End(Less)

Overdrive Orchestra

Visions of my past appear to me in my sleep
Thoughts long forgotten, manifest themselves
Within the depths of my mindReason and logic cannot explain
The happenings within my headInsomnia is nothing new, a habit long accustomed
Hours spent pondering my interpretation
Of right and wrongPiercing the silence of words unspoken
Desperation makes its pleaStaring blankly into a future unknown by all
Why I put myself through this endless torment?
I'll never knowWounds heal with time, or so we're told
So what happens when time stands still?

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