

## Unborn

Sun Caged

Another day slowly fading away  
Once vital blood has been distilled  
Timing right but you can't see it in the light  
This soul's purpose has been fulfilled

Fragmented daylight  
Island in the storm  
A backward fight  
Flesh and spirit torn  
Life recycling reversing in form  
Unraveling  
Unborn

Once a boy they all called wise beyond this years  
Now a man with nothing left, nothing left but tears  
He was the one they sought for sage advice  
But the time has come, they've seen through his  
disguise

Eyes losing focus  
Comforting embrace  
Frozen in rust  
Giving up the race  
Re-entering, reversing in form  
Unraveling  
Unborn

Hanging by a fingertip  
Growing tired and losing grip

At least we've come to the end of usefulness  
Return unto a state of unknowing bliss  
Existing only as and because others perceive

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Island in the storm  
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Recycling, reversing in form  
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