

Sieges Even "Behind Closed Doors"

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Seemingly endless hours...

Just another door that hides stagnant life,
Just another wall that entombs creative drive...

Seemingly endless hours
Riding on a search of lucidity
Seemingly endless hours
Hoping to escape obscurity

Behind closed eyes an elevated plan takes shape (but
notice)
Behind closed doors a new lies obscured

As clouds enshroud the city, delaying thought and sun,
Words submit poetic eyes and pave the way for
compromisire.

Behind crafty lies, behind listless eyes
Behind distant skies a man sees coloured ways

Writing prophets foil the plan and innovative deeds.
As idle hands fail to unlock the door dreams die
silently.

Behind closed eyes
Behind closed doors... integrity lies obscured

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