

To Elysium, I Decline

The caustic stain of guilt on once sterile hands.
I have gone numb in my conspiracy of one.
I am easily pleased, just a little time before I decline.

I need...
a purpose for these arms, a care to breed new life,
a purpose for these hands, a reason I need...
a reason to fall and a reason to dive.
It's the wait I fear the most.

Set free mortal coil, come purest of pain.
A serious reality, elusive and free.

I breathe forgiveness in.

The other moment I found me in a chamber filled with irony.
Screaming, falling into grace for a moment only.