

Lament

Solitude Aeternus

A world turning
in opposite direction
bells toll of my lament
skies not blue

Rain on the path
I wander
empty and alone
never looking up

Mo not sad - just hollow
each breath gone
expelling life from myself
closer to ash

Speak to me of beauty
- Maneuver with grace
Enter my thoughts with light
- Maneuver with grace

Waking from nightmares
a life of repeat
we continue on
straight to the end

And all I need
- is what I need
- to breath of my Soul