

Hide

Adore shadows of past
Story torn apart
Forgot what I craved
If I compensate, light lifts me up?
I shoulda been on the other way

Just don't
Make it
How come you make this
Make it
How come you make this
Isolation

Taste of my breath and stain my grace then waste what remained
Taste of my life and then absorb till it is all done

Ford a stream of tears
Story's deepened
light leads me to truths?
Like reflections on fractal