

Born into a field of flowers, to slowly wilt away  
Sheltered by wings, delicately smothered by blindness  
Released among the wolves, thus molded by resistance  
Ridden by the clawed hoofs of tyrants

The fruit of other worlds, but grown by loneliness  
Concealing a black soul, and but sensing the beyond  
Uniquely grown from within  
Shimmered by a darker night, but left to solitude

How can one disclose a darker night,  
if one but rests?  
Or evidence the suffering,  
by wordly gauge?  
Or comprehend the long-drawn agony  
When pain and evil never trod one down

Like a warring sun, from a better kingdom  
Beautiful, free, of different steel!  
Dearly prized, and equally broken  
He should have gone free of you!

An emotional tumour, gnaws from inside  
Of heartless, spineless treason  
The darkest night now weaves its loom  
Soon to release its spawn