

Sounds Of Pain...

Ural

The oversight forgets, as the leaves upon trunk.
The rain humidifies I have a meal when I cry dead calm.

Home: I give melancholy.
Room: of alloyed grief.

Tender the silence airs soft shouts and whines.
The footprints blanket ignores to feel,
Alive with the sounds of the pain,
I die to want to live.

Solitude you insert yourself insane you rain me in the eyes,
You open me the veins and I bleed internal. Another time...

Home: I give melancholy.
Room: of alloyed grief.