

## Kylesa

### "Fractured"

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Two faces appear before my eyes  
One I don't know but I should  
Looking past all the obvious  
Just to see lines that can't be crossed

Dictate a presence  
Lines carved with dirt and oil  
Will lines be remembered when old eyes decay  
Will I ever be permitted back to a time when I knew who  
I was  
Will I ever see past all the things I wish I could forget

Shards of glass inflictions jab into muscle and skin  
No tone like the present, the flow of nothing begins  
Today we'll start with a shortened breath  
Until we breach the end of it  
A child yawns, an adult cries  
There's laughter in ignorance  
We wonder why  
Tired times, exhausted wishes  
Bones crack, and we are weak

Fractured images, decaying lines  
Cannot cross, fading signs

Dictate a presence  
Lines carved with dirt and oil  
Will lines be remembered when old eyes decay

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