

13 Winters, The Dead

Sadness plagues the heart,
an emptiness that will never go away.
You dwell within darkness,
a place where you feel safe.
Death comes without knowing,
it attacks the heart deep inside.
Tears fall just like rain,
when will this pain subside?
Tomb Stones in ruin,
silence fills the air.
Saddened statues,
seems like their watching you.
Dead tree branches hang above your head,
in a grave yard nothing but the dead.
Autumn breeze fills out senses,
within you feel like one of the dead.
Can you relieve me of such dark thoughts,
and you ease my twisted heart?
Deep within we're all morbid,
take the time to realize it!
ONE OF THE DEAD!