

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 through Every step in this bewildered way
Every breath from the wheezing chest
A mistaken attempt to find my way
To see the things beyond the flesh Derisively talking in every direction
Resounding echoes inside my empty head
Hungry watchers with eyes like cunning snakes
Awaiting my collapse under the tremendous weight Exhausted 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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