

Disturbed, Art

they used to
meet in group
Separate jobs
according to task

some are for spring
while the others chose fire
blackness dominates
heat bursts

transparency are on their faces
their mark is a move
they swell
and even closes

they did something
for the bloody room
they are the roots
who crave for water

their crackle are different
as hard as a log
is what they carry
and it pops