

Myo / the Miraculous

Rosetta

Fall
Is this gravity
Pull
While the light escapes those who reach
What's unseen in speechless hands
Gracious movements of collapse and dissolve
A resolution bathed in sound
Sometimes I think these are the stars of my home
Inaudibly versed
Aesthetic clatter
An oath plagued by thrusts
A false face to flatter
Fireflies atone and sing
rest your wings
Sing its praise
A resolution bathed in sound
Sometimes I think these are the stars of my home
Spread your wings, martyr