Plume

Yellow Second

set it up
burn it down
and in vain the fires will erupt and surround
but the pain inspires
warming hands by the heat
that i'm doomed to repeat
again and again
beneath the spreading flame
under the poison plume
i always feel the same
whenever these thoughts i assume
you'd better know your way though this
you're choking on your every care
just fi nd a way to breathe the thinning air
it's a game
it's a toss
probably regret it
it's the same
at a loss
and i still don't get it
i think it's time now to show
i've moved on
i've let go
can you feel it? can you keep it up?
can you say it?
or have you said enough?
i think i've found a way through this
i'm swallowing my every care
and now i'm breathing in a new days air

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