

The Art of a Soft Landing

Antimatter

I'm building a cage to chew things over,
Far from where the rats can chew my brain.
Losing the game and the deck's uneven,
the building blocks of ruin...

I'm going insane with my eyes wide open,
The stage has set the tone.
Chewing the pain and it wont stop breeding,
It moves from square to square...

I've pushed my field, now it comes to this,
I've touched my dreams, but still I bleed.