

I fled to the night;  
After the blood and tears,  
you find a home  
where everything feels just right.  
Smoke and embers dance around me  
where the fire once roared,  
where the light flew high,  
and suns were born.  
You know what you feel  
incense doesn't lie  
what gets in your eyes  
makes anyone cry.  
Essential oils,  
rub everything clean  
but the smell comes through  
from the cracks in between.  
Ash Friday, party Wednesday.  
we can't have it one way.  
Crackles make the spark,  
something we can't betray.  
What swirls around, comes around  
Whatever price we pay.