Abyss

Wolfheart

By each circle of the sun
My soul is growing colder
It's building into a voidHollowness and futility
Of any counter-actions
Fails to compare
With the non-fulfillment
To mold and repairThe world is darker than in aeons
And the sky is free from starsThis full is colder than before
Glacial it has become
Frozen fire of the sunNew dawn of the sky
Carries and altered grandeur
Distorted tranquilityIt's in the eye of the beholder
Singular view of the world
Without warmth or colors
Was assembled my universe

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