

Sigh once again, as you exhale
Stretch out your wings, chipping the shell
Flames are but gone, the nest gets cold
Ashes and smoke; just born, too old
You feel the age, set in the bone
Aeons have gone, more are to come
How many times you've lived and died
It starts in flames, it ends in a blaze
Resurrected in the fire
Cinders stain indifferent skies
Cursed by lack of all desires
Nothing appeals the thousandth time
With every death, like sun burnt skin, you're peeling
Ability to experience feelings
With every birth, indulging more in a treason
Necessity to exist for a reason
Weight of skies on my wings
Feathers caressed by the wind
Weight of skies on my wings
And I feel absolutely nothing
Winters and springs in one concur
And nights and days become a blur
Tired and bored, beyond belief
Including death, there's no relief
Resurrected in the fire
Numbly waiting for the end
A painful hope for final pyre
Until it starts once again
With every death, like sun burnt skin, you're peeling
Ability to experience feelings
With every birth, indulging more in a treason
Necessity to exist for a reason
Your broken husk, empty and full of sadness
Catatonic submissive madness
Your dreams of death keep you insane, protected
From painful hope, until resurrected