A Concept from Fire

A Dozen Furies

A CONCEPT FROM FIRE
Let's march through the gates and burn alive. I'm afraid of the ending. But Im reckless, I've torn apart my inner binding. That's more than I need right now. And my thoughts convey deception. With my wall I'm building, the want, the pain, the urge, the concept will last forever. It won't be destroyed. We're exposed here and I will never grow. All I've learned erased the will to know where I belong. To hell for the way I live. To shred all the guilt I feel. I'm afraid my open heart is ripe. The fire awaits us. Don't look back and hide your weakness!!

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