

Dynahead

"Inevitable"

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Look at paradise
It's all there holding on
For you to avail

All that was left behind
By you and me
Is now under soil strata
Retained

You do have the means
But have no ends
In a constant today
That blurs future and past

In a household of sensations
Thrilling to every touch
With walls of flesh
Cornered in stones of bones

Under a guise we share the same lot
Our marrow is the same
But we don't want it to be
Living a fable in our own minds
We faced a choice of life
But we chose not to be

We laugh at our own songs
We mock of our own seeds
We stab at our own hopes
And we lock away what remain

We could ever long
For a light beam to shine upon
Our failed intuition
And system

In an eternal war to succeed
Spoiling the land
With castles of grief
And trenches of sadness

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