

Skin and bones of a dead butterfly

Between the cobwebs beneath my bed
Dusty wings lay nearly dead
Fading dreams of an open sky
The creak of dry bones trying to fly
Yet a content soul sleeps inside
It tells me to keep my worries aside
When trapped in it's skeleton cage
It took the courage to turn the page
It speaks of the dawn, such a beautiful sight
That followed a nightmare, cold dark night
O'Wanderer in this army of mice
The neon lights have killed your eyes
The beauty of your dreams they dim
No acts of valour on a whim
Alas at every change you resist
You cease to live, just purely exist
Narrates a voice I forever hear
It is my conscience, not death dear
Garland's of sweet thoughts I lay
My friend for words you'd never say