

# Shred Of Light, Pinch Of Endless

Skepticism

After a time in depths  
There is a crack in the pressure

These shreds of light  
Just a rope around my neck  
There days of hope  
A blade on my throat

These signs of dawn  
Just a route to my dusk  
These bounds that broke  
A prelude to my drowning

This pinch of endless  
Just a fragment of the forthcoming  
These hint of life  
Just a gateway to oblivion