

# Soulburner

## Gardenian

Sometimes thinking of suicide  
The thought that sharpens my mind  
Deep down in manic depression  
I only hear my own criesThese thoughts are so twisted I can hardly  
Look out from the edge of my world  
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch  
I tried to reach with my handsSometimes thinking of suicide  
The thought that sharpens my mind  
Sometimes life feels much cheaper  
So cold, dull and greyThese thoughts are so twisted I can hardly  
Look out from the edge of my world  
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch  
I tried to reach with my handsMoving near the end of my dream  
However I'm leaving after  
I've tried to feel the way others feel  
But it's just not for me

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