

## Sounds Of Pain...

Uaral

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.