

Zero

Tranquil surrounding
I am the moon, the stars, the sky.
Let evening dance in endless trance
Cold tears, blue eyes
Green gilded demise
At first glance, take the chance.
Embrace ever shifting romance

She looked at me through syphoned lenses
Willing, alert like a working clock
Wake up, dear son
It's time to don the crown
Lay waste to unwanted desires
Cut through time and forge the steel
the steel is I, the rust, the time.
As I would slowly lay to die
Crowd the fallen martyr
make May linger in the night
So where's the relic I had hoped for?
Tear the dream's fabric for fabled force.

As the steel would spoil
so would her relentless glance
that storied, endless trance
So time'd heal wounds unkempt
how, then, without flowing blood
vital progress, nowhere to be found
Stuck standing, never moving
yet the crown is gone
And you are done
Wake up, dear son.

You aren't the chosen one.

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