

# Diary Of Dreams, Willow

Just give me nails  
To be my burden

Crucified emotions struggle to survive  
And the truth, she has not heard for long

Cold and bare, but sacred ?  
Who has the guts to spread such lies

A picture of a willow - with a widow in black  
A child ton bear - in blooming beauty

For she gave birth to dust

Roses covered by a layer of snow  
Freezing wind surrounding,  
What you call holy feet  
Just a child without a wooden cross

Afflicted hands towards heaven  
How could you dare deny ?

How can you blame a widow  
For detesting who you are ?

Bare of sore - touch naked boundaries  
And empty hands - a widow's life