

## The Quietude Plains

Ablaze in Hatred

The deepest meaning  
To reach the inner catharsis  
To mourn in solitude  
Finding a place  
Behind the mist

Like the prophesy tells  
Mind falls down  
Now only whispering words  
Holding the dearest  
And to gather around

A shell of my former self  
Weak and tired  
Gasping for air once  
And there I see  
The final relief

There is no purpose  
There shall never be a reason  
Why to be completed or done  
Just resting my eyes now  
Towards the dark