

## Precarious

Aborym

I never thought I'd find  
a place to hide my fears.

A neon illuminate the pieces of a script.  
Seclusion is so warm  
for me, myself and I.

The silence eats my skin  
and everything I did.

Rusted promises  
no morning to define.

I can see the smoke  
and I can smell the fire  
I'm trying to survive ...  
I will be fine.