

One Subjective And Miraculous

Yettters Of Argus

Verse 1

The ground remembers longer
than feet do.
What was carried across it
and what chose to stay.
Paths don't vanish,
they soften their voices
till you mistake their patience
for being gone.
I've seen corners turn into shelters
just by being stood near
long enough,
and I've watched answers lose their edges,
not from use,
but from being held too hard.

Verse 2

People don't change,
they rearrange
what they can reach
from where they are,
calling it truth,
calling it time,
calling it fate,
when it's really just weight
looking for somewhere to lean.
Silence learns language
by listening first,
and the loudest things here
aren't the ones making sound.

Refrain

You can hear the whole place breathing
if you stop trying
to tell it what it means.
I'm not pointing a way through,
I'm not drawing a line,

just noticing how often
knowing comes dressed as advice,
and how seeing too clearly
can feel like a kind of restraint
when every direction
asks something in return.

Verse 3

There's a difference between watching
and waiting,
though they stand the same
at a distance.
One keeps its hands free,
the other curls them
around what it's afraid to drop.
Some carry sight like a lantern,
some like a ledger,
counting what moves
and what doesn't,
and some of us learn
that awareness itself
can be the thing
that slows the step.

Outro

I'm not saying stay still,
I'm not saying move on,
just noticing how often
the choice was already gone.
How the mind keeps its balance
by calling the tether a view,
and how seeing everything
can bind you to it too.
If this sounds close to instruction,
it's only because you stood here
long enough to hear it.
The eyes don't chain the body,
but they do remember
every place it's been.

Suits And Earth

Verse 1

The ground stayed warm
longer than it should.
Silver laid quiet,
like it understood.
Stones in the field
picked up a tone.
Nothing was broken,
though tension unknown.

Verse 2

We kept our footing
where the lines were thin.
Every step landed
where the trail set in.
And it feels alright,
yeah, it feels alright,
long as you don't look down.
It feels alright,
yeah, it feels alright,
long as steps kept moving round.

Verse 3

They fed the fields
with crimson clay,
left sharp little markers
along the way.
Hands kept meeting,
then letting go.
No one was asking
what we already know.

Verse 4

Night came easy,
like it always does.
Covered the shine
before we knew it was.
Nothing stayed clean,
nothing stayed still.
Just learned a shape
against our will

Case of Senosis

Verse 1

They brought it close,
set it down between
two sides quiet
where the noise had been.
Nothing remembered
where it started then,
just that it held
when they pressed it in.
Things were joined
before they cooled.
Hands stayed busy
so the ground wouldn't move.

Verse 2

It didn't take long
once the talking stopped.
Lines went straight
where they used to knot.
No one asked
if it felt the same.
They just left it there
with a different name.
What was loud
learned how to stay.
What was broken
was put away.

Chorus

And it settles down,
yeah, it settles in,
like it always does
after the end begin.
It settles down,
not right, not wrong,
just another way
to keep moving on.

Verse 3

Dust took hold
where the marks were made,

softened edges
they couldn't erase.
Roots went back
to doing their part,
holding pieces
that wouldn't quite start.
Nothing died,
nothing grew,
just learned to live
with something new.

Verse 4

It was settled in,
called it fine,
but the ground remembers
another time.
It carries weight,
it doesn't need.
You don't see it move,
but it doesn't sleep.
Some things heal,
some things hold.
Some things settle
a little too close.

Chorus

And it settles down,
yeah, it settles in,
like it always does
after the end begin.
It settles down,
not right, not wrong,
just another way
to keep moving on.

Outro

Nothing feels wrong
till you stay too long,
then you hear it
under the song.
Not a sound
you can point to still,
just the way it sits
against your will.

Lofn's Whisper

Verse 1

Hushed shadows
where the light stays thin.
Rooms hold still
when the door lets in.
Stone comes to remember
before they all agree
how a wall can listen
when it's meant to be seen.
Nothing was spoken,
nothing was sworn,
just a pause in the ether
where the rules start to feel worn.

Verse 2

The high felt heavy
where all seen stood.
Unease of position,
once more to feel good.
Not a title to mention,
not a name with sound,
just a breath of a moment
without the frame went round.
Hands couldn't touch
before the space does.
All things a risk,
as knowing it was.

Chorus

It couldn't feel wrong,
it couldn't feel right.
None held together,
but just for the night.
No whispers promise,
no hint of a plan,
just a simple truth
that never could stand.

Verse 3

Towers leaned,
but never fell.

Learned how far
a secret could swell.
Every step measured,
nothing but sound,
like the floor beneath
might give it out.
No one watching,
everyone there,
every stone
slightly aware.

