

The War Of Words

Conflict

And after the raging, comes a tranquil day
So close to my eyes, there's nothing anyone can say
Is there any reason just why I keep on believing?
In the thought in here, in the pain in feeling
Am I supposed to be feeling like this?
Should I be feeling this loneliness?
As days go by I'm despairing, the whole bloody thing keeps on
turning
But there's something good to come for I haven't heard the clo
se
Or the footsteps die away
And from the confusion comes a yearning, to let me rest, to le
t me feel any kind of loving