

# Saetia, Notres Langues Nous Trompes

I bleed onto a page for you where diction has lost all its meaning,  
and secrets fall from lips like dying petals in a forgotten garden.  
Believing language we speak in tongues deceiving ourselves,  
my heart whispers in forms that twenty years of reason and cognition have rendered useless.  
If only you could hear what I have seen for aeons before this zero.  
To see our system as a void, to believe ourselves immune--  
To never feel our wings melting.  
We are all spirits trapped and dying.  
Trapped and dying.