

Entropy

Throes Of Dawn

We are waiting for the end
of this abstract reality
the light no longer
shines from your eyes
and the words that fall
from your mouth
slowly evaporate

I'm falling through
I'm falling through my mind
I can hear you call my name
through my descending dreams

and I recall
a world just like this
where we lay hiding
beneath a grey steel sky

Holding the entropy
of those moments passing away

Now that you have gone
to a world where nothing exists

I hold your image
I hold your image

Silence is the language
you speak to me