Third AttemptÂ Â Â

Carpathian Forest

[R.Nattefrost '94]Come death
before it slips through my hands.Like long-drawn echoes merging far away
to a deep and pounding harmony.
Vast as the night and as vast as light.
Scents, colours and sounds to each other reply.Your wounds are infected
and life neglected.
These are the autumn years.Haunted nights of ghosts and shadows.
You cut the wound to release the pus.
You cut your wrist.
You do not wish to live
and kissed the world bloodred.Through coldness.

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