

On Broken Wings, Giving Up The Ghost

fascinate.
to be shade cast by
the forms of mortal men.
the light cuts around my body,
revealing evidence of times
before my presence.
it fascinates.
or am i ghosts?
without a revelation
walking a moving line.
and when the comatose
is finite i will remember
important details,
or will nonsense
be my explanation?
all out lives are lies,
and when it's conscious,
we'll be dead.