

Hollow

Sun Caged

Whispered like a breeze,
Rote the sound relieves my pain.
Midst the machine.
Feed upon his stain.

Casted like a spell,
The need to feel has fled my will,
Still I can't tell
The emptiness to fill

Wasted lies to deny
This hollow space inside
Wasted time passes me by
Many times I've tried

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Let light come in to taste
The glass evasive stare.
Like shifting tides the picture
Bands the many sides this story has.

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Redefine, Redesign...