

## Callisto "Woven Hands"

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Awoke from the slumber  
The lapse of time  
I have got nothing to show for it  
Entertained but not enlightened

Recalling today  
For a trace of tomorrow  
Being one without a lifespan  
New thoughts must follow

The daylight draws to me  
And the surroundings are not what they used to be  
Lights fill up space  
In a solitary place  
Walls consumed  
All the knowledge harvested along the way  
Watching the others  
This stagnant state gall the hardened heart

A pace towards an early grey  
Is there life before death?

Planted firmly with an abundance of time and no sun  
If there is life before death, I live it through you

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