

Autumnblaze, Someone's Picture

A misty chamber for a broken self
Whose world lies shattered on the floor
He has no friends just a grey-blue chair
His mind is focused on the wall
"desperation and gloominess
nerves are numb...fragments of a fettered sun"
There is someone who stays in the plain house
Like a pale weathered shade behind windows
There is someone who sees cruel pictures
While he walks down the road dead tired
He's waiting there for an end to come
It's so unjust that he can't leave
The aching tune of his solitude
Will always whisper through that night
"a mirror to wonder...words won't save me
flattering darkness...fragments of a fading light"