

The Burning Season

Faith and the Muse

I'm having a weak moment
A moment that may not end
Lonely in my own skin
Everything is changing
Everything seems changed
As if quietly replaced
By something souless

Burn it down

What happened to the spirit
With all its endless strength
Did they swallow her up
And put me in her place
Did I grow within my shadow
Or simply melt around myself
The human put back on the shelf

Burn it down

I have seen through the eyes of the opposition.
The one who defines my failure
At touching that place in the heart
Where emotions bow their heads in wonder.
Effortless Oracle - Keeper of Mysteries.
You have encountered me, familiar with my immediacy:
In a wisp of melody, a neglected phrase unexpectedly heartfelt.
..
In this world I may tap you on the shoulder.

Ignite
Burning down your effigies
Ignite
Burning down the seems of change

I inhabit that one region where the mind enthralls and lulls the
e image
Where my youth and life and bloom are forever fervent,
Where my eyes ignite with existence,
We are all of us a moment
Our lives a simple sum