

Nothing

Unprocessed

We live, the world with us
Come and go, like the tide
Solitariness in dying
Awareness in being
The engine of life culls
Without anyone knowing

Our breath dies away
The flight of existence
Ends in the clouds
Where air fades away
Where pressure as an infarct
Blurs the soul
Where we're noneternal
And the senses run dry

Like fume withers in air
So mellow and vacuous
Thinking, as Patience's process
The wings for shelter
Puissance of winds
Who carries us, let's us fall

'Cause we sense urge to
Experience ourselves
To be part of completion
The infinity
As inception
And we the meaning
The aspiration

And creatures can feel
Human's, who dies humanely
Thus our mind pours in death
And far we even be
From verity
But mourning's a human one

And only we feel harm
Aeon keeps a word
'Cause dread is a feeling
Meaning life
Use in useful life
It is forever in my mind

Meaning life
Use in useful life
Is forever the presence
Fruition means floating
Since beyond means quietus
As long as no one sees
Eyes only fill a hole
As we finally mean Nothing to the world

And only we feel harm
Aeon keeps a word
'Cause dread is a feeling

Meaning life
Use in useful life
It is forever in my mind