

Textures, Young Man

Young man, strived for life, for nothing but his own.
A silent speaker .
An open mind .
An intense dreamer, though so confined .

Derogating more and more.
Investigating, continuously, the power of individual strength .

but his passion swept him away, off to the farthest shore

Tasted the sweet warmth of love only once or twice .
He did realize, rebirth of these passionate emotions, could not be experienced one more time .

He firmly, and stubborn to himself, continued his strife .
He never knew what got him.
But his life was bound to dim .

Not like then...
It would never be the same...

Drowned in his own darkness, until the light goes out .
It's hard to say, but it is better this way.