

Unanimated, A Wind Of A Dismal Past

in the nameless forest of the
moonlight flames
from the scornful moon
surrounded by shadows
the trees seems so sore when the wind blows
through the silent and red eyed sky...
those countless graves reminds
me of the cold in the
winds that rules the forest
those countless graves seems to
rise before my eyes
through the sun through the
hellish through the forestry - as
a shadow from the empty past -
like twilight into the dismal night
a bright morning light reach my
sore eyes - with a flaming smile
the sun rises