

## Of Matter – Retrospect

Tesseract

Burning bridges as I cower beneath  
Trying to salvage the debris  
My devotion tied around your waist lest you fall  
no one seems to sense the strain  
No one seems to know

I don't begin to proclaim that I know  
I can't continue down this road

Dwelling on what has come to pass  
no force alive will bring it back  
I would know  
I can feel the pressure getting steeper with every life lost  
You hope that I won't see the light of day in time to come  
With no conviction founded  
Just judgement contorted based on lust  
Give me strength  
Your assumption brings to a conclusion of no consequence  
and I refuse to play into your hands for your appeal

Inadequate, Inadequate  
I know  
I know  
I know  
I know  
I've hoped  
I've hoped  
you'll see me