

Shadow Boxing

Yodelice

Once upon a shooting star, I was fighting, blind and
somber
Sticks and stones but a scar, made of lightning, made of
thunder

Like a sun shining without a shadow
Like a swan sliding without a puddles

Cross my heart hold my arm, I had faith in shining
armours
Come rain blow winds and war, I was wearing flying
colours

Like a sun shining without a shadow
Like a swan sliding without a puddle
Like a horse riding without a saddle
Like a curse rising without an idol
Like a wreck drifting without a paddle
Like a jerk hiding without a Jekyll.