

# Charon, November's Eve

White dreams of sour relish  
four candles in virgins nest  
Sweet rhyme of brook flows in our minds... we fly.  
Words in a cold frost eve,  
taken by the form of breeze  
Falling down before they get to known... the sough

Drunken by a fierce of night  
and some who reclaimed my mind  
The dark is longer than we thought, so cold.  
Black snow shall fade our shapes  
roots of the oak embrace  
Sweet rhyme of brook flows through our times, alive.

A quiet pray, another day  
for the words that never said.  
November's eve, four of a breeze  
for the words that never feels,  
Forever we die, forever disdain  
in white dreams of sour relish.  
Forever white, forever night  
loose love cleaves to a dark.