

An Evil Shade Of Grey

Cemetary

I am one with sorrow
from the tree of grief I fall...
into the shadows
of an evil shade of grey

A taste of tears
is flowing down my tongue
like memories of days
when the world was new
and I was young

Nowadays my garden is pale
and the trees bear fruit no more
but so is life they say
of age the colours fade away

As time pass by in this twilight land
I wish the winds would take my hand
and lead me into the cosmic halls
to carve my name within its walls

But the winds will fail
as the ways are of night
to blow out my candle
of forsaken light
for they are the winds
of a daytime dream
from the land where shadow gleam
in silent tears I wish to close my eyes
and the world leave behind without goodbyes

But so it shall not be
and that I have always known
for on the tree of grief
my fruit has grown