

## The Comet

When you were destined to move forward how could you ever stop?  
Floating through a dark and empty path  
I've been here for thousands of years trapped in my never ending loop.  
Melancholia air.  
I'm confined to a path incapable of an escape.

Never knowing where I'll land,  
praying to some kind of God that I'll get too close and collide  
blow up into a thousand pieces and lay to rest.  
I am a calamity waiting to happen  
but how could I ever leave it?

The euphoric high  
as the people look at me and  
see me sparkle and shine.  
They'll use me for their wishes and dreams  
but if you ever get too close and  
touch me I'm cold and mercurial to the bone.  
Appearing gifted but behind is my  
machiavellian smile.

I'm sorry, I don't mean to bite,  
but this path was made for me in ways the places I pass could never understand.  
Never understand the longing of the burn,  
because my glitter and glimer  
is a fire destroying within.  
They could never understand the crave  
to go  
    and go  
        and go,

until I'm all burnt up.

- *the comet*