

Textures

"Black Horses Stampede"

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The wind, it unfolds me
It takes me to the fields of no conceit
A thousand piercing voices
Cutting through the white noise as it
Drains me for I am
Merely a cloud that is drifting
By the trail of raindrops
Falling on their frozen faces

Something inside
That stops bleeding from my eyes
My eyes ache from outside
I must resist

My flesh is weak
This spoken word that guides my blood
Sipping through the noise
Approaching like
Black horses stampede

My heart beats with sorrow
It cries and fades away
Find me a way to pull through
To obey my reason

For the times that I came to the point that I couldn't
believe
Chasing the waves of decay
I will follow the path to release
There is nothing that is holding me down

I can feel it is time to leave
Voices speak and echo in
Empty beds of a salted sea
Unfolding winds ongoing

As I share through the windows I have drawn by the
myth of the pure
No fear, it takes me on the winds of unknowing

Like fallout through fire I will dance on the wire

Which will lead me to legends that will all so admire
As we crave for the future I speak my desires
So these tormenting thoughts will commit suicide

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