

The Ocean, Rhyacian

A City of the blind
Their vile inhabitants
Abashed by their own lives'
Insignificance
The silent void of cogitations
Absence of signification
Committed to burn twice as long and half as bright
We're dashing forward with our eyeballs turned inward: until the end of time, the human eye
Staring wide-open into the horror of the mind, shall never ever sleep again
We have awoken from our sleep
Nevermore shall we be unheeding as the flock of sheep
Grazing ingenuously
Living blithely
Roaming insouciantly
Forgetting instantly
Every night
I'm swooping with the vast span of my wings
Into the death-throes of my memory: the eternal scourge of the human mind
I'm wandering in times which are not mine
Terrified of what I'm about to find
I'm trying to stop the past's rapid flight
I'm wandering in times which are not mine
Lost in between the shit and the shine
The snake of fear creeps into our hearts at night
Subdueing every mind at bedtime
What will it take to arrive
And cease trying to stop the past's rapid flight? How much more do I have to go through
To prove myself that I'm still alive? We are living in pain
The wind of the past will always shake you in the end
We're waiting for the day
When we will attain the ability to forget
For, every day of our lives, the present is painful
The future unknown
The sting of the past is what makes every moment unbearable
The future is overgrown