In The Mist

Shape of Despair

Slow mine feet are,
frozen their veins.
Still closing helplessly afar,
waking the creatures within.I am a lonely traveller,
awaiting to sleep eternally.
Under those cold woods,
as my fall brings them.Shadows of their wings,
as howling their pleeds.
Wounded, i lay on ground
listening their needsIt's dark and cold
and they fly slowly
the way they were told.
To feast mine fleshly dreaming.
And they know surely,
they raped mine soul.

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