

Of Wounds To Come

October Tide

Cast aside my will
Decomposing soul, abandoned and cold
Every step is a foot in the grave
Admitting the pain is too profound for the brave
I release you from my arms again
No, this is not my burden
Lifeless, always
Your words will remain
But your image, a crooked frame

With a mind like seasons, there's no chance for reason
The withering brings promise of dichotomy
Reflections of what I've done, our requiem
The horizon is a reminder, of wounds to come
The smoke will lead you home
If I could only burn
The words I've yet to learn

I saw the light in the sky
We weren't always so blind to the lies, devouring life
When the last star falls, who's to blame
For the eternal night, of wishes reclaimed?
The dawn of a new day, same faces, new pain
To carry on would be insane

I release you from my arms again
No, this is not my burden
Close your eyes and breath
Time to leave, this will be the end
Where do I begin?

This was a mistake, I have nothing to say
Your pain is well deserved
I've lived and loved, and all I've learned
(We can) We can only promise to burn
Marvel at the bridges flame, wonder why they never came

End of all
They consider the body a temple
Tear down the walls
The horizon is a reminder, of wounds to come