

With a moon half-empty
and a sky that's gone to waste
and the twilight offers cold embrace

the amber of autumn fades
and the greys of summer's mistakes
and the dreams we try to replicate...
they fall away

isn't this world something wonderful
that we were made to suffer both it's honesty and
cruelty?
today

with a heart half-empty
and a light I've yet to see
and the sadness takes ahold of me

and fire-white burns like...
agony.
entropy.

we all fall apart
to the cadence of our bleeding hearts
they fall away

isn't this world something wonderful
that we were made to suffer both it's majesty and
cruelty?
they fall away...
and is grace not something beautiful that we were made
to suffer?
the lucid touch of clemency.

and our tears become a sanctuary we are made to suffer
with tenderness and empathy.

we are made to suffer.