

Esoteric, Lamented Despondency

I look back at nothing,
Questioning my singulation for pain.

The torment, the tears that flowed.
Living my death every day.
Seeing my death and fantasising regret from those I once cared for.

The foolish dreams of my once young mind.
Now void of hope.
Aged so quickly before it's time.

And no one could see or hear me,
Confusion was my only friend.

In the dark I grew,
Twisted and torn from the intense cold that poured over me,
I searched and found,
In the dark so long that now I may see,
Through humanities' ignorance, lies and stupidity.
But the pain still breathes inside of me.

Pain. Pain. Inside of me:

(Music - Bryan. Autumn/Winter 1993)
(Lyrics - Greg. 1992/93)