

Donny Brook, Breathing The Final Dance

Never wanted the sun, never needed the sky
Now I want it, lead on, I will follow you, to the end
Ailing bed of memories exhaust
Drifting from my final stand
Swollen fevered density, reweighing identity
Doubt and faith meet scrimmaging

I've downed the bottle of believing day after day
Or am I lost in time (repeat chorus)

Pages of prayer, decisive chapter
Mirror fearing the judgement
Creedence whispers, questions rise, inert wearied lullaby
I am breathing the final dance

I am buried deep under the soil of my mind in the forest
The book of elemental existence creeps forth shut
Graceless waning dispute
Spiralling a disappearance into the den of solitare
The weight of not knowing is so empty (repeat chorus)