

An Offering Of Grief

Pallbearer

In the twilight hour clouds obscure the bleeding light
As they bear the body of the sun
To lay at rest in the earth Lay a shade on my eyes,
On the corners where mysteries are born
Let me search the distant stars for what is left of my ruin
Inhaling the stillness, I make silence my temple
And place an offering of grief
A communion with the soul In the shadows I wander
A solitary man, fearing not the hidden
But searching
In this harsh world of deception, I will stand up once more
And find within myself the strength to stumble again

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