

## Estradasphere

### "Surfacing"

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So the bends bring us back again  
Except for now we stand miles apart  
Both of us without just what we need  
Both turning to measures  
That seem desperate  
So freedom feels like a box  
Made of insurrected thoughts  
So it's back to the repetition that  
Once held me in it's jaws  
You seem to keep your wings tied on  
Mine have fallen far from the core  
And it seems you are of the skies  
And i dive deeper below  
The surface flourescent  
Between your world and mine  
I wish on every single  
Weightless hope  
On every buoyant ambition that floats  
Over my head to high to pull me up  
Hanging around on your ledge  
Has left me airsick and wishful  
To be back in my aqueous oblivion  
Where everything and you and me  
Are correlated

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