

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.