

The Wandering Path

Ablaze in Hatred

There were mornings
When there was the sun
Always above me
Where I walked
The highest light

How I felt so alive
Opulence of life
Will I ever close this path
And conclude my walk
My endless wandering

Carelessly
I close the gate
Of my way astray
The final journey
Reaching to an end

And there were times
When there was the moon
Always upon me
Where I lied
The in depth light