THE BURN OF CHOICE

I AM AN OLD MAN
IN A YOUNG MAN'S SKIN
MY NEST IS DARK
IT IS FROM THERE
THAT I DREAM
INTERPRET MY SOUL
UNDER THE MOONS YELLOWISH GRIN

DESIRE AND DECEIT WRESTLE
ONE EMBRACES DANCE
THE OTHER CONVICTS
WITH THE BURN OF CHOICE
DARKNESS IS AN OWLISH SOUL
I DARE NOT WAKE
THE DREAM MAY BE REAL

-James Collins