

Towers

Erra

I can see for miles across this concrete wasteland
From the tops of the trees and to the seas
They have all grayed with age
The broken will of men has become routine and has
stretched Beyond the horizon
A long path that was once a destiny
The city streets are a maze in our minds
A never-ending puzzle lost in a dream
I pray for those who walk these streets that they may see
the Tops of the towers
And expand their conscience
I beg they open up their eyes and bear witness to this
Crumbling city
But some things may never change
Some things always stay the same
The sun sets on the metropolis as only streetlights
Illuminate its collapse
Mesmerized by illuminated skies
The towers linger as if watching us fall.