

These Old Rags

Pale Forest

Smoother surface than before
eyes set to a different shore
But what of that which lives within this face
Sweeter scent than before
renewed temptation, open door
But what of that which stirs inside this body
My colours have faded to gray
I know
Inside I feel the same
You've left to see a fresher show
To burn another flame
Warmer weather than before
storming fire now in store
But what of the lightning we made

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