

## Spine Chilling Breeze

### "Something From Nothing"

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No!  
There comes a time,  
When inspiration is lost,  
When words don't rhyme,  
But haunt you like a ghost.

When you look within,  
To find you're almost hollow,  
Trying to find what's left therein,  
And the same steps you follow.

You repeat mistakes of the past,  
As you try the answers to find,  
And you know you came last,  
In a race with the blind.

Searching within your mind,  
To find the things you need,  
Your emotions to grind,  
And the same call to heed.

To express what you feel,  
You bring yourself to harm,  
Caught upon your life's wheel,  
You did not hear the alarm.

But the tormenting thoughts,  
Are far better from nothing,  
In your emptiness dots,  
But you hold onto something.

And you know it won't last,  
And one day it will crumble,  
Turning all into dust,  
In the darkness you'll fumble.

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