Nomad

Crisis

Long ago, a crumbling whole of me was split in two. Spat forth into darkness and light, like the Birth from the womb. I live like this in stillborn life. I shed my skin and blood and vein, still i couldn't find my way home again. So climb inside and rot here for a while. Outside I can hear this dying world screaming. Displaced from my earthly home, like the corpse from the tomb. So climb inside and rot here for a while. This pain I own, A gift in return for a taking, a wounding, a breaking. This is our childhood's end. Can't remember when it all began. I want to burn the masters and the slaves and those who pray that I'll repent and be like them. A gift in return for a taking, a wounding, a breaking. This is our childhood's end. Can't remember when it all began. I want to burn the masters and the slaves and those who pray that i'll repent and be like them. I'm in exile. I'm in exile. Eternally bleeding, but not broken. The price I pay for vision, I'm not broken. After all, what can one see with blind open eyes. I'm in exile. Eaten the dirt from my own grave. Chosen to be a certain slave. Now in this way I die. Yet I am more alive. Yet I am more alive, I'm in exile.

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