

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