

Phantoms

Hans Christian

I wasn't trying to see
But I was looking around
I wasn't trying to see
But I was looking around
I try to uphold what tears me up from inside
I am all and still I fail
When everything falls apart
Your words of disdain prevails
We're all like hollow phantoms
In a pitiful state where numbness is a fate

All my pain through all of my life
My heart is cold

I wasn't trying to hide
But I was dying inside
I wasn't trying to hide
But I was dying inside
This uncertainty is killing me
It's burning like a thousand knives
Carved upon my chest
I am useless and emotionless
I will separate from what I know best
We're all like hollow phantoms
In a pitiful state where numbness is a fate

All my pain through all of my life
My heart is cold

This uncertainty is killing me
Burning like a thousand lights of disarray
I need power to rise again
A new way out of the ashes
And now I'm facing the repercussion
Of all the dead ends in my choices
I travel the distance for acceptance
And somehow I rejoice the end of my life

All my pain through all of my life
My heart is cold

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