

Chromatic Aberration

Native Construct

The spectrum is wide
Through my opened eyes
The colors are a tide
Through the tide, my soul glides
But when the darkness arrives without warning, consuming my soul
The spectrum is lost
Only a wistful flicker of a heaviness of spirit remains
A longing for escape into the wide open spectrum once known
I turn my face for one damn second
And find myself deranged
Psychopathic, stumbling around in this hole
My spinning head no longer holds at bay the piercing cold
It comes rushing back
I am called to submit myself into emptiness
I will surrender now
And soon I will become what I have fought all my life
What I've always run from
With flashes of light, the spectrum returns
And my path is clear
And once again, I feel the tide
And through the tide my soul glides
Chromatic lights break through my jaded eyes
Though I falter now, there is hope
There is reason still
To hold fast and live to see this through
To fail to live my life now
I'd be failing more than myself
Than what I can see
Hold fast, and live to see this through
But there are memories of darkened times still haunting me at every turn
The fear is constantly calling me back
Despite my fevered cries for help
I'm left alone in nebulous black
Morbid moments never cease
Sinister Silence gnashes his teeth

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