

End Is Silence

Throes Of Dawn

Mournfully, the same sun rises
again
the times of yesterday are away
wind howls the sights of those
lonely, forgotten times

"Even time will come to an end"

We could hear the birds sing
through the winds hum
we were not like the others
time revealed our nothingness

Let the stream of the wither
wouldn't it be "nice" to sleep,
to dream forever
from the silence we awoke
and into there we shall wither

we were the birds that sang
in the winds?hum
we were not like others
end is our silence