

Imprisoned Virtues by Rebecca Wentz

Heartbeats echo to the bone
Fire blooms within the dark
The healers hands stand alone

Frozen smiles play on lips
Death has finally hit its mark
Heartbeats echo to the bone

Souls set sail like broken ships
Sunbeams shine their crimson arc
The healers hands stand alone

Below the sky, the moon dips
The hidden space feels so stark
Heartbeats echo to the bone

To life, the lonely one grips
A long road to yet embark
The healers hands stand alone

Eyes shut with their last eclipse
Forgotten sings the dead lark
Heartbeats echo to the bone
The healers hands stand alone