

Poison The Well, Torn

Feelings non-existent, loss of a tortured soul.
So cold and fearful, unnoticed and unclaimed.

Left as one alone, on the endless road.
To bear on for a lifetime, of loneliness.
She sits alone and slowly fades

away into nothingness and as she struggles on.

Her mind begins to wander.
Thoughts of endless bliss.

The wind her only friend.
Never again to be cared for.
She tries to hold her head up high.
Just a mask to hide the tears behind.
Only wanting to die, As they sit by and watch

Another dead existence, dreams torn apart.
As the spirit dies. Hiding behind the lies.

And silent darkness.