Tad Morose, Stories Around A Tale

Stories around a tale
faked and vague but oh so frail
Strange vibrations like silent hum
Absent words for the ear so numb
Makes me wonder why

If God would give me wings
I would free my soul from mortal things
Ten miles high above I would soar the sky
Leave my past behind
Enter realms where angels fly

Stories around a tale
A broken past that's up for sale
Spit at me you perfect fool
I envy you, you godless tool
It makes me wonder why

Invigorating thoughts make me live again
Trancendence into light breach the fall of life
Diving through the clouds like a hawk in flight
...Supreme
...Divine