

Grey Street

Something in the air, it's disturbing
Dark thick fog, suffocating
I try to hold onto you
You seem to be dissipating
Turning into mist
Particles breaking a part
Toxic air shatters my glass heart
The scenery has changed drastically
We're somewhere in between Grey Street
And The End of The World
Pattering water and pavement meet
The rain strips the toxic air down
You look at me then around
You remember who you are now
The air seems clearer
You seem nearer