

Solekahn

"Mask Through Wounds"

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It seems endless this time
I breathe for something but illusion
And so it stops to fear
To blindness reveals a lack
Senses for time lost in mind
Anger sleeps behind pain and lies
Be back at morning to taste several points of
aggression

Choke the solid masks
Choke the solid marks
Choke the innocents wound
Choke yourself, be honest

It seems endless for a life
I serve this instead it serves me
And so it stopped the fear
A lack of nonsense arrogance
Subtle ways lead growing barriers
Through unveiled places of hate
Can be constructive once a time
In lucid hands or various names

Closing this place
Misfortune brings back echoes
A certain end in evidence
Or seasons may fall to bring dark times in mind

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