Black aureole

Lunar Aurora

From my pain's denial,
mourning whispers come to life.
Hell, crawling up to stigmatize my soul again in this aureole,
above the waving cold.The shining, strong and gruesome destined to witness,
with thorns in my eyes.
Myself, holding the heart of all my life,
there in my shivering hands, into the aureole,
above the waving cold.A sacred kiss, let it fall, down,
into the elder cosmic sea,
where the winds have risen.
There in the utter woe,
there where they haunt so cold...

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