

The Hollow Cage Of My Ribs

Deinonychus

The trees in the park are smiling at me.
They try to tell me how wonderful life can be.
As innocent as the blue in the child's eye; the sun wakes all life beyond.
The purity of the blade wrote history inside of me.
However, never capable to resurrect me.
All roots of life have abandoned me.
The candle inside of me, has blown out.
My room becomes darker and darker...
Never will I understand why fish can't walk.
Perhaps it's because I couldn't become part of MY life.
The trees in the park are smiling at me, they try to tell me how wonderful life can be.
As innocent as the blue in a child's eye; the sun wakes all life beyond.
However, I'll never understand why this happened to me.
But as it is with every story...
There's always an end.