Dehydrated dreams turn into preposterous pursuits and seams

Straddles shocked screams, blinded, no one can see

Locked into a cage, with time as the only key

Flapping wings without no liftoff, no gleams

We fall

Drowning in dew of wrath and fear

The winds peaked up, us all in the rear

Holding hope to one’s sickly heart

The only way to bear the tart

We still

Times slows and rattles roar

Nothing seems normal anymore

Fighting against the universe, no win

Leaning on nothing

We Fend

We digest

We screech

We wail

We weep

Waiting by and seeing sunrays beam

À new kind of hope hydrating dreams

Wishful thinking in no time at all

The key to life, isn’t ostentatious at all

We stand

Walking to the door, one is fulfilled

Visiting all the other birds in the guild

We surround one another with waves of unconditional love

We sing reference to the one’s up above

We fly

As one, living past’s ordinary goals

We’re satisfied, everything seems bold

We wake and rise everyday

Preserved in rivers like gold

We live

We soar

We sing

We rejoice

We beam