

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