

## Fad-ded musik

i just can't explain as it fades into a vibrant emptiness,  
pushing, and pulling my senses through its turbulence  
never giving rest as the sound harmonizing around me  
frees my inner being from my strange, shattered psyche.

this rhythm rules the idea of what a picture may mean  
as it tears away a poor romantics reality at the seams  
for it seems this loose fabrication of sight and sound  
is forever bound to the knit, that stitches can't be found

by those who fail to look beyond those shades now linked  
to the lines, tones, and colors. But how can one even think  
they are alone in a symphony doused in glowing the light  
of another's pageantry. Giving bows to flashes, so bright,

for sound is my peacock. Bolstering plumage with a sound-  
check, soundcheck one, two so loud leaving all entranced  
by the waves of its wake. As the patterns of its dreams  
only wish to communicate such ideas of chaos on the brink

of order and glory for as I write this story I choose to ignite  
this crowd with the recognition like a Dj swinging back an OG  
~Sithwolf





