

## *If I Had Known the Fiery Tragedy of the Past*

The ashes of the truth gloomily soar with the wind,  
only a spark was needed to ignite the wild fire that burnt down the fragile  
trees of the past.

It was cruelty within that dried out the minds of the shallow souls,  
torturing the children that didn't yet exist.

Scorching holes in the past, treacherous deeds I endured, by not only the  
innocent souls,

but new life born when all was lost in the abyss.

Against the desire of moulding a way of existence not honest,  
we try to regrow the trees that were mercilessly burnt.

The saplings were stopped from collecting and growing, wise knowledge lost  
in the belly of the flames.

If I had known the real truth, I wouldn't be trying to read through holes long  
burnt in the pages,

If I had known, when I was beginning to flourish, I wouldn't still be searching  
for ashes floating in the wind.

I do know now that the relief of piecing it together is given, with broken  
shards, to the flames.

Never will I find the meaning and truth, the shallow souls have shattered the  
past,

along with the dreaming and existence of a life that never was built to last.