

Abyss

Wolfheart

By each circle of sun
My soul is growing colder
It's building into a void

Hollowness and futility
Of any counter-actions
Fails to compare
With the non-fulfilment
To mould and repair

The world is darker than in aeons
And the sky is free from stars

This fall is colder than before
Glacial it has become
Frozen fire of the sun

New dawn of the day
Carries an altered grandeur
Distorted tranquility

It's in the eye of the beholder
Singular view of the world
Without warmth or colors
Was assembled my universe