

# Damiera, Slow By Still

It's sad attraction that causes us torment  
and my predictions are suffering, at best  
operation "connect-your-feet-to-the-floor"  
is stealing heartbeats away and closing doors  
must we defend the need to pretend?  
correction!

nothing is set for us, and i'm  
convinced departure engages us to try  
and find direction without a crutch to perform  
a sad perception that goes on unexplored  
a stale emotion, a partner on a string  
prepared attraction, and severed with a ring  
now: i'm reluctance, and you're integrity  
a dialogue reads "it's all we know"  
grand insight cannot feel this dead  
it's how we dive and descend  
this is a pact we've made to discover  
each other we're building alone  
it's fair to think that time's the instrument  
apply the talent - expanding infinite