

From Sinking

Isis

His time there so long
His fingers trace the endless walls he knew so well
And there the breaths were short and hard and thick with salt
And in this place he always knew he'd wake alone

Hands clutch in panic
In this place he built of sand homes that caved
The walls were weak with salty tears
Through the cracks in these walls he saw the sun

The sun dripped through the cracks and died
Shadows managed to betray

Like liquid was the sadness
Until into the light he stepped

In this truth he knew himself to be
From sinking sands he stepped into lights embrace