Solitary Mourner

Primordial

And so the rain kept on falling
Still a solitary mourner stands
Beneath the sorrowed eaves
Among the rotting autumn leaves
And watches over youAll the flowers laid
Have long since bowed their heads
And all the wailing women
No longer cast their cries
And all who once wore black
Have returned to their lives
Yet the mourner has not
Forgotten

And will stand that way foreverIf I am the mourner Who shall know my name? Who shall ever know my pain?

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