Retrospect

Gray Matter

In cover of a dazzling full moon
I pace in the hall rendered harmless by the memory
Of what I used to be night's soon over
I dread another sunrise the pain of knowing
I might have changed the world
I couldn't pass with a compromiseBut the healing hand belongs to the living
And I am no longer
The world will go on without me
I'm no longerWhen I leave I'll feel a soft asuagement
And with minimal manliness
I'll bow to hail the light when night's over
I'll sink into oblivion but still I will remember
I could have changed the world
I couldn't pass with a compromise'Cause the healing hand belongs to the living
And I am no longer
The world is the same without me
I'm no longer

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