

After The Burial, Cursing Akhenaten

A thousand times, too many times
I've fallen back out of place from a dream
The bright sunlight, a rude awakening
Like I'm seeing the colors leave the brush for the wall...
...that's when, into...
I reach into memories, I long to relive those times.
Those younger days.
If only time would stop, stand still.
Maybe I could see myself, what I've become, it's sickening.
This isn't me..
No turning around. No turning back now.
I'm disappearing into my dream, I'm vanishing into the air.
Liberation, I'm free from all of this. Now I must go, dissipate into the lights...