

Failure

Aphotic

Green waves rippled from effect
From the blast of inward motion
The tides is out from defect
And the mass gets denser from lack of emotion
Can you see a future
Through the haze of the gusting winds
That threateb to obliterate all
With its mounting watery wall
To spurn the slime and wash anew
A surface so clean
Untextured green
Too late to turn back
And start out again
Complete total failure
With nothing we lack
Eventually thought we could have won
Fuck it all, this is it, we are done