

LOST PERCEPTION

Greg Heines

I've heard it all form,

Blood flows, water runs in solitude states,

Minds wired and linked toward the infamous infinity,

Open sores leak ideas strained to form unity,

The Search of perfection led to fear, projecting sounds I hide,

Impaled on sorrow, I reach for nothing, as nothing will hold my hand,

Withered old men crowd my scene in the road of demise,

Old weaken eyes, speak tales of lost hope

A cold wave of death breaks over my body, my journey is here,

Darkened silence