

# Even Song, World Within

She closed her dreams into her teardrops  
from reality's sharp-clawed demons  
She hid her face of tearful eyes  
from the scan of this grotesque world  
As petals her wings are falling  
like angelic curses from eternal welkin  
her serene dreams are vanishing  
exiled far from the frozen light  
She held a dead rose in her hands  
passing memory of a divine land  
Her mate -- darkness -- adopted her  
shielded her body so frail  
Only one place to find peace  
pleasant cradle of her dreams  
a world within