

## Give Breath To Her Memory

### And Hell Followed With

The wane of my crescent fixation,  
the moon she doth corrodes.  
Thousands of voiceless faces  
besmirch the darkened canopy.  
This winter's night, needful and torturous,  
has unearthed many secrecies  
amongst caskets sealed forever (I once believed).

Forgive my pessimism,  
but I suffer only regret,  
committed to this loneliness no more.

The flames of my disbelief,  
a silence among the deceased and foreboding.  
This elegance entombed within these grounds  
was not of my hands' doing.

The malefic stars weep upon her resting place,  
a loss I've mourned for countless seasons.  
And it were by the grace of God  
that I be spared this ill fate  
to be with her once more,  
engraved in eternal sleep.  
The maelstrom of the night,  
her embodiment in the mist.

Death, ye heartless bastard,  
thy taunts shall not distress.

My grief begotten heart awakes  
in absence of her warmth.  
But she will know the night air once more,  
as my hand caresses hers.  
How long since summers past  
have the boundaries of life withheld?  
No more, the melancholy night beholds.  
A burial gown, our night swept feet  
shall tread.

And we shall immolate together,  
our ashes forever entwined.

"My heart burns there too.