

Privateer, Origami

Origami

Paper people living
little paper lives
In a paper world
wrapped in paper time
You try to share with me
your dry and paper fate
Far away cold flames
rise from a paper stake

I've seen the Beast
Falling the God
From paper sheets
But paper can
be easily burnt -
Fire is lit

High above the great, bright star is dying
You will die if you just dare to stare of it
There will be no bright light, for long centuries
For ther eyes behind your crumpled paper lids

Origami...

The Holy Book lies open
in my paper hands
I try to read the verses,
but the letters fade
I cast a hopeless cry
into the paper skies
Sunlight burns a hole
in my paper eyes

I've seen the Beast
Falling the God
From paper sheets
But paper can
be easily burnt -
Fire is lit

High above the great, bright star is dying
You will die if you just dare to stare of it
There will be no bright light, for long centuries
For ther eyes behind your crumpled paper lids

Origami?

Worn and breathless
I step into the dark
Paper armour shields
my wraped, fragile heart
Streaks of dried-up tears
stain my paper face
Take me as I am with all my paper grace