Burn

Counterparts

I've grown accustom to losing sleep
Sweep me off my feet, dig your nails into
My wounds and pull. A lucid dream, where my chest will collapse from the weight of a fictitious ghost. Tear through me, sacrifice me to your sea. With broken arms I'm left to carry my shell with no help from the current. Lifeless, I am dragging me down. Hollow, I'm left to fend for myself. Forget everything that you've come to know. We are not meant for much but to carry our own misery. Is there a God cursing every step that I take? Or have
I been forced to commit myself to the dirt? We're chasing the light in the darkest of graves, but the fortunate ones know to wait until mourning. Be still. Serenity blesses us in waves and with eyes like mountains, we're drawn to the brow. Leave this life behind and take the next step in the right direction. Stare at the sky, and offer yourself to circumstance. Be the burn. Burn me alive

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