

## Onlookers: Statement of a Beautiful Entwine

Look before one's gaze, in this offset hour  
What only may be a song has become a whisper  
A pick of the trade, a bang for a buck

Sayings that have little purpose when looking up them be  
Perhaps a show of eyes or a wave of hands  
A standard that is naught but grand

Living within a case all its own, a simple two with measures all their  
own  
Where does it come to be, almost empathetic with onlookers gaining  
vision  
Just songs are to be written in one's favor

Yet the question arises why? It comes forth so hither  
Like a glade that is under a sun's scrutiny, Even supporters must  
question  
Why such a thing is even a thing from one's circulation of fanbase?

The answer is a short, but simple deed to share  
Judge not one by beauty, by desire, or by ominous intent  
Be fairer to judge by one's mind as it is stolen by a look

A knockout from a single glance is worth 10,000 breaths when looking upon the precipice of  
understanding.

it leaves only a single, lamented whisper of: "What a beautiful embrace that stills the blood in my veins."

~Quentix Starwing

