

Diorama, Exit The Grey

when they argue endlessly
to conceal that nothing is done
when I know my faith will falter
without touching anyone
when i fail to understand
the news they're reading out
when the rats are taking over
the unsinkable

when their trivial hearts are set
on trivial souvenirs
when the laughter is getting glamorous
while my lungs are filled with tears
when the thumbscrews of regret
shut all my systems down
when mortality is longing
to be realized

don't tell me to leave my abyss
don't tell me to come to the surface
don't think there is a way
to silence the rapture
to exit the grey

when the veil of ignorance
alights on my ideas
when nobody pays attention
if my nature disappears
when they put me in the dock
for a verdict without trial
when my will to breathe is fading
in and out