

The Funeral Bazaar

Autumn Tears

Emptiness flowing from nothingness
Even now you can see through their guise
Come one, come all to the finest fair
With fire and fanfare... let the show begin
Fly up to the treeline, sparkles in the darkened glades
How now comes the entertainment in the moonlight
Here now the restless... beguiled, disguised in amber perume
Askant grins to mock you
Behind the veiled resentment flees a single dove
The masque removed they emerge at night
Dropping the masque of delusion
Clouds of weak emerge at night