

Rotations

Reflections

I have been here more than once before
These shapes are more than just spaces
To me
It's more of a psychological mind fuck

In the beginning, I could not tell
The difference from what's real
And what disintegrates
But now where I stand
I can see it all
From where I stand
I can see it all

Break these bonds
I fucking hate the way it sounds when you speak
Waiting for the day
You turn around so I can watch you
Go

My sanctum may be shattered into what used to be
I will make this balance sustain
My bonds may all be broken
The lifeless seeds in me
Hopefully it can set me free

Set me free

Bring me fourth unto
A place where the curtains
Never draw

Break this cycle
Be careful for we show no mercy

And I don't want this to be my home
It's all too familiar, this can't be home
I don't want this to be my home
Nothing ever changes
This can't be home

These lights are black
This Heaven is composed
By the Fallen

Take it all back