

Cea Serin

"The End Of Silence"

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Disregard the afterthought
No future lies dormant
These black painted stars and faint leprous skies
Peer out in scarred torment
But how bitter grace dawns them
Two eyes shocked and worn thin
Without mention of past or future's requiem

Torn from empty need
Though buried by lips of recourse
From light breaks a riven seed
And calls back the throe of remorse

The end of silence
Inhales the fragile side
The end of silence
Reflects on what's been tied

Hastened by the relevance
Whose seconds are tripled in esteem
Misshapen by regret
But crippled to redeem
A part that retires from mind
One vague moment in time
To covet a still life
And relive some half sight

Torn from empty need
Though buried by lips of recourse
From light breaks a riven seed
And calls back the throe of remorse

For all that's come
The advent of all that's come
And new words wrung
With new words and riddles rung
Atone the grief
Intone for all the grief
For self belief
For the wages of self belief

Embrace the absence

Tune back and look inside
At the end of silence
No plea can be justified

For all that's come
The advent of all that's come
And new words wrung
With new words and riddles rung
Atone the grief
Intone for all the grief
For self belief
For the wages of self belief

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