

Hollow

Port St. Willow

My truth has been revealed, at the cost of everything I knew.
My last safe-haven falls behind me, with the self that once consumed.

Into the void.

I'm pursuing only answers.

I'm shedding skins and faces, past loves and bitter hatreds.
And it has come to pass, a path set in stone now breaks like glass.
The failings of yesterday become the catalyst to seek my change.
And it has come to pass, a path set in stone now breaks like glass.

The failings of yesterday become my catalyst.

So here I stand, a stranger to my newfound freedom.

I am a vessel.

I am a vessel without destination, devoid of direction.

No roles define me, yet conflict embraces me.

At the mercy of lucidity, I am adrift in a world all too real.

A hollow man.

Into the arms of eternal struggle, I must condemn my restless mind.

I must condemn my restless mind.

YEAH.

And it has come to pass, a path set in stone now breaks like glass.
The failings of yesterday become the catalyst to seek my change.
And it has come to pass, a path set in stone now breaks like glass.
The failings of yesterday become my catalyst, I seek the guidance gained from silence.

Illumination from within the darkness.

My council kept with the emptiness, in the heart of the unknown.

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