

The Alteration

ASCENDANT

Everything,
O everything is different from what I felt in the past
 Somehow it changed to an informal mass
The changes, they fill me with restless seeking
 The mark,
O yeah the mark it vanished in indistinct clarity
 The mark that was given to me by his hand
 I know this way I have to wander
I know this change I have to get throughEvery step in this bewildered way
 Every breath from the wheezing chest
 A mistaken attempt to find my way
To see the things beyond the fleshDerisively talking in every direction
 Resounding echoes inside my empty head
 Hungry watchers with eyes like cunning snakes
Awaiting my collapse under the tremendous weightExhausted by seeking tired of the unknown
 He is the same though another to me
 Yet I am the one who is the variation
The word will remain in my alteration
 The word will remain

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