

## Ink Soaked Pages

Thought Riot

An angered lick of flame,  
Amongst dying embers remains  
Stalwart in its unwillingness to fade

Poetic in its grace,  
A lilac wreathed in pain,  
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic  
In its ever-resilient fate!

Promises like a dying sun.  
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!  
Caresses, cherished and unsung  
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!  
Else you become...

A paradox defined, by flesh and tortured mind,  
Bent and twisted under the weight of yesterday.  
Splendid in its grace,  
A number with a face,  
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic in its ever-resilient fate.

Promises like a dying sun.  
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!  
Caresses, cherished and unsung  
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!  
Else you become...

Piercing orbs do shine,  
So bright, sometimes so blind

And droplets from the sky,  
Impact upon this dry, this hard baked crust - this inner core,  
Like a Nile poised to soak this earthen floor!

Two hands! - One heart!

A single breath apart,

We all fall down

Two halves! - One whole!

A single breath apart,

Two halves! - One whole!

Something nobody knows!

We all fall down!

Promises like a dying sun.

Don't look back, on the demons of the past!

Caresses, cherished and unsung

Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!

Else you become.