Verse 4

A one to see others
and one to be seen,
not just the colors
but the spaces between.
Not only the shape
as it sits underneath,
something of measure
not meant to be brief.
The sides knew the folly
with hint of unease,
how moments are measured
and time does not cease.

Chorus

It couldn't feel wrong,
it couldn't feel right.
None held together,
but just for the night.
No whispers promise,
no hint of a plan,
just a simple truth
that never could stand.

Outro

Hushed shadows
as stillness it falls.
Nothing unhidden,
yet nothing quite known.
What was once real
couldn't stay stone,
just sound with an echo
on its way home

Alion's Door

Verse 1

The room stayed warm
longer as it stood.
Where hands not tight,
but just held good.
Fabric kept its shape
long after the weight,
like it forgot
how to update.
Nothing was missing,
nothing was gone,
just less returning
as time moved on.

Verse 2

Habits stayed late
past when they worked.
Hands kept reaching
out of the dark.
Breath came softer,
not all at once,
more like easing
than being done.
The space learned slowly
how not to wait,
how to loosen
without a break.

Chorus

It didn't leave quickly,
it slipped away,
little by little,
each ordinary day.

Verse 3

The room still works
as it always will,
just holds more quiet
than it did.

Light comes in
where it can.
Nothing stops,
nothing stands.
Things keep moving,
not settling in,
all just because
they don't know when.

Chorus

It didn't leave,
it slipped away,
little by little,
each ordinary day.

Outro

The warmth goes thin,
then settles down,
not disappearing,
just spread around.
Nothing replaced,
nothing made new,
just space learning
what to do.

Hermes Hands

Verse 1

It didn't arrive,
it was already set.
No doors were opening,
no reasons were met.
No sound before meaning,
no mark left behind,
then space just adjusting,
like a cut out of time.
Nothing stepped in,
nothing had stayed,
just one jagged shape
that learned how to fade.

Verse 2

Lines had been drawn,
and then they bent.
Hands stayed clean
when weight was sent.
The pockets all held
what no hands would.
Things moved easy
all because they could.
No shapes taken,
no hands given in,
just passed through
without permission.

Refrain

The grin came first,
the rest let go.
No need to say
what doesn't show.
The grin stayed on
when edges thinned.
Something laughed
and slipped within.

Verse 3

Roads stayed quiet
after the fact.

Nothing was missing,
nothing was tracked.
Everywhere felt touched,
but nothing was held.
No story broken,
just none would tell.
Not a warning,
not even a sign,
just something spread
throughout the line.

Refrain

The grin came first,
the rest let go.
No need to say
what doesn't show.
The grin stayed on
when edges thinned.
Something laughed
and slipped within.

Outro

It won't truly be gone
when it leaves.
It won't simply arrive
when it appears.
No trail could keep,
no debt owed,
just space remembering
where it flowed.

Maniae's Treat

Verse 1

Hands came up,
light and bare.
Nothing waiting
anywhere.
Days ran thin,
then ran again.
Learned the shape
of maybe then.
Started close,
close enough.
Used what moved
when things got rough.
Nothing owed,
nothing saved,
just the way
the pattern behaved.

Hook

It goes easy
when it goes around.
No sharp edges
once it's found.
Goes easy
once it fits.
Goes down smooth
once it sticks.

Verse 2

Hands met hands,
then let go.
Nothing heavy,
nothing slow.
Kept it clean,
kept it light.
Made it work
night to night.
What was need
learned to stay.
What was once
comes each day.

No line crossed,
none declared,
just a habit
learning care.

Hook

It goes easy
when it goes around.
No sharp edges
once it's found.
Goes easy
once it fits.
Goes down smooth
once it sticks.

Verse 3

Faces change,
tone stays same.
Every circle
has a name.
What began
to fill a space
found a pace,
found a place.
No one stops
to check the cost.
Nothing gained,
nothing lost.

Outro

Still goes easy,
still goes round.
Nothing broken,
nothing found.

Tea That Felt

Verse 1

The hat holds weight
as times before.
Felt sewn tight,
it holds the lore.
Hands keep busy
with what they always do.
Thoughts hang heavy,
rarely something new.
Every sound
finds a place
so the quiet
can't give chase.

Verse 2

Glass gets warm
before it clears.
Work feels safer
than the years.
Nothing gets finished,
nothing gets clean.
Only just enough
to stay between.
Motion voices answers
what won't speak,
making subtle noise
to keep it weak.

Chorus

It continues forming
so it won't settle in.
Holds the dark close
to keep it off the skin.
It's not a cure,
not quite a sin,
just a shallow shape
that can be lived within.

