

## Emptiness

Emptiness  
Butterflies  
Flying, fluttering  
Time flies  
Time  
Beauty of truth  
In emptiness  
A feeling smooth  
As darkness.  
A thought.  
A mere thought  
Makes it all worth it.  
Makes life all worth it.  
It echoes  
Love is its name  
Makes higher than ever  
Is it even sane ?  
I don't feel the same.  
It does  
Make my mind loop  
In a sweet spiral  
A Brazier melting  
Makes a heart warm  
I feel light.  
My body is no more  
My hands only dream  
To write these words  
Nothing is what it seemed.

All is beauty  
It is life  
All is hope and music,  
As soon as the thought  
Touches me.  
A song as it stays  
It digs out my soul  
It feels like I know the ways  
To find joy, to find all.

And the butterflies  
When they leave  
Comes the other flies  
Dark that lives.

And the other flies  
Are ones that sting  
Sing darkness lies

But know nothing

There are seven flies  
Ego is the strongest  
His dark cocoon ties  
Hopes and dreams. The darkest.

Feed on butterflies  
When they leave  
I still hate these guys  
But they live.

But the butterflies  
When they come  
Chase the wretched things  
Chase away the lies  
Come with light and truth  
Come with love that sings  
And their music echoes  
In the empty nest.

Death is the evil of love  
Evil is the love of death  
Love is the death of evil.

And they fly in cycle  
Below the moon's circle.  
In a grave, trove of love.  
On a throne, six feet above.

