Air

Charon

Unspoken witness neaver reached the eyes of the day
Yet the moon was the one to hear
How she prayed forgiveness for each shattered little word she made to weep
Why these woods still echo, how the whispering tangles on
When the moon was the only one here
How I pray to loose my burden in this place where I love you dead
And you are the air, the cold beneath this whispering wind, carried within
You are the air, the warmth in sorrow I took when I could feel the end
The air...the air I breathe was gift from you.

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