

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