

## **A Circle Of Bones**

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When I opened my bag of rocks of the world and poured them on  
to the earth,  
I counted out the stones and the years of the life cycle, back  
twenty years to its birth.  
There was a child of innocence rising from the ashes as it crawled  
from the fallout of the mire,  
Forging a core and the basis for being, the war weary soldier, spat  
out of the fire.

The wheel of fortune marking a circle, a foundation on which to  
build,  
Climbing clear of the precipice and into the light, a haven for the  
chilled.  
A wheel of momentum built out of the bones, of lost memories  
and forgotten dreams.  
The bones of life's reoccurring phantoms and the curse of their  
screams.

If the circle builds and stays unbroken, then behold the strength of  
man,  
A need to feel wanted and a primal urge, took over the master  
plan.  
A quest to replace the unobtainable, rather than healing the hurts  
of pain,  
Lead to the downfall of a crumbling kingdom, washing it down the  
drain.

