

Injected "Habitual"

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The way down is so clearly outlined,
By the marks made on the way up.

The way that we break down, break down.
Taken down just to bring it back up.

Try to drop this hate.
All inviolate.

Can you bear this cross alone?

All at what cost given?

And face-down,
Broken and comatose.

The ashes that float to the surface;
Burned pages, and all that I dare not hope.

Try to drown them forever in my wake.
Some kind of undertow keeps them afloat.

This will set you free, no dependency.

A span you draw yourself above,
And no one else.

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