

Ignition Of The Grey Sky

Throes Of Dawn

Slow is the murder
of my soul
Lost in so many
absences
open in all directions

Please be with me
this dying hour
inhale my voice
absorb my life
Before the ignition
of the grey sky

Clouds like airships
set in motion
moving slowly
to unfold

Inhale my voice
absorb my regrets

as I hand you this darkness
wrought from the words
empty of meaning
Screaming with emotion