

Stoic Resignation

Textures

I see the light
So bright, overthrown
The life of a Caesar will end
Again, the mourning in his eyes
Life will not feed on him

Strong asthenia
He trades his mind
The answers he needs
In the eye of the emperor
Relinquish his fate
Burying the beacon in time
See, open my eyes and stare
But who am I to focus them

I see his mind burnt down
The beauty of burden
Do not underestimate the enemy's gaze
The answers are there
Life will not feed on him

It is real
Focus my eyes again
But why should I open them
Only when time collides
Hide and the savior relents

Now that everything is reclaimed
And I don't own a thing
Once, the life that has been led needs to be revised

Every step along the way
Has been a stone to bear
Whether the path will still lead me
Followed it will be

There will be relief
There will be light towards the end
Strolling through the open fields
And nothing will impend

No more time to make amends
The boundary here awaits
Lingering with a head held high
I face to seal my fate

And here I stand alone
For the fire took
What had been revived
Present time is over

Now think, can you take this
When everything is so pitiful
Did you ever know
It all could come down on you
As one struggles to control
Foreclosure ends before you know

I feel the light
I can feel it down on my skin
Got to face the dark
To survive in the light
Let go of this world
Take it down
Bring it all down