Extinguished Light

Ulcerate

Grasping the cowardice that brought us here
Willing old faults to surface
And continue carrying us to ruin

The narrow tunnel of light further closing in
Enveloping the already dying

There is no road to redemption

The paradox is that we are ever more disparate
Ever more divergent
Out of reach of repair
Yet never untied from the other
Never unbound from what's etched into the husk
Never absolved

Stripped from each fragment of bone
Recurring endless

Shattered resolve
Fractured and forbidden to witness
Sheltered from the agony of self dissent

In the face of all in reversal
They were worthless
Pitiful and hopeless

Extinguish this light which befell us
We have proven to be unworthy
Extinguish this light which befell us
Pitch black

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