

I Endeavor

The Agonist

Describe the ability to feel...
A reality far from real.
Give me the meaning behind this touch.
Yield speech to the vibe that you clutch.

Grant me the truth I've longed for a lifetime
and liberate my soul from my now elapsed crime.

A tear to cause not liquid to draw from my eyes.
A hallow's beginning to now sever my ties.
For a smile so warm I endeavor to retrace my heartbeat.
To grasp a cure for the disease condemning me to my defeat.

It burns, it penetrates my very flesh
To devour it whole... it reeks,
it torments my poisoned flesh.
To savour it all...

Feelings reviving.
There's not denying.
Is this a blessing or a curse?

What is the remorse?
This sensation inside me.
Give me the meaning behind this curse.

A howling echo binding with magic.
An ever-recurring process in ceramic.
A tranquilizing scent densely growing to play its role.
To delicately disperse through every poorly patched hole.

It burns, it penetrates my very flesh
To devour it whole... it reeks,
it torments my poisoned flesh.
To savour it all...

Can you explain this?
Give me a reason.
Feelings reviving.
There's no denying.
This is a blessing, not a curse.

Describe the ability to feel... a reality far from real.
Give me the meaning!