

# Nameless

Despised Icon

I crave for even the faintest touch of inspiration  
Its rivers have seemingly dried up  
The past weeks have silently gone by like nameless citizens in  
a waiting line

Scattered grey clouds have altered my strategic game plan  
I must dig deep

An amalgam of taunting voices wittingly took the limelight away  
from the notes that should be treasured  
I have been comfortable wrapped in discouragement for far too long  
Words and actions have somehow lost some of their sweetness  
I need to regain my thirst for optimism

Deaf will be these ears to you serenades  
Blind will be these eyes to your charades  
Cold will be the front that welcomes you

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