

# An Evil Shade of Grey

## Cemetery

I am one with sorrow  
from the tree of grief I fall...  
into the shadows  
of an evil shade of grey  
A taste of tears  
is flowing down my tongue  
like memories of days  
when the world was new  
and I was young  
Nowadays my garden is pale  
and the trees bear fruit no more  
but so is life they say  
of age the colours fade away  
As time pass by in this twilight land  
I wish the winds would take my hand  
and lead me into the cosmic halls  
to carve my name within its walls  
But the winds will fail  
as the ways are of night  
to blow out my candle  
of forsaken light  
for they are the winds  
of a daytime dream  
from the land where shadow gleam  
in silent tears I wish to close my eyes  
and the world leave behind without goodbyes  
But so it shall not be  
and that I have always known  
for on the tree of grief  
my fruit has grown

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