

Ink Soaked Pages

Thought Riot

An angered lick of flame,
Amongst dying embers remains
Stalwart in its unwillingness to fade

Poetic in its grace,
A lilac wreathed in pain,
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic
In its ever-resilient fate!

Promises like a dying sun.
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!
Caresses, cherished and unsung
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!
Else you become...

A paradox defined, by flesh and tortured mind,
Bent and twisted under the weight of yesterday.
Splendid in its grace,
A number with a face,
Oh, so sorrowful and majestic in its ever-resilient fate.

Promises like a dying sun.
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Else you become...

Piercing orbs do shine,
So bright, sometimes so blind

And droplets from the sky,
Impact upon this dry, this hard baked crust - this inner core,
Like a Nile poised to soak this earthen floor!

Two hands! - One heart!
A single breath apart,
We all fall down
Two halves! - One whole!
A single breath apart,
Two halves! - One whole!
Something nobody knows!
We all fall down!

Promises like a dying sun.
Don't look back, on the demons of the past!
Caresses, cherished and unsung
Don't lose track, of the light dying embers cast!
Else you become.