

Wijlen Wij, Falling Stars

Rotten leaves, naked trees
lost light, gone from the sky
barren and cold waste
an all engulfing darkness

my body lays silent
yet I'm wandering alone
my strength and courage
All idle in this world

lingering shadows
hostile, hopeless woe
contorted images
my breath, no life, no warmth

This shapeless void
Alas ... no relief, no joy
Chilling cold gales
and no path to choose

This desolate dantesque hell
Flowers wither as I pass by
Birdsongs killed by the cold knell
All falling stars on crimson skies