

## In The Middle I Breathe

Profane Omen

Unfold, expose myself to these thoughts.  
It seems there's no angel to take me home...  
I'm cold and I drank every drop I could find,  
And the fire in my lungs, it leaves no more room for smoke...  
Still I breathe...  
This world is a graveyard for our souls; the truth was buried i  
n shallow ground.  
No sleep, no dream to give me peace, no fate.  
No reason for us being here... and I breathe...  
All these thoughts cause too much pain; all the colours of chil  
dhood are turning grey.  
All that I fear, I now must face,  
so grant me this wish: give me time to inhale...