Across The Waters

By : Edgar Dark Season

Fears of Compatibility

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In my little boat I struggle to navigate the frozen, dark oceans, A youthful voice it calls to me beyond the crashing waves and sinking down beneath A memory or maybe recollection unwilling reaching me from a place I no longer know as I effort to home wherever that could be unending sea of loneliness never for selection of belonging otherwise lost in the darkness of the night upon the unforgiving waves they never cease now I come aboard. The voice it guides me to save you in the swallowing dark of oceans depth and impossible surface of night where it takes us to corners we prefer to avoid. This cruel night it takes me whole. I try to stay above the waters and survive for time to squandor and piss away til death of heart becomes the final dream. Slipping away into unending gloom like into memory and to never return, lost into a madness of lust and pleasureless satisfactions of your time for however long death takes, I see you sinking below across the waters, beneath the fatal waves. I hear your cruel voice yearning me to save you for the day.

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