

Among The Ashes

Birds in Row

Fill up the masses and leave us alone. Among these ashes there ain't no place to grow. We're called the lone kids of our broken throats. Tired of yelling, we've got no place to fall. And i admit i am nothing but the opposite of your decisions. Building myself on the anti-pattern of the golden wounds. Among these ashes, turned up by crows, we are staring at the surface, hoping for welcoming hands to cut through this dark sea. But carry your burdens, no arms will get open if you're not a new martyr.