

36 Crazyfists, The Great Descent

I wrote this story so many days ago, and the words kept falling onto pages.
Without the loss we can't go on, and with the loss we became strong.
It's how it is, as we stare it down.
Oh my god do I think that this is the end of everything.
When everything inside wants me to feel like this is normal.
And in the quiet, the silence screams aloud. And the panic resides along our inners.
And with the tragedy we go, pushing the hell so far below.
Desperate hands cover my face.
So stay calm this way in case we're needed for emergency.
And if we are we'll be prepared for action.
This is how it's supposed to be.
Somebody better call a doctor.
And maybe this could be the end of everything that we want. Don't panic.
And from a distance it seems that the water will wash panic away.
Oh my lord, believe.
There's no need for emergency, but in case there is, distract it.
If this is the great descent, I won't be running for the exits.