

The Messenger Infinite

Rosaline

This day has a reason, remember it with all your might
Through the dream and waking world, a messenger is infinite
Numbers and digits carved into the foreheads of
Everyone that we know, I am blind to this design
This day has a reason, remember it with all your might
Through the dream and waking world, a messenger is infinite
My eyes are hundreds of millions of miles long
Weaving intricately and urgently
Light is bent to break, for optic's sake, our fragile memory banks
Until its beauty recreates
I am blind to the design
Light is bent to break, for my optic's sake, until its beauty recreates