

## Fill in the gaps

| Declining, all (1) fading                    | Nothing to contend                                |
|--|---|
| Defining, (2) coming for me                  | When I'm free                                     |
| Rescinding, my inspiration                   | Time is just a concept                            |
| Receding consciousness                       | And always the first (11) to fade                 |
| Back in the day I can recall that            | Agony and weakness                                |
| My thoughts were unclouded and sage          | Nothing we can never evade                        |
| There was no (3) staining the (4)            | Years are cruel, they (12) us                     |
| of my memories                               | Bringing on decay and despair                     |
| Now there's a haze (5) me sideways           | Awareness and perception                          |
| And leaving me nothing to gain               | Something we can (13) repair                      |
| Taking me back, locking me cold in disparity | Freedom for me is all I'm really wanting, needing |
| Where was I meant to be?                     | Give me power to break out                        |
| I feel I'm (6) in a dream                    | I can't (14) on for any longer                    |
| Long for the day I can be myself             | My (15) has (16) to end it all                    |
| When I'm free                                | No one to blame, fate's only random               |
| When my sun has set                          | It's nothing we'll ever explain                   |
| Released my soul forever                     | So it remains                                     |
| I'll have no regret                          | Where was I meant to be?                          |
| To be free                                   | I feel I'm lost in a dream                        |
| I'll exist again                             | Long for the day I can be myself                  |
| No (7) lost endeavors                        | Free  |
| Nothing to contend                           | When will I be unleashed?                         |
| When I'm free                                | It's not the way it should be                     |
| Color declines, all that defines me          | Yearning again only to be myself                  |
| Is falling away, far behind                  | When I'm free                                     |
| Nothing to keep me with the time             | When my sun has set                               |
| The (8) and now                              | Released my soul forever                          |
| Where am I meant to be?                      | I'll (17) no regret                               |
| I feel I'm (9) in a dream                    | To be free  |
| Yearning again only to be myself             | I'll exist again                                  |
| When I'm free                                | No more lost endeavors                            |
| When my sun has set                          | Nothing to contend                                |
| Released my soul forever                     | When I'm free                                     |
| I'll have no regret                          |   |
| To be free                                   |   |
| l'II (10) again                              |   |
| No more lost endeavors                       |   |



- 1. color
- 2. time
- 3. black
- 4. walls
- 5. pushing
- 6. lost
- 7. more
- 8. here
- 9. lost
- 10. exist
- 11. thing
- 12. break
- 13. never
- 14. hold
- 15. time
- 16. come
- 17. have

## Fill in the gaps