

Tool, Reflection

I have come curiously close to the end, down
Beneath my self-indulgent pitiful hole.
Defeated,
I concede and move closer. I may find comfort here.
I may find peace within the emptiness. How pitiful.
And it's calling me.
It's calling me.
It's calling me.
It's calling me.
And in my darkest moment, fetal and weeping.
The moon tells me a secret. My confidant.
As full and bright as I am, this light is not my own and
A million light reflections pass over me
It's source is bright and endless.
She resuscitates the hopeless
Without her we are lifeless satellites dreaming dreams
And as I pull my head out I am without one doubt
Don't want to be down here soothing my narcissism
I must crucify the ego before it's far too late
I pray the light lifts me out before I pine away.
before I pine away.
before I pine away.
before I pine away.
So crucify the ego before it's far too late
To leave behind this place so negative and blind and cynical
And you will come to find that we are all one mind
Capable of all that's imagined and all conceivable
Just let the light touch you and let the words spill thorough
Just let them pass right through, bringing out our hope and reason.
before we pine away.
before we pine away.
before we pine away.
before we pine away.