
As it All Fades

The cry of a child in the night,
The torment of an empty sleep.
Constant reminders of a losing fight,
A struggle to find anything to keep.

Every day a brand new shade
Upon the old repeated places,
And from the things he had once made,
His life, devotion, leaves only traces.

Trees on trees, all through the day,
Hollow shells of thoughts, emotions.
Mechanical hands that swing and sway,
Numerical promotion for human demotion.

The tightened grip on fragile glass,
Liquid takes its shape, and then takes his,
The rest of the world could kiss his ass
If only he could say it, that is.

His cry, like a child, in the night,
He's tormented by an empty sleep.
These are the things he pulls in tight
These are more things he struggles to keep.
