

In my grasp are my dreams personified.
A unity of fiction and reality.
The birth of beauty.
The only one of its kind.
Its grace exceeding limits set by the sky.
Years had come and gone and my desire with them; A
caged perpetuation of hope.

A tally kept upon my body of days I care not to know.
So effortless, I seemed to let myself decline.
Loss of ambition.
I pushed my dreams aside.
Am I the cause of our descent, or are we chained to anchors?
Mine engrossed in rust while yours still gleams and shimmers
Renew my albatross,
So it shines with yours in the beams of suspended radiance
That are cast upon the ocean floor in ever-changing gradients

Renew my albatross, so it shines with yours.
Sinking down. Am I the cause of our descent?
Are we chained to anchors pulling ourselves below?
Descending into passivity.
I'm becoming what I am not;
A selfish being consumed by adverse thought.
In my grasp are my dreams personified.
A unity of fiction and reality.
Birth of beauty.
The only one of its kind.
So effortless, I seemed to let myself decline
That with the loss of ambition,
I pushed my dreams aside.
Sinking down (sinking).
Are we chained to anchors pulling ourselves below?

Descending into passivity. I'm becoming what I am not,
A selfish being with relinquished feelings,
Consumed by adverse thought.
Am I the cause of our descent,
Or are we chained to anchors?
Renew my albatross, so it shines.

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Of suspended radiance that are cast upon the ocean floor
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I pushed my dreams aside.