Stitched Wings

I stood in the fire, I walked through the storm,
I shattered to pieces and took a new form.
No savior above, no script in my hand,
Just scars and resolve, and a will to withstand.

You can break the frame, but not the code…
I rose from flame with nothing owed.

These stitched wings weren't made to shine,
They're built from pain and a stubborn spine.
I don't fly light… these wings have scars,
But I've flown through flame and shattered stars.
From strings and scripts the mind once wrote,
I cut the cords. I learned to float.

I've faced the mind, believed its lies,
I've watched my past like a reel rewind.
But I'm not what broke, I'm what broke through.
My wounds don't weep—they carry truth.

You can burn the map, I'll still arrive…
I don't just breathe…
I amplify.

These stitched wings weren't made to shine,
They're built from fire and a fractured spine.
I don't fly clean, I fly through scars,
But I move the wind and chase the stars.
From marionette to sovereign soul,
I broke the strings. I took control.

Let them doubt, let them fade,
I'm the storm that won't obey.
No ghost, no grip, no script remains…
I write in sky. I break the chains.

These stitched wings weren't born of grace,
But I fly with strength no storm can trace.
I don't need light to rise or roam…
I bring my fire, I build my home.
Each scar a star, each breath a start…
I wear my fire, I chose my start.

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