

Cold
As I hold in my hand
The last forsaken flame in this burnt up nest

Drown in tears
On a blank frame
I draw with this blazing feather pen

Lost
Among voices turned to embers
The ink becomes my ghost, my blood runs
Cold

Life, war, all starts within a spark
Your so-called truth set ablaze my past
Burnt memories of my breathing shadow.
Inflamed, I follow as much as I flee, I run, I fall down
Part of a world on its course to oblivion

Death calls
I've reached the final stage
Under the warming lights I crumble
Glanced by my other self
Last act. And from the pit I rise
As an inflamed feather
Among the crumbled cinders that used to follow me

Cold
As I hold in my hand
The last forsaken flame of this burnt up place
Among voices turned to embers
On a blank frame
My ink
My blood
Runs