

Estradasphere

"Passive"

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Bleed Hope. My heart was strung from feelings wound from an absent emotion which rang euphonic distortion of memories i left to drown in tears of seclusion. I'll scream this pain from my lungs. We live life as a blank canvas. Your skin against my skin begins to mend these shards of my life that had fallen to the floor. And this ink pen, spills from my heart what I could never say. And I took this canvas which lay dull and cracked...and painted an angel with more radiance than the breath of the sun. More radiance than the breath of the sun.

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