

# Funeral, Under Ebony Shades

Abased by my grief,  
the troubled mind I bear,  
drags me down the abyss of  
endless loneliness.

Enlight the reek in which you dwell.  
You re the weak your soul has fell.  
-Hear the prayer of a lost soul.

Even though the greatest of my wishes  
is being stoic, God has made me  
one of many stooges.

Trusting only thou  
who is alike myself.  
I merge with the darkness  
that embraces me for who I am.

Emaciated by their falter moves,  
they hide under the cloak of blasphemy.  
Desperately yearning for love,  
finding only misery Aount

Now I loath the presence of God,  
whom I had such trust in.  
Only to be abandoned,  
my hardest of times.

Pierce the mind see what is not.  
Try to sense the spirit rot.