

Smearred Eyes

Tragic Black

With smeared eyes we dissipate to the sound of rain on our face

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Grey skies surround, all around.

It lights the tree's dripping to the sound.

Falling from the sky as we close our eyes in the soundtrack of our lives.

I feel them touching me.

Finger painted shades of red.

Dripping on my knee's painting new eyes in my head.

I'm reaching for the world and it rips my flesh apart.

A quickly fading spectrum.

A quickly paling heart.

In a moment of this life we watch the rain outside dripping off our homes while we bleed inside.

Frozen blue and grey starring paralyzed within the threatening shadows of black clouds moving in.

Deep the blackness enshrouded deep inside, evaporating figures coalesce and reside.