

"I am autonomous," You told Father  
First immortal, but now fleeting  
All creation reveals me about this said time, called death, cursed the reverse  
All we bought was brokenness -  
That shelter of illusion

You see me see You splitting myself even  
There is me, forgiving nothing, manic then depressive - hopelessly sinking  
Sister Moon, Brother Sun eclipsed one another, forgiving one another

Tides receding

Death ran away then life flooded in world  
This I am: Imbalanced, beautifully so  
Hands connected, perhaps...  
Then dead reflections saw You  
I did, didn't I?

I did, didn't I?  
You saw reflections dead then  
Perhaps, connected hands...  
So beautifully Imbalanced: Am I this world?  
In flooded life then ran away Death

Receding tides

Another one forgiving, another one eclipsed, Sun Brother, Moon Sister  
Sinking helplessly - depressive then manic, nothing forgiving me is there even myself, splitting? You see me see You

Illusion of shelter: That brokenness was bought, "we all reverse the cursed death called time," said this about me  
Reveals creation, all - fleeting, now, but immortal. First Father told you, "Autonomous am I."