

Luxt, Cease

As each day grows dark
These feathers ache
To scrape the sky
To make my mark
As time is sewn
I long to try
To stay behind
Not break apart

To find these senses overrun
I must have stumbled on my way
In my aversion for the sun
I've come to shiver in the spray

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To find myself within this light
Of every mornings present chill
Somehow i must have lost my sight
And come a subject of free will

Where do you find peace?
Where do you hold your fears?
Where do you hide the beast as the your end draws near?
where do you find love?
In books and priests?
In Gods above?
Or in your fear that it will cease?

To take your spit upon my face
I'll have to close my eyes and wait
Til you have disapeared and there is not trace
I trust in time wil tell fate

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