

The Walls

Pridelands

Wish I could make sense of the patterns
Interwoven in-between us
We stab and twist and bark and bicker
Consider equals beneath us

The walls stretch so high up over me
With every fleeting step I take
Beneath me, the foundations begin to shake

The walls are starting to torture me
With no footing to make and nothing to grip
As I wither away

We can shed this frame
Feel our bodies consumed
By the light of the Moon
Is it over? Is it over?

If we are
Impermanent
Where's the risk in starting again?

Go, ascend
Along the line of those who came before you
Watch the light bend
Let the shackles of doubt be shattered now

Make it stop

Wish I could remember desire
Reacquaint myself with reason
Watching my ignorance and bliss elope;
Gone like the change of a season

The walls are inciting a change in me
There is a stench, a disease
Whenever I try to breathe through my frail decay

We can shed this frame
Feel our bodies consumed
By the light of the Moon
Is it over? Is it over?

If we are
Impermanent
Where's the risk in starting again?

Wish I could make sense of the patterns
Interwoven into this mess
We stab and twist and bark and bicker
Like we're all under duress

The walls are starting to torture me
With no footing to make and nothing to grip as I
Wither away

The walls are inciting a change in me

Feel our bodies consumed
By the light of the moon
Is it over? Is it over?