In the End

Audrey Horne

Waking up with my head underwater
Gasping for air as my blood begins to boil
Found that I love being stuck in these surroundings,
I found that I love this liquid world of mine
When you sing,
all I need is the time to come up and find air,
when you sing,
that the end is the part where you start all over again,
and this hole shall be filled
with the promise of things that will come
Falling out with the ones I once depended on,
drifting away, I was found but now I'm lost
I painted myself in attention seeking colours,
but somehow they won't stick and I won't shine
When you sing,
all I need is the time to come up and find air,
when you sing,
that the end is the part where you start all over again,
and this hole shall be filled
with the promise of things that will come
Ten years I've been stuck,
never seen the light of day,
out of sight, out of mind,
ten years of pure decay,
I've been stuck in this rotten hole where I lay.
Ten years I've been stuck,
never seen the light of day,
out of sight, out of mind,
ten years of pure decay,
I've been stuck in this rotten hole where I lay.
When you go out by yourself,
When you go out by yourself
when you sing.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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