

Empty Frames

Konkhra

Picture this
A belief dressed in gold
The carving of the finest wood
Kept together with the golden dublet
Rotten to the pith
The pith on which you feed

The struggle
Destroying the emptiness we framed
Empty frames
A vision of the truth
Covered with the sound of a scream
The emptiness on which they feed
The balance you walk
The matter of life and live
Still building empty frames

The frames on which you feed
Making them everlasting
Frames you can hide beneath
The point of contact
You showed the deceived

Yes
I want to rip your skin
To suck the juice
From your exposed body
My goal
To paint you between the sticks
You have strained
Like an ever changing motive

It seems so clear
Like the black wet paint on the canvas
Your conduct of life