

Thanatology

Carpathian Forest

The cold hands were yours
The stiff face was yours
But you were not there
The eyes were yours, but they were closed
And would not open
The rays of the distant sun were there
The moon on the hills white shoulder

The trip of death, into the unknown
Silent and numb
The human mind, a vast universe
Dive into darkness

Falling further down in despair
The silent watcher of truth
You have lost your battle once, the quest of man
God given immortality
Pain strikes, the horror in their eyes
Rigor mortis, the death stiffness

The trip of death into the unknown
Silent and numb
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