

The Walk

Periphery

Reach into the void
Touch the heart of darkness
Reach for the light
Feel the hand of god
The uncertainty of my existence
Can be decided by choice of a path I must walk
So, sick monotone culprit
Come on down and we'll talk about it
Bow down to the gods
Or keep on walking further.

On the cusp of our enlightenment we march
With the sun at my back
I take my first step outside shading my thoughts
and perceptions.
Done from the truth I'll never run
Be it the light or the shadow
I walk in hand with all
Born of nothing
My thoughts are unconditional
And I despise the fa

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