## Charon, Rain

Dying rose in a vase of gold For someone who rains And brings her to life again Blood on your defeated leaves And a tear for your arm No soul to weep for her

Rain above her eyes never reached to make her blind And the fire colored night Tragedy by trust, lost her world to the pyre And the fire wrote these lines

Seized to a world that's built on lust
The dream has begun
To share its silent touch
Her loving turned to dust
Frail in my hands, soul twisted out, crawling to the end...

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