

# Remembrance Of Things Past

## Ved Buens Ende

This sweetness that surrounded us, and bled with us...

We touched it, and it smelt far worse than weeds...I have touched winds...

I have touched sorrows...

(I touched the devil once...)...and I have touched the past...It was like the love of thorns, like the beauty of dead  
summer.

But I, the lurker, the carrier of wounds outlived.

It.

I have left now. (Have I not?)The thorns embraced us,  
while resemblance dragged us further down.

It burried our minds.None shall outlive this rhyme...

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