

Eruption in Reverse

Neaera

"Depression is a long heavy cold of the soul"

No hunger, no thirst
Eruption in reverse
No reaching out
All lights are dimmed
All colours skinned
Burning out

A peace that was
A mind that wars
My rainbow shines in black and white

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A mind that was
My rainbow shines in black and white

The soul an empty house
Its owner headed south
To warmth and peace
Took with them all relief

Orphaned by the spirits
Wanting to be freed