

Ensoph "The Shatered Void"

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Bereft of his blooms
The last cruelty of pride remains,
stained his appereance
invading all those still lines
and spikes his hope with boredom
sinking in thousand petals
shrinking in a wounded smile.

Like a garden fed by a guilty sun
So harmeless we burn,
in lifetime pantomine.
Like a heart lost in the rushes,
fading fast through our eyes.

Besieges in an embrace keen like pain
Staging all our repertory of greyÂ...
Feeling so clean and cleanÂ....

I saw u wore in despire
And fill sharpening greed,
with no shade to perceive
just soft tone parade.

From a nocturnal

Languor shine,
mould a wholly pity spurn.

From a lover deprived of love
Into a canvans of blameÂ...
And pride is lowered
In index turn

In this slice of void

Envyng the generosity of life
With the opium breed is just what remains us.

As you feel the twist in the shadow of a splintered heart
Through your closed eyes,
in the fear of oblivion
crippled by compassion,

eyes sore from frustration,
beliefs buckled under distortion,
in the echoes of a pumping heart
in the echoes of his shattered blame
Feeling so clean and cleanÂ....

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