Dark Poems Author

Gehenna

Served was his head but still he could see far, far away
Their open plains, their open fieldsWhere rivers ran with bloos they lifted his body
Drenced in summerian black waters of sinClipped are the wings of this angel
His voice has been silenced
Stripped he has been limb from limbThe passage lies open, they are all written down word by word
their author, lord of cryptic seasCelestian guardian of their tale and scriptures
Lead them to the fire burning
and they shall growWhen all this had been done his sight was still upon them
Neither day nor night his eyes would shut

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