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