As Bridges Burn

Despised Icon

Looking through a stained window, I wish for better days.
Yesterday's promise of brighter colors has been tarnished by shades of deception.
The calendar has been stripped of all its pages.
My watch no longer tells time.
Its rusted gears silently watched the months pass by.
Happiness is a fallacy.
What was taken for granted now seems so precious.
I look back and remember when a smile was as priceless as the sun.
On ne rcolte pas toujours ce que l'on sme.
My path slowly ends as bridges burn.
Hardship follows my footsteps.
I try to walk a straight line.
The blood of a martyr runs through my veins.
Desperate thoughts cloud my conscience.
Hope is a withered flower that never dies.
A passage into forlorn.
The blood of a martyr runs through my veins.
Yesterday's promise of brighter colors has been tarnished by shades of deception.
Struggle to pick up the scattered pieces.
Evanescent hands caress my neck to suffocate the pride that's left inside.
Calmness only brings back memories.
Suffocate.
I try to sleep and forget what you have ruined.

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