

Shroud of Frost

Anathema

Undying odyssey..... a myriad of times
The soul has seen
Through eyes of heaven
The imperium of earth
Nothing left to perceive
Help me to escape from this existence
I yearn for an answer... can you help me ?
Im drowning in a sea of abused visions and shattered dreams
In somnolent illusion... Im paralysed
Infinity distraction.....
A pious human disorder
Blind to passage of souls
Conclusion from one remembrance
Help me to escape.....

Transfixed... I gaze through my window at a world lying under a shroud of frost. In a forlorn stupor I feel the burning of staring eyes, yet no-one is here. Detached from reality, in the knowing of dreams, we know the entity of ensuing agony waits to clasp us in its cold breast, in an empty room. We awake and its true. I dreamt of the suns demise, awoke to a bleak morning. In the emptiness I beheld face for the dead light is a foretelling of what will be..... I saw a soul drift from life, through death, and arrive at Elysian fields in welcoming song. Yet I stand in a dusk-filled room despondently watching the passing of a kindred spirit... and there is no song... just a delusion of silence.

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