

The Sleeping, Detonation: Paradise

Screaming through ghostly whispers
Crying out. Breaking through impatiently
Puzzled and alone. Attempts to hold together are letting go
I have let go
Figures scatter the pavement, eyes half closed Breathing turns to shaking
Wake me up
Can you wake me up? Wake me up before it's over

Now clouds scatter with a purpose, black and low.
Wounded rain consistently, puzzled and alone And I can't seem to bare hoping for...
Ghosts in the wind
A white light, deeper than bullet wounds, pulling me close
Help, I can't enter.
Please let me return.