

Demise Of Eros "Waking Eyes"

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Everything within me grasps for that which is not you.
My thoughts and desires gravitate toward worthless things.

I fill my life with noise so I won't hear your whisper.
The voice that is neither storm nor quake nor fire.
(All around me shakes, you are still and right here).

If you would silence me then I would hear.
And I would see with my waking eyes.
Your beauty filling this life.
Do you see this heart wanting to beat next to yours.
Do you see these hands yearning to break this world's chains.

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