

Stingher/Alone

Agathodaimon

When dusk is the most solemn
When clouds do shine bright
Melancholic them I sight
And remain with a mournful eye

Sadly staying, is it maybe
My verse that weeps so mild
Like a storm on oceans far
A sign of a sooner death?

With autumn approaching
Could I be the leaf carried by winds
And finally falling down
Already being forgotten?

When dusk breeds utmost
When clouds do shine bright
Melancholic them I sight
My eyes bitterness host

When dusk is the most solemn
Oceans mirros in the moonlore
Splenic and lonely shore
My heart sad anthems hosts