

Elysium, Youth Is Forgotten

bleed...

silent are tombs of our youth
as we lay here exhausted
with pictures of long lost friends
embraced by cold loneliness
I yearn for a breath
in this twilight of my life
as my seasons slowly
turn to grey
weak butterfly children
with broken wings
they try to follow
pale rays of light
so don't you leave me here
for every word is a freezing hurt
swansong of my withered hopes
last departure for my angels
silent are tombs of our dreams
as we lay here forgotten
with pictures of long lost friends
embraced by cold autumn rain