[limited edition only]

what have i done what is this mourning the arc of the brightness blinds me what are these thoughts and cumbersome footsteps the arc of the dream that binds me

what have i been this figure of light island of gardens that feeds you what if i burn swallowing doctrines does painting this picture feed you

brother my child my counsel cynical fathers i see what colour these memories might be what about me what about me

what do i need only my conscience forgiveness is all you gave me vast is the wave i am my demon where is the dark that folds me

why should i care piercing my cause bring on the fools that bind me so what if i drown water is yielding interrogate my own sanity

brother my child my counsel cynical fathers i see what colour these memories might be what about me what about me

what have i been this figure of light island of gardens that feeds you what if i burn swallowing doctrines does painting this picture feed you

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