

Crone

Still Remains

It's alright, I can't believe I finally made it this far.
At what great length I've prayed. I finally learned to let it go.

I swam against so many ocean currents to get here.
And my arms aren't nearly tired yet.
And the undertow. It means nothing.

Caught in the undertow over and over again.
Nothing can drag me down.
Nothing can pull me under.

When I held on, I could have drowned.
When I held on, they spilled my young blood.

I swam against so many ocean currents to get here.
And my arms aren't nearly tired yet.

Caught in the undertow over and over again.
Nothing can drag me down.
Nothing can pull me under.

Planted the demon seed.
Fell out of the demon tree.
Growing from the demon ground.
Now I'm cutting the demon down.

This is what it sounds like when
Self love and self hate do battle.
Sound the alarm.
Run for your life.

The diamond glare of the sun rests on the ocean with waves cresting above me.
I can see it's rays piercing through the water as I sink into the birth
To be born anew...
With no memory of you.

Caught in the undertow over and over again.
Nothing can drag me down.
Nothing can pull me under.

Caught in the undertow.