In Memory of Morvern

Hot Cross

Look ahead with forward eyes, and it all stood still for us. It's either that or run and hide. So still in fact, that our planted feet coasted back towards a circumstance you'd never fathom. I've taken my cue, passed through countless masks, spit years of plans and watched them all fall through. Your eyes like mortar, made of looks that can kill. Reborn, but not alive. A want for strength we lacked in former lives. Put it on. Look away, we look the same. A calendar has less time then I do. This was all due to expire in a past life, and funny how it followed me here with all the same voices, cautions, smiles and fears. I've spread myself to thin again. I've hollowed out logic looking for explanations and found nothing but my own universe to dwell in again, and I'm not so sure I've goteen any wiser with age.

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