

## Of Aching Empty Pain

Xanthochroid

Twenty years I've wished  
To know my place  
A hunt for peace  
An endless war

Still I ran toward  
The throes of death  
'Til I felt the warmth  
Of her chest

I heave and sigh  
And reach and writhe  
'Til at last I'm home  
And can see her

Dancing  
She looks at me with  
Screaming eyes

Twirling  
Calming motions  
Gentle sighs

(I am lost), lost  
Lost in untold pleasures  
(In secret worlds)  
Where once we dwelt