

I Sleep, I Wake

The Breathing Process

I can't recognize what I won't leave behind.

Am I sleeping?
Her voice calls me to wake.
A fate wandering.
These rooms have grown,
what's happened to my home?
Walls sprawl, beams bend,
the walk which has no end.

Scour the endless towards what I'll never find.
I know you're here, why do I feel left behind?
I can't recall how long it's been,
or what's left of this death I live.
Bound to forget, and join the forgotten.
Like the body, the soul becomes rotten.
I can't recall how long it's been,
or what's left of this death I live.

I can't recognize what I won't leave behind.

A-gain waking, my nightmare in rewind,
these features blurring.
Dead steps shall roam,
true Hell is spent alone.
I sleep, I wake,
no life for me to take.

Dark halls, wind and swallow.
Dark halls, bleak and hollow.

Just when I think there's no one,
emerging from the black.
He is the purest hunger,
and the drinker of what's left.

I will not, relinquish my hold.
Our memory washed out in the tide's pull.
What is lost may wait in the light.
In death I sleep, I wake.
In death I sleep, I wake.
In death I sleep, I wake.