

## These Empty Places

Sieges Even

One more time you find yourself huddled in silence.  
Nicotine mingles with a mimic's tear, tarnishing  
moments forlon...  
Remember the stages that you were compelled to wander  
Where ideas were devised, where the phantom of fame  
approached like a brief encounter.  
Try to evoke the day...  
But memories are cold comfort for the mourning result  
of a long-forgotten cause.

Passionless words defy the stage no more  
There's no applause, just a drunkard asking for encore  
A silent audience of dust and desperation  
As you remember certain faces that once engaged these  
empty places.

With the fading light came desperate thoughts, as if  
the ghost of an urge rode a blatant breeze.  
And the wet ink on the paper blurred under your tears,  
just like water's clearness in the rush of the spray...  
Try to escape the day...  
And after all you will find out that it's all the same  
how many footprints you've left in the soil.

Empty eyes defy these empty halls  
Empty faces examine empty walls  
Empty words thrown in empty streams  
Empty places are the end of empty dreams.

To be a whisper on the breeze, to be a stranger on  
violent seas,  
To see the world through orphaned eyes could be a  
mission  
Behind tangerine skies.  
For there's no importance in a dream of posthume fame  
And I don't want to be a fugitive repatriated, watching  
these empty places...