## 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