

The Depths Of The Past

Astrofaes

The end of the earth the glacial desert scorched with the
thousands of hooves
Smell of burnt out fires in the air the endless ocean
have claimed the horizon.
To gaze into the mirror of waters yet finding no
reflection.
Ash turned into blackest silt, aspiring from the depths
of the forgotten consciousness,
Awakes the frozen memories.
Buried in infinite waters once,
Still left in the mist of the burnt eyes of the skull.
the tar has turned to darker stone,
And wails have turned into the coldest breath of northern
wind.
It would be swallowed by eternity and thrown away by the
land.
The still would get rusted, the wood would turn to rot.
It would be abandoned by the ancestors and found again by
the descendants.