

Halfwayhome, Acension To Clarity

Tonight the stars die,
The needles dance like fireflies.
With static, comes the landslide.
Melodic and sincere.
Choke up the remedy,
That kept us from infinity.
This anthem of our misery.
That's burnt into our ears.

Somehow things get lost,
In the translation,
Of silence to sound.
The beauty and frustration,
In keeping you down.
Things could be not so better off,
Things could be not so real.
Like bullet holes and breaking hearts.

Do you have memories,
Of all the nights that we were here?
All of mine have disappeared,
In the slow decay of time.
And so the guilt parade is planned,
With empty eyes and heavy hands.
Endeavoring for reprimand,
That's passed us by.

I am ascended to clarity.
All the world laid out in front of me.
This frozen soil has thawed enough,
To swallow me whole.

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