

The Contortionist "Realms"

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Thousands of wasted words, millions of misinterpreted
miscommunications;
Progress is slowing, a delayed reaction has caused a
momentary lapse.

All of this feels like a nightmare I can't escape,
Caught between the realms of sleep and bad reality
That has left me trapped under ice.
And I'm drowning and fighting for air to survive, with
nowhere to go.

I feel the water fill my lungs and take me into it's arms.
I never thought I would end, I never thought I could die
like this.

I refuse to look into the light.
No - I will not die like this.
What did you expect?
This is not a dream, but a thought.

Death will come to me on my own terms.

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