Verse 3

Ground circles drawn,
then drawn over again,
till all the edges
start to blend and mend.
Steam lifts the words
far out of reach.
Some work says more
than a subtle speech.
Everything made
to stay near.
Everything held
to keep clear.

Chorus

It continues forming
so it won't settle in.
Holds the dark close
to keep it off the skin.
It's not a cure,
not quite a sin,
just a shallow shape
that can be lived within.

Outro

When steam in the room
finally cools,
what was once made empty
again feels full.
Hat stays on,
brim pulled low.
Work keeps going
so it won't show.

Glass of Algon

Verse 1

Cups get filled
before they're dry.
Songs start up
before they die.
Feet keep moving,
floor stays loud.
No space left
to hear the crowd.
Laughter lands,
then lands again.
Every ending
meets a then.

Pre-Chorus

It doesn't slow,
it doesn't sit.
Keeps itself
from calling it.

Chorus

It gets raised
before it falls,
sung right through
the cracks in all.
Never asking,
never why.
If it's loud,
it passes by.

Verse 2

Tables lean,
but never break.
Words spill out
we don't take back.
Every round
forgets the last.
Future stays
just outpaced.
If it stops,
it might speak,

so it pours
another beat.

Pre-Chorus

It doesn't slow,
it doesn't stay.
If it's quiet,
it might say.

Chorus

It gets raised
before it falls,
sung right through
the cracks in all.
Never asking,
never why.
If it's loud,
it passes by.

Outro

When the song
runs out of air,
someone hums
another there.

Measures of Chronos

Verse 1

Routes stay mapped
before they're walked.
Words rehearsed
before they're talked.
Lists grow longer,
days grow thin.
Everything waits
to be let in.
Motion matters
more than ground.
What gets done
beats being found.

Pre-Chorus

Not late yet,
still in line.
Close enough
to pass for time.

Chorus

Keeps on moving,
keeps it tight.
Every step
already right.
No pause given,
no room to stand.
Forward first,
then understand.

Verse 2

Paths repeat
until they blur.
Answers lead
to other doors.
Nothing stops
to ask what for.
Only waits
to be called for.
If it slows,
it shows the cost.

Better move
before it's lost.

Pre-Chorus

Not late yet,
not on time.
Close enough
to cross the line.

Chorus

Keeps on moving,
keeps it tight.
Every step
already right.
No pause given,
no room to stand.
Forward first,
then understand.

Outro

If the motion breaks,
it learns the price,
so it stays ready
every time.

Janus And Melpomene

Verse 1

The table stayed set
as it always had been.
Every place measured,
every edge clean.
Cups held steady
where hands once reached.
Nothing misplaced,
nothing breached.
The room knew order
better than sound.
Everything was ready
with no one around.

Verse 2

Steps kept counted
one by one.
Days observed
as if they'd come.
The air stayed quiet
where names would rest.
No sign allowed
to speak the rest.
Care took form
in what remained.
Each small motion
kept contained.

Refrain

Nothing had ended,
nothing was said,
only the space
where futures once led.

Verse 3

Ribbons laid straight,
folds held tight.
Every surface
learned to be right.

Grief found shape
where symmetry laid still.
Where silence once was,
fracture now spills.
What could not return
was not replaced.
Turbulence honored
by holding its place.

Refrain

Nothing had ended,
nothing was said,
only the space
where futures once led.

Outro

The rituals had stayed
where all meaning withdrew.
A form still kept standing
where order and purpose moved.

Stranto Of Marie

Verse 1

She stood where others couldn't stay,
held the line
and called it day.
Every crack
learned how to wait,
while weight took form
and chose her place.
Crowns don't rest,
they only press.
Time bends close
to what's left unsaid.

Verse 2

Orders spoken,
soft but firm.
Nothing wasted,
nothing turned.
Hands stayed clean
by staying still,
knowing when
and knowing will.
What she carried
never showed,
but shaped the ground
the kingdom rode.

Refrain

Some must stand
when others fall.
Some must answer
every call.

Verse 3

Loss laid quiet
at her feet.
Every step
a careful beat.
What was gone
was never named,

but every rule
was shaped the same.
Peace was kept,
not by release,
but by holding
what would not cease.

Refrain

Some must stand
when others fall.
Some must answer
every call.

Outro

The kingdom stayed
because she did,
not untouched,
but never hid.

Venance Of Cerberus

Verse 1

Boots hit ground,
same as before.
Same dirt road,
same count to four.
Scent runs thin,
then runs true.
Hard to tell
what belongs to who.
Tracks don't argue,
they just lead.
Feet keep time
with what they need.

Verse 2

Doesn't matter
right or wrong.
Once it's moving,
it moves along.
Names get quiet,
work stays loud.
Eyes stay forward,
head stays down.
Some things chase,
some things choose.
Some things move
with too much to lose.

