

## Wounded And Alone

Eucharist

September burns in the grass  
The autumn removes a dusty blanket covering my face  
And I see that the sunset is coming my way  
It is coming to crush me with its dark autumn gloom

Upon the fields of my mind  
Death dances to the rhythm of falling hope  
The shadows dwell upon my body to leave the soul, without life  
and  
push the day into desperation, wounded and alone

All happiness that once flourished, now withers within the four  
walls  
of the head

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