

...in the Mist

Shape of Despair

Slow my feet are
frozen their veins
still closing helplessly afar

waking the creatures withinI 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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