

Decaying as I am  
Need not some promised land  
I know that I am failing  
Acceptance was their plan

No silence in the sea  
Nothing tranquil awaits me  
Useless and used up  
Too much using to do

I have chosen everything  
This is what makes it so bad  
No matter what the action  
Situation was created by me

My life is different  
These gray streets will only get me down  
They will never fool me  
Integrate me as their clown

Decaying as I am  
Need not some promised land  
I know that I am failing  
Acceptance was the plan

No silence in the sea  
Nothing tranquil awaits me  
Useless and used up  
Too much using to do

Decaying as I am  
Need not some promised land  
I know that I am failing  
Acceptance was the plan

Stumbling through patches  
Flowered mortality  
My daze it is special  
You my goddess to be