

Glide

Aphotic

Woke up from where I lied
Off the ground where I died
Letting the water through the air as I glide
My will as high
Intense the side
And where I will always hide
The stone I cast
As if it were removed from itself
As I've been cracked
Even my teeth did not break it
As it did them
The rock was I
But it is banished from itself
The Last (no possible entrance)
Would there be two of
Or would there be none of
My whole condemned
But my hall damned
Slide away
Begin to decay (without even myself)