

Junius, At The Age Of Decay

In the end you know the life we live
Lays out on a grid
Point out peaks and curves
Down we spin

As I look upon my future self
I see a kind of hell
The parts I've tried to save
Are the ones I'll sell

As I age I see a dying light
In all our hopes and sacrifice
With one last gasp and a late embrace
The breath it took is the breath I take

I fight
With open eyes
Forced on the sun
My life
Will take a while
To hollow

They take my eyes last
With every new strike
I forget my past