

Break

by Antanaqui

All the pressures of the world come down, and under it, we break.

Water

Chapter 1 of 1

All the pressures of the world come down, and under it, we break.

I watch my world crumble down,
In a third person view,
After all is said and done
There is nothing I can do.
I offer up all my wants and needs;
A willing sacrifice.
There is always enough to do
Without balancing my life.
Water flows, cold as ice,
Loosing my white and bitter fear.
It glows as it crushes me;
So loud the break yet none hear
My willing sacrifice.
And singing all the way
It's amazing no one notices
I have lost all my say.
Worries and fears are pointless

Far down the road as I am.