

Woebegone

Arsonists Get All The Girls

Portal of entry gravity
The sands of time
Differently in this place, in this quest
I've been armed to the teeth for weeks
And it not even light enough to suffer
Backwards to front with no direction
Polar shift begun years ago
And I in fatal time, I've just arrived
I've relied on myself
In the life that lays behind me
But this place has no mercy
Wraiths and the bodies of troubled dead
Stack we at the heels of marble floor
Beckoning, beckoning for m breath
They want me to run
Adding to the thrill of their hunt
Shield the voltage
A starlit sanctuary of arcane
What becomes those who wander
This place, what becomes of them,
What becomes of them
What becomes a person in this place
Handful of life
Slipping though my fingertips
I'll never leave this place
This life's been stopped
And split to fraction
it's only fair to
Give them what they've asked for
A hunt, thy caught me alive
I feel the trickle down my spine
Memory was only mine to give
But was torn from me so reluctantly
Years torn from me
Handful of life slipping
Through my fingertips
I'll never leave this place,
This life's been stopped and
Split to fraction
It's only fair to give them what
They asked for
Priorities elude me what was my purpose here
I fell beyond the hands of life
Hands controlled are not unto me unto me
A breath of irrelevance makes me
Captive to the arcane