

Down the further you dig an inverted summit  
Refuses to fill like a dry river bed

In ponds teaming with life  
Fragile and finite  
Ultimately extinguished in your gaze  
How can one conclude what stays

I'd speak soundly to the void  
Some plea for the destroyed  
Archers take aim on the most unfortunate few  
What can you do but stand in place

And the way this planet's turning  
You can reach the loftiest goals  
With the most unrealistic sense of control

I'll let go of what you once embraced

What can you do but stand in place  
How do you manage to look so great