

Despised Icon "Nameless"

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I crave for even the faintest touch of inspiration
It's rivers have seemingly dried up
The past weeks have silently gone by like nameless
citizens in a waiting
Line

Scattered grey clouds have altered my strategic game
plan
I must dig deep

An amalgam of taunting voices wittingly took the
limelight away
From the notes that should be treasured
I have been comfortable wrapped in discouragement
for far too long

Words and actions have somehow lost some of their
sweetness
I need to regain my thirst for optimism

Deaf will be these ears to you serenades
Blind will be these eyes to your charades
Cold will be the front that welcomes you

Scattered grey clouds have weakened my strategic
game plan

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