Transient

Landscapes

Lost in a futile world, hung dry, malnourished and under weight Mind numbing puerile for attainment, like a padded cell with no escape I slipped unconscious, Incoherent interstate, familiar faded days burning exile, and transient. Dead lying prone, ghost less eyes, to their own Cruise ride under night fall, crying, "oh what could I learn, from letting you go"You're not aloneHead slung into cloud breaks, in ambience, before the waste of god dead weight left to free fall, I've come undone, in this sadistic world, enshrined to the dark Mood swings under rain, like there's a heaven to fall Blacked out by the railroad, "drowning my problems", with just the shirt on your back, to shield from the coldlocked in the mind of monotony, a creature of instinct, is dying hollowoh, I know you're not alone, you know you're alone Sometimes I think about leaving... Solitude is intrinsic, I keep crawling to hate state The clock knocks at my bedside, translucent skin, with only the power the speak before it's too late stone cold and your minds free, but love drugged on the phone Bright lights from the airwaves, delusional, never mind what you think, you know you're not alone

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