

Shred Of Light, Pinch Of Endless

Skepticism

After a time in depths
There is a crack in the pressure

These shreds of light
Just a rope around my neck
There days of hope
A blade on my throat

These signs of dawn
Just a route to my dusk
These bounds that broke
A prelude to my drowning

This pinch of endless
Just a fragment of the forthcoming
These hint of life
Just a gateway to oblivion