

Estrela "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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