

Before The Dawn, Away

One circle of sun ago
I saw in you some colours
Instead of 13 shades of gray
Today you name disgraced
With your shape erased from pictures
Like 8th day of creation

When all is said
I prefer to hear only voice of silence
When air turns bad between us
Breathing turns to self inflicted violence

Turn away
Walk away

I slay and burn if you return to take some actions
Seek satisfaction, burn my core
A faceless one what you have become
Just like deadmans phantom
You dont exist, You dont belong