

Bloodjinn, Grey Worlds

Grey...cold morning air makes it hard to breathe.

Worlds...The sky wears a somber smile today. Clouds shift across the horizon, something feels strange about this day, my chest is heavy and the sky is falling uncertainty looms in my world of grey. I have an appointment with death, doctors give me eighteen months to live. Why? Oh god why? have you not already taken everything from me? I have an appointment with death, doctors give me eighteen months to live.