

Sculpt The Lives

Burst

Cold eyes of fire
Talk to me
Stillborn desire
In the air I breathe
In our wanton spirits
I read
Closure,
Nauseating rites
A face and heart I heed

Unprecedented,
In longing
As we soar still higher
As Icarus we'll plunge
In longing manner we'll admire

Into depths all unknown
Soul and purpose set alight
Over barren lands we've flown
In transmission
Morning thrives.