

Expansion & Collapse

Byzantine

Waves of calm they washed me clean
Detached, removed from the spine
Possessed with a feeling of death
A compulsion to silence the goodness

Everyone dies but not everyone lives
The plague modern times instilled
This revelation cured me of this sickness of the mind

Wronged in our chance to comprehend immortality
Power beyond the amorphous stature breathing lies
Inside the ties that bind

Waves of doubt wash over me
Skepticism oscillates in the mind
Relief from the pagan beliefs
That are contrary to the submissive

Faith and doubt constantly collide
Joined together on immeasurable planes
More courage does it take to suffer than to die

Power beyond the amorphous stature breathing lies
Inside the ties that bind

Recalculate infinity
Expand just to collapse on me

A glimpse of moving light
That you must bring to focus
Grows in proportion to
The pressure on the eyes