

The Echoing Green, Epiphany

Taking ahold of destiny
and coming undone
blind the soul and stain the feet
quenching the sun

there's an effigy of who I was...
I'm tearing it down
an epiphany of who I've become
deaf to the sound
turn it around...

Reaching for something
just to push it away
Dreaming of something
to wish it away
Screaming at something
to kiss it away

a bitter sea of empty days
holding me down
a symphony gone out of phase
I'm deaf to the sound
turn it around...

Reaching for something
just to push it away
Dreaming of something
to wish it away
Screaming at something
to kiss it away
Longing for something
while stepping away

I'm stepping away