

# Horizons

## Pastore

So it begins

Our eyes drawn open,  
Free from the thought of doubt,  
Free from the selfish conflict.  
Now blind these words,  
Chase us.  
With open arms we stand,  
Before the dawn.

The sun seems to have been rising,  
Ever since I can recall,  
Branding a sense of permanence,  
To this lying world.

Your words like icy air,  
You lies like merciless, burning flesh.  
To hope for something more,  
To dream of substance.

Like a martyr before us,  
We need to die.  
Like a martyr before us,  
We dream to die.

Masochistic to think,  
This would be remembered (would be remembered).  
Sadistic, perpetuation  
Of stagnation.

[x2]  
There is nothing as empty,  
As waiting to die.  
We've spent our lives,  
Wasting, as time eats us alive.

Your sunsets go on be-falling,  
Ever since I can recall.  
The only sense,  
Of permanence,

In this dying world.

Sit back and watch,  
As time eats us alive.

Everyone who know me,  
Know me.  
Destined to die,  
Die.

The marks I left upon this world,  
Will wash away,  
in time.

In time,  
And so it ends.  
In time,  
It all finds an end.

In time,  
And so it ends.  
In time,  
We all find an end.

With broken arms,  
And hollow eyes,  
I'll wait to return to oblivion.

Embrace our last,  
Empty horizon.  
Embrace our last,  
Empty,  
Horizons.

Horizons.  
Horizons.  
Horizons.

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