

Damiera

"The Disillusionist"

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The old man broken hands of building on us
Sealed shut swollen holding head in silence
Corrected, I am
Young man idle and avoiding faster
Pace make stalling years of vacant laughter
Effectively declining urgency and moments
Balance to me, watching the others to be
Falling together begins falling apart
Careless to keep, it tears the extremity
Cries the thrower as he throws his arm
All these years, what is there to be?
What's worth the open arms, what is it to me?
Bail! adjust the past, adjust the angle, adjust the notice
We already know that we set process to pass... barely
How could love be asking of when I've been asking all
the time?
Shocking to see... oh! thrower's dramatically holding
his arms back!
Blind, I'm bracing and choking up when I see us
growing apart

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