failure  
To refrain from light  
When there is only darkness in sightEmbraced by the nightfall  
The darkness came to me  
Without descent of the sunBefore the flames shall return  
And ablaze the sky on fire  
I will hide myself  
In the shade of the moonLast ray of the light  
Sole spark of the sun  
Final and so fragile  
Traveled from afar

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