

Endless, Fragments

I'm falling from the sky
I want to glue wings of screams
Touch the clouds full of water

Once the world falls down
Which I'm retreating from
And moisten chapped lips
Of thirsty people

The clouds shatter an echo
And cool my body
They mirror the power
Of sky in themselves
Celestial vortex of rolling greats
Circles in a circle waiting.

Lake of thousand crystal drops
Maybe waiting for the pride
And then comes the fall
The entire celestial crystal
Will break into thousands of fragments
And these will smash my face