

Thought Riot "Ink Soaked Pages"

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An angered lick of flame,
Amongst dying embers remains
Stalwart in it's unwillingness to fade

Poetic in it's grace,
A lilac wreathed in pain,
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic
In it's ever-resilient fate!

Promises like a dying sun.
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!
Caresses, cherished and unsung
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!
Else you become...

A paradox defined, by flesh and tortured mind,
Bent and twisted under the weight of yesterday.
Splendid in it's grace,
A number with a face,
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic in it's ever-resilient fate.

Promises like a dying sun.
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!
Caresses, cherished and unsung
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!
Else you become...

Piercing orbs do shine,
So bright, sometimes so blind
And droplets from the sky,
Impact upon this dry, this hard baked crust - this inner
core,
Like a Nile poised to soak this earthen floor!

Two hands! - One heart!
A single breath apart,
We all fall down
Two halves! - One whole!
A single breath apart,
Two halves! - One whole!
Something nobody knows!
We all fall down!

Promises like a dying sun.
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!
Caresses, cherished and unsung
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!
Else you become.

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