

Crashing to the surface.
My convictions lay bare before the tempest.
As chaos explodes around me, I find myself in the jaws of destruction.
Tested, by the force of the tempest.
Pushed, to the point of no return.
Losing ground.
Let the steel of my resolve be not bested by the sum of my fears.
Clarity unfolds, a moments calm in the eye of the storm.
Relentless, I surge onward.
Surfacing.
No regrets.
No second chance.
Nothing will hold me back.
Shipwrecked bones carry my seasick heart home.
Carry me home.
Tension clings to me.
Resistance coils inside.
Forcing me down, I fear nothing, into Poseidon's arms.
Forcing me down, I fear nothing, I must hold on.
This is a strength born in misery.
A focus cut of this insanity.
I fight my way from the gates of hell.
I hold on.
A body, locked in the vice grip of conflict.
A mind, sharpened on the shards of disappointment.
And from the depths of Hell I rise.
From gilded cage, my spirit flies.
Memories of another life call me home.
Surfacing.
Shipwrecked bones
carry my seasick heart home.