

Enveloped

Rapture

here we are
together in this darkness
enveloped in the
deepest shade of black
connected through this misery
lingering in the air the burden of goodbye
a heavy ringing in my ear
it's a silent reminder
an afterthought of sorts bad dreams, hollow sleep
of dark rooms, empty homes
and things without names
memories of murder
the shades that fella wouldn't prefer to answer
the question
the last quiet cord to be
severed
nothing to take with you
nothing left for you to keep the music is over, there's no-one here
it's snowing heavily
i can't even see my breath escaping
never to return "I lingered around them,
under that benign sky;
watched the moths fluttering
among the heath of harebells
listened the soft wind
breathing through the grass;
and wondered how anyone
could ever imagine unquiet slumbers
for the sleepers in the quiet earth."
[Emily Bronte (1818-1848)]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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