

Open World

Kekal

And I face my own real self,
broken in an open world.
My heart beats a groove of grief,
bleeding to God in a path of pain.

Rhythms of anguish and desolation
move me into mournful consciousness.
While I still believe in a better tomorrow,
anxiety is on its way to consume.

And I face my own real self,
wounded in an open world.
My eyes stare into one black hole,
seeing stationary state of affairs.
A tragic life with unused obsessions
forming a torrential malevolence.

While I'm still heading towards a light ahead,
apprehension is on its way to devour.
But I am grateful knowing that I'm alive,
and that I'm grateful to be here...