

Solstice

"An Essence Recycled"

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I used to cherish
Those flickering sounds and lights
Now molts are my main concern
I smolder and count, forth and backwards
Frothing and scolding
Bewailing spilled liquid of cows
If times flies
When you're all having fun
Then monotony must be a recipe
For eternity

There comes but a moment
Where all the borders
Are easily swayed beyond a burning doubt
There's one certain limit
Where all of your principles
Metamorphose into stupidity
It's inevitable

I used to perish the thought
Of discarding my habits
Now I lie on thin air
Laying layers of rubbish
I huff and I puff
Indulging my compromises
Tucking everything safely
Under the rug

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