

Forced to wake everyday, but never really waking up.
Like a cross I must bear, accepting this, is the hardest part.
White towers fill my mouth. Breathe in, in mere moments,
this will pass, and things will change.
Waiting. Embracing calm before the storm.
Wondering what the future may have in store.
As I ponder these things, what's happening to me?
My breathing is normal, my eyes are open,
but nothings in front of me.
I have been here before
but I can't seem to find my way out this time.
I'm staring out the window and I'm seeing my ideal life
but I can't seem to find the latch to open it up.
Will I be Back? Can we make our way back?
I knew these things, happened often,
but what happened to me?
It's reality now because,
this must mean that I've lost everything.
Can we make our way back?
Times like these I feel so vulnerable and mass-less.
I know that this shield from the sun will lift.
We will walk the brittle lines
and our name will stand the test of time.
This will bring everything to light.
11:11. Haunts me. And now I'm wondering, will I be back?