

## A Tension of Souls

Threshold

i have lost the unobtainable i am faithless and afraid  
my emotions are unstable control is hanging by a thread  
and the misery of the world  
is weighing heavy on my shoulders  
my belief has not unfurled and i'm not getting any older  
no i'm not getting any older and the world is turning colder

there's a gathering storm eating up the night  
there's a tension of souls can you feel it bite?  
it is because we're not living on our own terms  
swept on a wave branded with society's burns  
we're not happy with this unnatural law  
we've moved into check into a corner of flames  
half of us staled in a late mating game  
we're just trying just crying for

the right to give / fail / fall / live / have feelings  
the right to see / be / need / feed / give meanings  
the right to love / care / share / sow / show the right signals  
the right to fight / spite / do / lose / find the right answers

i am nailed to the cross of my own pernicious anguish  
collapsing at a loss into some kind of selfish languish  
bribed by irresistible strangled by the air  
blind and still equivocal dispossessed by heir

i have no faith i have no unbelief  
there is no neutral ground there is no relief  
i didn't get what i expected to receive  
don't let them tell you what they want you to believe

and i'm searching for some space in my life  
while people all around me multiplying just like flies  
the whispering millions, their hunger it is loud  
a silent frustration breeds in every crowd

i have no faith i have no unbelief  
there is no neutral ground there is no relief  
i didn't get what i expected to receive  
don't let them tell you what they want you to believe

and i'm drowning in a sea of my own futility