

Wrapped In Solitude

Abstract Spirit

Hopeless moans of silence,
Cruelly tear my nerves,
Cynic smiles of broken windows...
Endless torture with absence...
Further...
I seek myself so far from here.
Deep within,
I am searching for seeds of sanity...

I can only pray myself,
Inside of my prison cell.
How can I pay for my sins
Before the eyes of a myth... ?

It lurks from darkest corners,
To the centre of my sorrow...
If grief could be seen,
It would look like my face.
So embrace me tight
With my own icy hands,
Put my fingers on my neck
While I am so helpless...