

## Expansion & Collapse

Byzantine

Waves of calm they washed me clean  
Detached, removed from the spine  
Possessed with a feeling of death  
A compulsion to silence the goodness

Everyone dies but not everyone lives  
The plague modern times instilled  
This revelation cured me of this sickness of the mind

Wronged in our chance to comprehend immortality  
Power beyond the amorphous stature breathing lies  
Inside the ties that bind

Waves of doubt wash over me  
Skepticism oscillates in the mind  
Relief from the pagan beliefs  
That are contrary to the submissive

Faith and doubt constantly collide  
Joined together on immeasurable planes  
More courage does it take to suffer than to die

Power beyond the amorphous stature breathing lies  
Inside the ties that bind

Recalculate infinity  
Expand just to collapse on me

A glimpse of moving light  
That you must bring to focus  
Grows in proportion to  
The pressure on the eyes