The sky is not the same shade of blue,
every single thing I believe isn't true,
missing in the maze of monochrome,
how did I get here?

How can I go home?

The echoes in my eyes

of all they used to see,
burning down the world,
the ashes and debris

and all that's left of me,
non-entity.
Try to stand in line, try to obey,

the ghosts of what I was keep getting in the way, staring at the sun,

blind by the light, now I'm afraid I'm fading out of sight.

The echoes in my eyes of all they used to see, burning down the world,
the ashes and debris, and all that's left of you, and all that's left of me

all have washed away, nonentity.