Refrain

Could be hers,
could be not.
Still the path,
still the spot.
Truth don't stop
what's begun
when the reason
outweighs the one.

Verse 3

No celebration,
no relief,

just the sound
of keeping teeth.
Every step
means something else,
not for pride,
not for self.
The end stays set,
the start stays blurred.
Once the call
has been heard.

Refrain

Could be hers,
could be not.
Still the path,
still the spot.
Wrong or right
comes out same
once the hunt
knows its name.

Outro

The ground don't care
what truth was meant,
only where
the weight was sent.

Steps Of Orpheus

Verse 1

The road felt wider
than it had before,
not longer, just listening more.
Each step met ground
like it was new,
as if the earth
was leaning through.
I've seen places
change their tone
the moment someone
walks alone,
with borrowed courage,
secondhand,
still holding tight
to a guiding hand.
Shadows moved
but never chased,
light stayed soft,
refused to race.
And every corner
seemed to wait,
not knowing yet
what shape it'd take.

Verse 2

The air held stories
not yet said,
colors spoke
before they were read.
Windows hummed
with passing thought,
doors forgot
what they were taught.
Nothing warned her
where to look,
nothing asked
to be mistook.
Still the world
kept opening wide,
as if it knew

who stood inside.
Distance bent
around her sight,
near and far
forgot their fight.
And what felt strange
did not feel wrong,
just something learning
where it belonged.

Refrain

I'm not saying
this is home,
I'm not saying
it's unknown.
Just watching how
a place reveals
itself to eyes
that haven't sealed.
How wonder doesn't
need belief,
only room
to stay beneath.
And how the first
true step inside
is taken long
before you decide.

Verse 3

Someone walked
a half-step back,
not pulling,
just keeping track
of every shift
the ground allowed,
every breath
that came too loud.
Care moved quietly
between
what was sensed
and what was seen.
A steady weight,
a practiced pace,
holding space

without a trace.
I've seen worlds
open just this way,
not announced,
not led astray,
but carried gently
into view
by someone knowing
what not to do.

Refrain

I'm not urging
stay or roam,
I'm not marking
stone as stone.
Just noticing how
paths align
when one walks first
and one keeps time.
How safety doesn't
block the sight,
it teaches how
to hold the light.
And how seeing
something true
doesn't mean
it's meant for you.

Outro

The ground remembers
every start,
where wonder brushed
against the heart.
And every place
she passed that day
still listens
for her feet to say.
I don't name
what's just begun,
some things move
before they're done.
And every journey
learns its shape
the moment someone

dares to step.

Proteus's Ledger

Verse 1

The ground recalls more
than feet ever knew,
what was borne across it,
what lingered through.
I've seen corners bend
to shields,
just from standing
in their fields.
And answers blunt
their sharpened frame,
not from wear
or daily claim,
but gripped too tight
in fierce hold.
Paths don't fade away,
they hush their call,
they softly lay
till you confuse their wait
for absence,
a vanished state,
long enough to feel the cold.

Verse 2

People don't transform,
they shift and slide,
rearranging what
their hands provide.
Calling it truth,
so bold,
calling it time's decree,
untold,
or fate's unyielding key,
when it's merely weight
set free,
seeking a place

to rest its load.

Silence masters words
by ear,
listening deep
without a fear.

The loudest echoes here
aren't the ones that appear.
You can sense the breath
of all
if you cease
to make the call
on what it ought
to be told.

Refrain

I'm not mapping out
a path to pursue,
I'm not etching any
boundary new,
just observing how
knowing arrives,
cloaked in counsel,
in disguised guises,
and how vision sharp
and keen
can become a subtle chain
between,
when every turn
you take
demands a toll,
for goodness' sake.

Verse 3

There's a gap between
watch and await,
though from afar
they share the same trait.
One keeps palms unbound,
the other clutches
fear around,
around what might escape
or shatter in its fragile shape.
Some bear sight
like guiding ground,

others tally
in the night
what stirs and what
stays tight
in their ledger's
endless fill.
And some of us
discern still
that awareness
in its turn
can be the force
that weighs the will
and hinders every step
we learn.

Refrain

I'm not urging halt
or haste,
I'm not claiming ground
unchased,
just noting how
the choice evades,
already slipped
through shadowed glades,
how the mind maintains
its poise,
naming bonds
as vistas' joys,
and how beholding
all around
can tether you
to what is bound.

Outro

If this echoes like
a guide's decree,
it's because you lingered
here to see,
long enough to catch
the thread.
The eyes don't shackle,
yet they spread
memories of every ground
where the body

once was found.