Pandora

Rishloo

Cedar grains cling to woven skin upon walls.
I know.
Frail truths feed borrowed dreams grown cold.
And from here I beg, release, and hope.
I hope.Breathing through these lines.
Innocence lost among the torment of grace within the storm,
seeking darkness in the dawn.
While the emptiness divides every purpose with the light
I fade, I fade.Without a key, without a sound.
Without a chance to hold the light.
It reaches in between the seams
to tease the madness and the grief.
To curse the walls, to cure the need,
to curse the damned who damn the need,
the need to know what lies beyond, beyond the walls.Still I'm alive.
Once violent, branded in death, but then I'm brandlessly.Turn the key, turn the key
Turn the key, turn the key
Turn the key, turn the key
Damn the key, damn the key
Turn....And set free.
This I swear,
it's not enough for me to die alone.
Uproot these veins that fail to bleed,
so I will know and I will still believe we're better
than these lies that we have learned to breathe.
Breathing, I step beyond the past and let it go.

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