Beholder in Sorrow

Lunar Aurora

Beholder in sorrow,
sealed in blood and thorns.
Silent steps on haunted ground.Dread still breathes sharp,
like soaring whispers.
Breathing in sorrow, here,
among the trees of nowhere.Death still breathes sharp,
in my dead white eyes.
Breathing in sorrow, here,
in the astral shades behind the moon.Here in this veil of thorns,
be blessed, in blood, in pain, in darkness.
The moon shall bleed all over me.

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