A Dead Poem

Rotting Christ

Focus tomorrow's horizon
Sorrow means no future
Cover my face
With my guilty hands
It's the season the trees die
The birds don't sing anymore
The rivers never come back
Nature dies out
This tragic figure
Destined to hurt never heal
What end can save me
What good gives me an end
Nothing is innocent
Nothing is fair
I keep wondering
How did I end up like this
First passion
Now is lost
A dramatic dead story
I killed all I have
My sadness is
Translated into madness
I spell meaningless words
A poem for sorrow and death

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