

The Cliff Of Suicide

Gothica

When everything is bathed in colour
And a blinding golden path
Shines from the sky onto the sea,
To the white shingle beach which is below you,
Blood stains stand out every so often: red poppies.

In your deep tomb, receive the young corpses
Of those who are tired of living, those who can't find consolation
In the marvel of your sunsets.

Wings flutter among the ears of wheat
Like the wind which ripples the sea
And vertically over it
There's the cliff of suicide
On the water more blue than the sky.