

# Elegy of Blood

## Yearning

Fallen from grace  
My soul's grown old  
Birds are dying  
as fading light  
draws last mourning beam  
Across the hillside Dark moors lay cold  
And quiet this night  
Blackbirds crying  
As freezing moon lays cruel  
deathly beams  
Through your minds eye Elegy of what these open wounds  
may bleed  
All alone with hatred growing  
unborn seed

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