Epilogue

Opeth

And as they say, grief is only able to possess.
The rotting body clad in ancient clothes
is left behind with a wave of the hand.
I have gone away. The bed is cold and empty.
Trees bend their boughs toward the earth.
And nighttime birds float as black faces.
It was the hand reaching out through the mirror.
Unknown and scarred by life...
the luring eyes, you had never seen.
You have nothing more to find.
You have nothing more to loose.
The cold season drifts over the land.
They huddle in the brown corners.
Some would settle for less.
The castles were all empty, asleep.
Long awaiting their king.
Beckoning round the bend.
Amidst the forest one would hear that I had been there.
Draped within a fate I could not change,
and always welcoming Winter's EPILOGUE.

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