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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