

Yearning, Elegy Of Blood

Fallen from grace
My soul's grown old
Birds are dying
as fading light
draws last mourning beam
Across the hillside

Dark moors lay cold
And quiet this night
Blackbirds crying
As freezing moon lays cruel
deathly beams
Through your minds eye

Elegy of what these open wounds
may bleed
All alone with hatred growing
unborn seed