Whiteout

American Me

In the eye of the storm
Waiting for the winds to strengthen
A gale to growIn the core of confusion
Awaiting for the fallIt's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgivenIt's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sightIn the heart of the chaos
Unease and disarrayAwaiting for the whiteout
To bring conclusion for us allIt's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgivenIt's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sightEmbraced by the nightfall
The darkness came to me
Without descent of the sunBefore the flames shall return
And ablaze the sky on fire
I will hide myself
In the shade of the moonLast ray of the light
Sole spark of the sun
Final and so fragile
Traveled from afar

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