

...in the Mist

Shape of Despair

Slow my 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 then shadows of their wings as howling their
pleads wounded, I lay on ground
listening their needs
It's dark and cold and they fly slowly and
they know surely they raped my soul
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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