

## Descend Within

Kylesa

Current swill is sour  
The intangible of never  
Bitterness biting  
Consciousness seething  
Hiding the wave  
A clouded grave

Stand alone to see the sky  
Clouds form tearing open  
Under weight pressure builds  
Push up to fall down

I fight the rising swell  
I die, tomorrow's dreams  
Awake in sweat, a clouded realm  
Fighting a twisted arm, a tangled moment lengthens

Tomorrow came far away  
Another life, a different time

I fight, I die, awake