

Octavia Sperati, Wasted On The Living

I drop myself into still, still water
My body collapse as the elements unite
There is no sound but echoes of my beliefs

Lights fade as death appears
Slightly as shades
Soft tunes in the air
Under water - in the water

My living has left the realm of reality
All dreams are real
What was real I dreamt
Under water

Discovering the yearning for greed and hate
The deeper I sink
Eyes dilated in terror
Reveal unseen dimensions of cruelty

Lights fade as death appears
Slightly as shades
Soft tunes in the air
Under water - in the water

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All dreams are real
What was real I dreamt
Under water