

Coma Eternal **"Failure Is Divine"**

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Nothing changes and it never will.
Sun up sun down everyday stay the same.
Repetition, metaphorical erosion of the spirit.
Rusting promises like skin liable to chap.
Fate is the nightlight that burns our eyes out as we walk
tightropes and dance in circles to the tune of our
backbreaking under weight up living up to potential.
Choke on the smell.
On and on, around and around.
Never missing a beat.
Soldering forward, away from what you truly aspire to
be, or to do, or to see, for fear of pushing.

Sinking or sailing, flying or falling, cutting the waves.
Breaching the hull.
Soaring without effort.
Going down in flames.
No ports, no parachutes.
Failure is divine satire so maybe we'll be laughing at
the ones who died in neutral.
So maybe we'll be laughing at the ones who died in
park.
Who is to say? Every time you sell yourself short, an
angel gets it's wings.
So maybe I'll be a monumental joke.
Moving on, staying in place, with the things we want
growing old in the back seat.

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