

Consumed By Horizons Of Fire

Minsk

A storm beyond what eyes can see but read my palm till the end.
Deafening smoldered persistence a rift never destined for mend.
A somber lament insignificance.
Lines traced in your eyes no repent.
Horizons of fire dance with gypsy intent.
Lustfully wisdom blankets our eyes.
Hypnotized by fires inside.
A Vessel unearthed and burning and learning to burn alive.
A sway of hand has taken our sight.
Tint of drum hint of light.