

## Vale Of Tears

Antestor

The assembler of souls absorbs all within his reach  
His seemingly perpetual glance of doom  
Would even make the smallest of serenities breach  
As he rides the wind being the ghost of gloom

Running darkness all around  
A knife in her hand

Fall, rising, screaming the name of her beloved

So weak, and so weary  
Something blackening her thoughts  
A cloud, a force, a weight

Finding her true love lying in red  
Is this reality or just a vision in her head

To be the knife as well as the wound  
Is all that concerns her

Overwhelmed by a burden, like hordes of fear  
The obscurity of the vale of tears  
Grasping for safety, which lies all so near  
Incremental malice of the vale of tears

Wandering oblivious in the foggy twilight  
Shades of an obelisk shines so bright  
Incredulous thoughts, bewildering her mind  
Is there really a god to find

Halting through the darkest of forests  
The obese and extraneous at her tail  
This haunting, lingering to the extreme  
She is about to quail

Then a formless mass of black, went skyward  
Stars began to fade behind a veil of dark blue velvet  
She stopped, she listened, nothing  
Silence, an eternity passed

The silhouettes of something unseen, a presence