

The Hallowing

Autumn Tears

Morning dew awaits
And recalls our fate
While old souls, tempt us to chase
Their pale hues of grace
Enshrined within shining light
How shameful we stay posed
Yet dignified
Darkened sun tured black
And leaving us blind
But with a light touch

Like the thinnest silk
While using a gentle hand
(Within this shade of grey)
Bathe us with woe
Hold us here in frozen night
Unveil us mezmerized
Solemn we swoon
We can stay masked for a while
Unveil me