

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