

## An Extrinsic Divide

Evoken

Burned into the tattered tapestry of the foreboding sky,  
are faded traces of forgotten sunlight;  
as the fragments of ashes rain,  
scattered over the vast distance  
that separates contentment from isolation.  
Futility is absolute, and alone and misguided are those  
who would tread this mire; so cold and deep.

Lost are all who traverse these ominously twisting paths,  
for hope is only a mockery of its own illusion.