

Nothing

Nahemah

Maybe all I thought
Was no more than an ornament
For a cracked front
And the walls of my heaven
Reflected your slanted wings
Drawing chaos in the air.

Everything is a part of nothing,
Everything is a part of me.

Maybe all I wanted
Was no more than pretty lies
To throw my stare to that star
And the voices which tuck me in each night
Laments of a dying
Disguised as a lullaby.

My way back here wasn't lineal,
Pieces of the past are chapping my hands
The sun is fading to black
Cause the hollow silhouette
Already doesn't want a shadow
Already doesn't want a name
Already doesn't want a saviour
Already doesn't want an escape.

Everything is a part of nothing,
Everything is a part of me.