

## Render The Void

Erra

Motion after motion, the gears of process slow.  
I've seen the actions of the past conflict with  
tension.  
In a weakened state, solitude is found.  
Abound are those lead blindly without resistance.  
Alone, in myself, I find solid ground.  
Deeper into the introvert psyche, carried by my  
curiosity.  
I found a wonderment without a watcher awaiting for a  
worthwhile ponder.  
I can interpret the faint details that are not  
discovered within myself.  
This brute is untouchable to the chaos of the masses.  
Set apart in the void, rendered endless.  
Braced by sashes.  
Staring into the glass, a glare wears on the eyes.  
Seeing into my pane is an omen and a disguise.  
Broken by the repetition of the obsidian midnight  
rendition.  
If an optimistic glimpse showed through, I'd be more  
blind than the soul in you.  
Motion after motion, the gears of process slow.  
As I worsen and wither, this cavity grows.  
I can Interpret the faint details that are not  
discovered within myself.  
This brute is untouchable to the chaos of the masses.  
Set apart in the void, rendered endless.  
Set apart in the void, braced by sashes.  
Motion after motion.  
Render the Void.  
Broken by the repetition of the obsidian midnight  
rendition.  
If an optimistic glimpse showed through, I'd be more  
blind than the soul in you.  
Set apart In the void.  
Motion after motion, the gears of process slow.  
Set apart in the void.