

Butterfly Inside

Catafalque

I betrayed the pain and patience
I intended to bring wisdom back to my lair
Though it is already and always in
Hence, I've lost it once again

Some illusions in my mind of these days
And a sour taste of grape in my mouth
From my skin, something
that makes the curtains dance
Used to steal your warmth

Persistent thoughts were around
make me forget the time passing by
Now the words are spending my time

Don't care about other's loud lullabies
I sing my song for the first time
Let me come up with something new inside
Don't be scared of what I'll find
Either it may be a pearl that lives on pain
or a silent butterfly inside