

Weltschmerz

Anne Clark

This is where silence runs its course
And sadness wipes its eyes upon us
We fall from a structure built on troubled minds
My world becomes iron and grows an cold as Winter

Soldiers in uniforms of nudity march over open hearts
Sweetly and sickly scented by roses
And your world is crushing you like those flowers
By scripts written into your skin with the ink of thorns

Ashen faces sink into silence
All lonesome trends brush shoulders
All of last nights degradation
Builds foundations on us both