

Avec Tristesse, Through My Eyes

(l:Salles m:Gama)

I never thought one so lonely as though,
Amidst the ever repeating sunset play,
Gaze through my eyes and into my thoughts.
Your dark eyes darken with the deepest clouds.
Deep as bleak moors in the winter's breeze.
I watch upon your bloodless skin so smooth.
I watch and wonder: Why do you not move?