

## I Decline

## To Elysium

The caustic stain of guilt on once sterile hands.  
I have gone numb in my conspiracy of one.  
I am easily pleased, just a little time before I decline.

I need...  
a purpose for these arms, a care to breed new life,  
a purpose for these hands, a reason I need...  
a reason to fall and a reason to dive.  
It's the wait I fear the most.

Set free mortal coil, come purest of pain.  
A serious reality, elusive and free.

I breathe forgiveness in.

The other moment I found me in a chamber filled with irony.  
Screaming, falling into grace for a moment only.