Lake of Despond

Threshold

I get flashes of reality quickly consumed
In the fog of existence and the thoughts I exhumed
Are lost to the grasping fingers of understanding
A dancing light on the edge of my sight
That teases me through the futility of life
And torments my slumbering mind into actionThis is not a lethal wait but it can be a kind of deception
Vanity is a heavy weight fuelled by a constant rejectionNo rational perception of the meaning sustained
I have no pain to measure but the concept remains
High and illusive a briefly glimpsed bright
Hall of awareness where my soul is in flight
A strong evolution of humanity's ground
A large inhalation of both meaning and sound
Based on a primitive urge of explorationThis is not a lethal wait but it can be a kind of deception
Vanity is a heavy weight fuelled by a constant rejectionThey say that music is the window of the soul
Look through the frosted pane at the melody of my heart
I am the dreamer yes I am the only one
I have been victim of obsession from the start
She came then to me in a cloud of tension
Disguised by perfume of lovers affection
Maintained a silence kind of rejection
Nervous of feelings she was just too scared to mention
But I was staring deep into the lake of despondencyNihilistic nightmare on which I've embarked
My soul is exposed to the truth that is stark
And no one can help me solving this rare conundrum
But the world goes on spinning the sun comes again
Washes fear from my memory clears doubt from my brain
The awesome eye sweeps past into the distanceThis is not a lethal wait but it can be a kind of deception
Vanity is a heavy weight fueled by a constant rejection

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