The Wake

Cemetary

tragedy has spoken
the wolves all gather around
with sharpen teeth and a guilty yellow stare
they wish me on my wayso cold inside this shell
give me to the earththe dreams that I deserted
the passion I would not release
the path I left untreaded
the mask that I refused to wear
existance left unnoticed
desire in my bones so dry
and silence in the virtue
all so quiet - all so stillI can feel them watching
feel the seconds die
can hear them laughing from above
they wish me on my way

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