

Soul Symmetry

Sons Of Seasons

Sometimes questions are wrong.
Nails breaking glass and faltering faith.
A dying star has ceased its circle.
Ambiguous statements dried out.

Words undignified,
to dilute the end of this story.

One step ahead is a beacon to follow.
Waiting for the rain, for the end of tomorrow.

Overdressed parasite with the fragrance of boredom about.
It's the same scenery like ten times before.
To try too hard might bring failure
when even patience has dissolved.

Words unjustified, to repeat all
the slander once more.
save no souls, bury memories underground.

One step ahead is a beacon to follow,
Waiting for the rain, for the end of tomorrow.
I've done my time,
searched the end of the rainbow,
now set me free, to find my soul's symmetry.

This long descent is my ordeal,
my penitence perfunctory.
You are my bride with bleeding heels,
the shoes don't fit but
we're dancing still.