

Stars Are Falling, From A Nightmare

It's so cold and desperate and in the springtime I can't help but think of winter.
Where my whispers turn to screams and I feel like I am drowning in it's greys and reds.
I wake up to find motivation and sight with clarity.
Reborn constantly, like the birds fly south.
Frequent and rapid at a natural pace; unnatural beauty.
Swallowed by fate and soaked in hope.
Reborn and soaked in hope.