

# Diorama, Wingless

Define your demon and be precise  
Impending wars now sharpen your eyes  
Regeneration from now to then  
For time will limit itself again

My aim -disprove you- lacks irony  
Your wisdom even extends to me  
Are you nervous needless to say  
What's black tomorrow is pale today

Give wings to my words and let them fly  
To spheres I know of and wonder why  
Dumb words in silence might now confess  
You had hoped for nothing and still got less

Draw a picture in case it helps  
Of all vague faces I call myself  
Give it details turn it real  
I can't remember how colors feel

I'll give you shelter I'll give you peace  
A handful water instead of seas  
For any reason that is unfair  
And for a smile that I'll never share

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Don't give up