

Retrospect

Conception

In cover of a dazzling fullmoon
I pace in the hall rendered harmless
By the memory of what I used to be
Night's soon over I dread another sunrise

The pain of knowing I might have changed the world
I couldn't pass with a compromise
But the healing hand belongs to the living
And I am no longer the world will go on without me

I'm no longer
When I leave I'll feel a soft asuagement
And with minimal manliness
I'll bow to hail the light

When night's over
I'll sink into oblivion
But still I will remember
I could have changed the world

I couldn't pass with a compromise
'Cause the healing hand belongs to the living
And I am no longer the world
Is the same without me I'm no longer