

# Octavia Sperati, Wasted On The Living

I drop myself into still, still water  
My body collapse as the elements unite  
There is no sound but echoes of my beliefs

Lights fade as death appears  
Slightly as shades  
Soft tunes in the air  
Under water - in the water

My living has left the realm of reality  
All dreams are real  
What was real I dreamt  
Under water

Discovering the yearning for greed and hate  
The deeper I sink  
Eyes dilated in terror  
Reveal unseen dimensions of cruelty

Lights fade as death appears  
Slightly as shades  
Soft tunes in the air  
Under water - in the water

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All dreams are real  
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