Ontario

TreePhort

Dim light, saw you sleeping
The door is open waiting to be closed
And it's warm in this little room
But December is so cold
Waking to a nightmare
Passing out and hoping for a dream
That will bring back his memory
And everything you wanted was so close to you that night
I don't know how you could have dealt with this
But nothing could prepare you for that risk

Reliving every minute
Makes the moment seem further away
Unimaginable for me
The room with the blue paint
No words can repair this
So why do people still talk about faith
When it's proven to be nothing great
Now everyday reminds you of what could and should have been
I cannot find a last line to this song
Oh Yeah! Please remember
It must go on...

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