

Vale of Tears

Antestor

The assembler of souls absorbs all within his reach
His seemingly perpetual glance of doom
Would even make the smallest of serenities breach
As he rides the wind being the ghost of gloom
Running darkness all around
A knife in her hand
Fall, rising, screaming the name of her beloved
So weak, and so weary
Something blackening her thoughts
A cloud, a force, a weight
Finding her true love lying in red
Is this reality or just a vision in her head
To be the knife as well as the wound
Is all that concerns her
Overwhelmed by a burden, like hordes of fear
The obscurity of the vale of tears
Grasping for safety, which lies all so near
Incremental malice of the vale of tears
Wandering oblivious in the foggy twilight
Shades of an obelisk shines so bright
Incredulous thoughts, bewildering her mind
Is there really a god to find
Halting through the darkest of forests
The obese and extraneous at her tail
This haunting, lingering to the extreme
She is about to quail
Then a formless mass of black, went skyward
Stars began to fade behind a veil of dark blue velvet
She stopped, she listened, nothing
Silence, an eternity passed
The silhouettes of something unseen, a presence

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