

Behind The Bend

Boundaries

A reminder from life bitter and bleak
That from now on this is how it has to be
Tell me what you want
What do you want to hear, what do you want to see?
Because I'm ready to speak

Do you want to hear me say
That I'm the only one that didn't see this coming?

I miss the feeling of your pulse
I miss the comfort of it all
Something to bring me along

Something to let me know that I wasn't stuck (That I wasn't stuck)
Something to let me know

So that I can feel it leave
So I can watch myself fall

As the last few strands of light die behind the bend
I am scared, because I know what goes with them

In darkness with no direction
The sky has gone from gray to black, and the earth to dust and obsidian
Every second is a year passed
And with it, my life is scratched and sapped
I am your creation

I am your creation
Marred and misshapen
Magnificent in my capacity for judgement

I am all the things that you cannot unsee
My form is demented and vacant
I am the pale negative