

The Worst Is Yet To Come

Still Remains

These words have slipped again,
Stitch the lips of the one that murmurs them,
Cloud your vision,
Make everyone disappear,
There's still time to wake up,
Get out while you still can... Speak. (Get out, while you still, can)
This mud, is too thick to see through,
The stitches are coming out,
The wounds won't heal.
Is this embedded status permanent?
So, I'm fearing...
The worst is yet to come,
Days are getting shorter, (Shorter!)
Close your eyes for awhile,
Rest a little longer, (Longer!)[Instrumental]This mud is too thick to see through,
The stitches are coming out,
The wounds won't heal themselves,
Is this embedded status permanent?
So... I'm... fearing...
The worst is yet to come,
Days are getting shorter, (Shorter!)
Close your eyes for awhile,
Rest a little longer, (Longer!)
These words have slipped again,
Stitch the lips of the one that murmurs them.
Cloud your vision, make everyone disappear.
These shoulders are too weak to carry any more,
My will is too weak to carry on.
The worst is yet to come,
Days are getting shorter. (Shorter!)
Close your eyes for awhile,
Rest a little longer. (Longer!!!!)
The Worst Is Yet To Come,
Days are getting shorter.

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