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