

Earth II: Rain

Walking without shelter, shelter from the cries
Tear drops that'll melt her, unleashed from ashen skies
Talking without audience, elder watching by
Fear stops in a modulance, deceased behind the eye

Unique as being roofless, other's windows are matte-grey
Man-made rain's aloofness, the ghost's shell rotting away
To seek answers from the gods, borders seem so fake
Plan-straight defiance of the odds, her host's hell fades in opaque

Looks upwards to the damaged skies, remembers times of childlike cries
All leaves have rotten due to tar, with rain that hits their wounds a scar

A face blank-plain, she dreams in-vain,
a gaze in senseless lack of being self-aware, re-deems a life of lies in thought out-there

Knownly being pulled apart and therefrom burnt to dust,
cutely dreaming; at ease while partwise sliding slowly down the placid drain
Lonely seeing freedom without having learnt to trust,
mutely screaming; a piece of art lies dying lonely in the acid rain