

# Unearth, Convictions

Convictions.  
Lost direction.  
Once a fielded dream,  
controlled by the heat within,  
cold could not withstand pressure to keep the sky in my hand.  
Now a failing breeze grabs a hold and pulls me down.  
Hands have turned to clay gripping the hope that lives inside.  
I move on praying for a way to save my own will.  
Time falls whisked away with each breath I take.  
Falling into time.  
A waste, an endless torture sealing a fate of nothing.  
Dark times how do I conquer a life now chains.  
Go onward is the only method.  
Forget the pain and face our progression on.  
Survival is vital.  
In pain we succeed.  
How did I lose my convictions?  
Lost direction.  
Try to find a hold.  
Certain steps are led astray.  
Seems no other space.  
Forcing me out there's not enough time.  
Now it's time to bring all I know to help me win.  
Efforts have gone to hell.  
Crushing my will to act as the lead.  
Failed. Fault. Lost.  
Now climb.  
Push away fading terms the burn the skin.  
Saved till' now.  
Haunts me in each step I take.  
Times have changed.  
Overload is bearing down.  
Face each day circled by what I should have done.  
Dive. Crime. Loss.  
Give into time and fall.  
Procrastination.  
Fail to follow through with all I must do.  
Days they fall in shame.  
I slip in deeper.  
Confined by the weight that overbears.  
Stood tall but killed in it's nature.  
Forced steps I do not care what's there.  
They can see it in my eyes.  
I can it in my eyes.  
Time lies.  
I am falling further down.  
I've tried, but landing is hard.  
Fallen chance.  
Another lesson.  
I'll give it all I can.  
Another lesson.  
I gave it all I could