

## Open World

Kekal

And I face my own real self,  
broken in an open world.  
My heart beats a groove of grief,  
bleeding to God in a path of pain.

Rhythms of anguish and desolation  
move me into mournful consciousness.  
While I still believe in a better tomorrow,  
anxiety is on its way to consume.

And I face my own real self,  
wounded in an open world.  
My eyes stare into one black hole,  
seeing stationary state of affairs.  
A tragic life with unused obsessions  
forming a torrential malevolence.

While I'm still heading towards a light ahead,  
apprehension is on its way to devour.  
But I am grateful knowing that I'm alive,  
and that I'm grateful to be here...