

# With Passion, A Theory Of An Evening Sky

A Theory Of An Evening Sky

"The streets are filled with echoes lost souls. They're waiting for their chance to be heard to rest. Cries of all their sorrow and anger. They're left with only questions no answers.

I've felt their breathless screaming. Cold fingers touch me; blur my eyes. They take the streets in search of the answer, a reason why they passed. Their time of contemplation with a name that lives forever in time.

The sound of your last words as you say goodbye.

She sings and leaves her shiver. We blame her time for coming to soon. In a world of misconceptions not failsafe when the walls are closing in. The light that shines through darkness to lead us somewhere to a new chapter.

I can't go on. Take me to a place where I can rest."