

Lux Occulta

"Cease"

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As each day grows dark.
These feathers ache.
To scrape the sky.
To make my mark.

As time is sewn.
I long to try.
To stay behind.
Not break apart.

To find these senses overrun.
I must have stumbled on the way.
In my aversion for the sun,
I've come to shiver in the spray.

Not break apart.

To find myself within this light?
Of every morning's present chill.
Somehow I must have lost my sight.
And come a subject of free will.

Not break apart.

Where do you find peace?
Where do you hold your fears?
Where do you hide the beast
As your end draws near?

Where do you find love?
In books and priests?
In gods above? Or in your
Fear that it will cease?

To take your spit upon my face.
I'll have to close my eyes and wait.
Til' you have disappeared and there
Is no trace. I trust in "time will tell" all fate.

Not break apart.

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