

These Empty Places

Sieges Even

One more time you find yourself huddled in silence.
Nicotine mingles with a mimic's tear, tarnishing
moments forlorn...
Remember the stages that you were compelled to wander
Where ideas were devised, where the phantom of fame
approached like a brief encounter.
Try to evoke the day...
But memories are cold comfort for the mourning result
of a long-forgotten cause.

Passionless words defy the stage no more
There's no applause, just a drunkard asking for encore
A silent audience of dust and desperation
As you remember certain faces that once engaged these
empty places.

With the fading light came desperate thoughts, as if
the ghost of an urge rode a blatant breeze.
And the wet ink on the paper blurred under your tears,
just like water's clearness in the rush of the spray...
Try to escape the day...
And after all you will find out that it's all the same
how many footprints you've left in the soil.

Empty eyes defy these empty halls
Empty faces examine empty walls
Empty words thrown in empty streams
Empty places are the end of empty dreams.

To be a whisper on the breeze, to be a stranger on
violent seas,
To see the world through orphaned eyes could be a
mission
Behind tangerine skies.
For there's no importance in a dream of posthume fame
And I don't want to be a fugitive repatriated, watching
these empty places...