

A Heart Arcane

Horse Feathers

There was the thinnest wind dying away,
It's so cold inside you go.
It's where you mean to stay, night and day.
It won't leave or wane,
Everyday was born the same.

Your starving for sure,
Your searching for words,
The last thing you heard:
You're turning a page,
They're telling you now,
You're dying of young age.

It was a year so wild not a month was tame.
It's where your friends all foul your name.
While you would drag your feet,
You're inclined to do the same.
Can you believe what they done?
Gave you half of what's left, which was none.

Your starving for sure,
Your searching for words,
The last thing you heard:
You're turning a page,
They're telling you now,
You're dying of young age.

Time don't change,
With a heart arcane.
Everyday was born the same.

Despite what I do,
Every ending begins,
The start of something new.