

## 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.