

Paris Burning

"Dust"

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these images burn deep in my head
as the faeries tie my hands with thread

I'm powerless, I'm empty ...
no salvation for me

my brittle bones crack and break like leaves
as the soul slips away like sand
yet sticking to the cobwebs
that have made their home my head

darkness in the fields of long ago
the dream is lost from mind
where has the magick gone
that I once held in my hands
these secrets blown away so fast
they go to join the sand
sticking to the cobwebs
that have made their home my head

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