

Control

Covenant

from the chosen path worlds pass in distance
ways once important now revealed as false
again the fear to go
and the longing for a home

like a filter always my own projections
on the things that I experience
trying to outrun
the stench of my decay

living within frames
my memories are frozen
falling apart
my brains are broken

in the barren fields new domains unveil
where every impression is a mountain to climb
put down my last defence
floating, feeling the flow

sometimes encounters we touch like swords
but as the warmth comes we fade
desires remaining unspoken
the words are lost