

Whiteout

Zeraphine

In the eye of the storm
Waiting for the winds to strengthen
A gale to grow In the core of confusion
Awaiting for the fall It's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgiven It's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sight In the heart of the chaos
Unease and disarray Awaiting for the whiteout
To bring conclusion for us all It's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgiven It's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sight Embraced by the nightfall
The darkness came to me
Without descent of the sun Before the flames shall return
And ablaze the sky on fire
I will hide myself
In the shade of the moon Last ray of the light
Sole spark of the sun
Final and so fragile
Traveled from afar

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