

Demether, Her Last Home

Just like oil on canvass
Touch of red, mostly black
Thick are the air and the fog that hide her from you
Weeps shadow
Cries sparkle
She sleeps, she sleeps
Once in time, there she was,
Standing by the willow tree,
Longing for an old feeling, being his
Now she is like a torn flower,
Alone
Among the trees, and underneath the leaves,
There is her last home, she lies there all alone