

A Human Failing

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Open hearts always ache,
Beset with pain,
But alive.

Spent hearts close.
Closed hearts die.

Preservation of warmth is a battle for a culture downcast.
The callousness of frost tempts the weak and weary.

A human failing lets its heart die.

The frozen tears, unfeeling as stone,
Of a mortal glacier, detached as an island
From crystallized hearts of unbroken ice.
They wash the warmth away.
Reborn in winter, numb to pain
Desperate souls invite death inside.
We breath the bitter air of warm hearts turned cold.

A human failing lets his heart die
A human failing lets her heart die

Hasten to the tundra
Prevailing sadness is swept across a cold lifeless plain
The most dismal season to choose winter as our destiny,
Preferring chill to the pain.

A human being flows the warmth of red blood.

Reborn in winter, numb to pain.
Desperate souls invite death inside
We breath the bitter air of warm hearts turned cold

We human failings

Born of winter, numb to pain
A desperate soul invited death inside.
I breath bitter air, my warm heart turned cold.

A human failing, I let my heart die.

Will we bring our hearts back to life?