

# Puissance, Brittle

Staring at the sky as if for the first time  
Nothing's like I thought anymore  
Holding my breath as long as I can  
Terrified what if I let go.

So I reach deep inside and try once again.  
To rise and get back on my feet  
But find myself falling right back down  
Beat down by a fear I don't know.

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I hope and pray to be taken away

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Try to face my innermost but somehow it seems  
It's always right behind me as I turn  
Tragic as I wallow in self pity and unrest (?)  
This world is brittle and so am I

One last try to break more chains  
To rid myself of all the pain I caused  
Brush away from all by the power of truth  
There can't be many others left behind

This time I rise, my mind is set  
I walk steadfast towards the sun  
Clenching my fist I dare not look back  
Tomorrow [...] soul left to find