The Refuge

Project Pitchfork

burned villages
children cry
burned fields
mothers die
smeared faces crying
thousands fell on battlefields
standing by my horse
the battered armor burts
laying on a clearing
staring at the clouds
feeling down, down, down
thoughts getting clearer
looking around
seeing tears in my eyes
glaring colours
everything shining from inside
they lead me
back to harmony
leaving my sorrow back in my body
moving towards a tree
dazzling, grining figure on a branch
dangling with its legs
curious light shapes teasing me
giggling around
the grining figure tucking at my hand
pulling me through the wood
towards a city of light
fairies and other beeings
rushing to me
filling my heart with love and harmony
noticing a silver thread still leading
back to the sorrow
the growing desire to stay
lets the thread get thinner

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