

Today, I am a different man, yesterday was meaningless.  
I once saw with the sight of a God,  
and I hear the voices pray.  
My dreams were reality, even the darkest of all cast aside.  
It reaches out to grab my throat,  
and squeeze the breath from me,  
to show me sights of days to come,  
and nights of restlessness.  
In a good man's heart, a gift this would truly be,  
but left in my hands,  
lies a cold bitter fear.  
So I awake with a newfound friend,  
who begs me to play,  
who taunts one tired eye,  
and I shudder to think of what I've become,  
as my journey has ended, to capture my ease.  
My pride has returned,  
and life is anew,  
accepting my fate,  
and remembrance of what I saw, of what I lived.  
Sleep.  
With closed eyes, I dream of your return and in the darkness,  
I again see a light.  
A perfect glow of aura blue,  
with open arms I greet my old friend.