

In conduits we drift apart,
There is vastness within and all around us.
Though we may deny ourselves the thought
That this was something real,
I can finally say that I'm not dead yet.
There are no chains as tight as
The search for something real,
How they burn the skin of the vehement.
Both last known bodies of matter,
Drifting into themselves.
We're caught in the in the teeth
Of our own temper,
We are what we consume.
You create what you are.
Appeal, on which the ground you stand,
Appeal, in the throes of death,
Appeal, in a delirium of sleep,
Appeal, for our strength is gone.
Spoken by a man unbound,
Taught beneath the hands in shackles,
It has invited a scourge.
What makes you think you give
Of anything at all?
The killer hides his face,
The stoic waits his turn.
We all had our chance.
Apparitions show themselves
Deep within ruminative voice.
It is man himself who speaks at length
Of wars that go unnoticed.
And it is truly all you have.
No blueprints. No warning.