A raging storm insane.

Dark skies & pouring rain.

Stumbled & fell in pain into the ocean waves.

This golden submarine in my aquarium. This cruel recurring dream of strange delirium.

You won't be there when my heart stops beating. And you won't be there when my lungs stop breathing.

I lay inside this pod.

My slow demise is odd.

In darkness, no escape.

Life support slowly fades.

Approach the atmosphere. Mercenaries appear. Their motives so unclear. What are they doing here?

There is a way.
There is another.
There comes a day.
There leaves a lover.
There is a pain.
There is a cure.
There is endless blame & shame.
There is forgiveness so pure.

And who knew I'd be the one in need of help? Who knew I couldn't save myself?
I'm sick of this air, I cannot breathe.
This planet asylum I can't flee.