

Skepticism, Shred Of Light, Pinch Of Endless

after a time in depths
there is a crack in the pressure

these shreds of light
just a rope around my neck
there days of hope
a blade on my throat

these signs of dawn
just a route to my dusk
these bounds that broke
a prelude to my drowning

this pinch of endless
just a fragment of the forthcoming
these hint of life
just a gateway to oblivion