

# Shadow Boxing

Yodelice

Once upon a shooting star, I was fighting, blind and  
somber  
Sticks and stones but a scar, made of lightning, made of  
thunder

Like a sun shining without a shadow  
Like a swan sliding without a puddles

Cross my heart hold my arm, I had faith in shining  
armours  
Come rain blow winds and war, I was wearing flying  
colours

Like a sun shining without a shadow  
Like a swan sliding without a puddle  
Like a horse riding without a saddle  
Like a curse rising without an idol  
Like a wreck drifting without a paddle  
Like a jerk hiding without a Jekyll.