

this is where they rose and fell - things will keep to follow the same
patterns - once ill-defined, now much-
accepted - no such real sense of
anomaly - winds have blown away every inch-
block of debris - from the
rubbles of our tragic yesterdays - scenes will always in changing
positions - But i doubt if they are progressing and transforming - the way
we manage our lives on earth is - the way we destroy our desirable future
- we have tried, at least we've tried - to heal ourselves and learn from
the past - unexpected, the gazing x factors - start to crush from the
inside - time has washed away all these traumatic moments the earth once
had - but will our children be free from all the wars? - like thick black
dots in continuum - we will never erase or take them off the line - so
many nails have pierced down our wooden existence - leaving all these
black holes until it comes to an end