

# Conception, Retrospect

in cover of a dazzling fullmoon  
I pace in the hall rendered harmless  
by the memory of what I used to be  
night's soon over I dread another sunrise  
the pain of knowing I might have changed the world  
I couldn't pass with a compromise  
but the healing hand belongs to the living  
and I am no longer the world will go on without me  
I'm no longer  
when I leave I'll feel a soft asuagement  
and with minimal manliness  
I'll bow to hail the light  
when night's over  
I'll sink into oblivion  
but still I will remember  
I could have changed the world  
I couldn't pass with a compromise  
'cause the healing hand belongs to the living  
and I am no longer the world  
is the same without me I'm no longer