

## 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.