

Breeze Grew Fire

Mereba

Never slowed long enough to see what that wilderness took from me
The scars etched into my soul's skin looked like elegance from the outside
My eyes' blinds began to close, but what kept light from leaving kept it from coming in too
Breath stoic and straight through bends and bitter endings
Broken without ever breaking character
I hadn't predicted the chipping away, the rib splits away from one side of me to another
The clipping and how grief's grip gets mistaken for strength and a stiff lip
A breeze slowly staring its way to my spirit
A calm reminder of who I was before the weight
The dreams as fast and shimmery as a big midnight sky
Soft breeze brought my burning thing back to life
A passion set aside some place deep inside of me
And as she left, all she sang was her sweet and gentle sound