

# Consumed By Horizons Of Fire

Minsk

A storm beyond what eyes can see but read my palm till the end.  
Deafening smoldered persistence a rift never destined for mend.  
A somber lament insignificance.  
Lines traced in your eyes no repent.  
Horizons of fire dance with gypsy intent.  
Lustfully wisdom blankets our eyes.  
Hypnotized by fires inside.  
A Vessel unearthed and burning and learning to burn alive.  
A sway of hand has taken our sight.  
Tint of drum hint of light.