

Frostbit fingertips caress the razor's edge.
Cold ideals implanting themselves inside my head.
Inadvertent gestures given effortlessly by my limbs.
Complacency of warmth never sets in.
This is an endless winter.

One where the air gets thinner.
A proclamation to the clement seasons.
War without a rhyme or reason.
Turmoil is elemental and so simplistic a feature.
Though personal and integral, I cannot bear to brace this creature.

It's becoming deeper.
This feeling urges my cliffs steeper.
Stepping closer to see the fall.
Negligence consumes my all.
Have I let go of what I am?
I stand here with unclenched hands.
Retreating into my own.
Enduring this all alone.

I scream to remember passion.
Unheard emotions in breathtaking fashion.
Frostbit fingertips caress the razor's edge.
Cold ideals implanting themselves inside my head.
We are all the same; unique and indifferent.
Living as if this cryptic fever is isolated, but it isn't.

Have I let go of what I am?
I stand here with unclenched hands.
Retreating into my own.
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Have I let go of what I am?