

Darkdays

Frown

BY DARK RIVER SIDES
AND A DEAD RIVER TRUNK
STAYED HOLEY BOAT
SO OFTEN FULL OF
LOVELY VOTES
WAS DROWING BETWEEN THE ROCKS
DARKDAYS COMING DARKNESS
LOVE SINS PAIN NO CRIMES
DEATH WILL BE OUR BRIDE
BY A DARK RIVER MOOR
AND A DEAD RIVER PATH
SURROUNDED BY FOG
SO OFTEN FULL OF...
BEING WITH DEAD
SOMETIMES GO DOWN IN VOID
ALL THIS STIGMAS AND MEMORIES
WITH THE SPLEENS
SHADES OF LOVEPAINS RUN
ALL THIS LOVING EMOTIONS
ON ONE'S MEMORY THE HARD SORROW LEAVES