

On the worst days, it's growing, growing so slowly  
What to embody? A plea for the remedy  
Forced into a place that never felt like home  
And if it takes me here then where is there left to go?

To strike before it's all too late  
Put to rest, all souls are safe  
Existing in the maze  
Memory is imperfect  
Take my hand, let's slip beneath the surface

On the worst days, I slip, as deceitful as hope is  
Walking on a knife-edge, I traced the line and I leapt

It's been strange and stranger still  
Freed from the fears that paralyze  
Always distaste, always regret, the least of it  
A revelation into reality unspoken  
Between the signs and the sounds, taking shape encompassing

All things begin and end here

What it means to be  
In the aftermath of tragedy  
What it means to be  
Finally uncaged and I lost my way

Understanding the relevance of the eclipse  
When I can't forgive  
Nothing is ever enough