

Burning Bridges

Iskald

I'm watching the peaceful stars
Their glow has diminished, I think
Things are looking awfully grim
It starts to rain from the clearest of nights
You sorry eyes cut through my heart
Flowers feeding from a river of tears
Go now mom, let me walk this path
I turn my back and for once in my life, I'm alone
Barrels filled with fuel and fire
Seducing all the staring eyes
Becoming a place of gloomy thoughts
A young mothers cry passing by
It's been fourteen weeks and 4 nights
Since my hands felt loving kindness
Those very hands have now forgotten how to pick
beautiful red roses
The birds sing no song tonight
The only stare at me, as if I was one of them
I ask you now, carrion crow, am I not?
This is no place for dead birds
I think of home as it used to be smells of fruit and
bread
Time has changed, and the bread has moulded
I fear the feast of the flawless
My gun is cold but pounds through flesh
Much like my heart within my chest
The day I left I turned to tide
Now a victim of a vengeful ride
In my dreams I see a madman
The man I'm about to become
Oh sweet home why did I leave all my friends and foes
The piano plays from time to time
I wish it was my mom
My shy smile and clear blue eyes
Judged for the things that I'm not
I've begun to see the beauty in dead men
Their lives live on in my veins
How can it be that I dream no more
Have they left me alone
I sit in my hole which I dug today
Here I leave my waste
For once I'm up I got to see
The beautiful sunrise in rain
I can smell it in the peaceful morning
The smell of burned flesh
It's normal now, is that odd?
I bet my mom would say yes
Come now and take a walk with me
Just for a couple of miles
And I'll tell 'bout my dreams
Which I no longer have
For tomorrow there will be no peace
And now is the time
No alarm I heard tonight is different from the others
Burning bridges to my past
I will mourn for you
I've become the madman

The prophet in my dreams