

The Wake

Cemetery

tragedy has spoken
the wolves all gather around
with sharpen teeth and a guilty yellow stare
they wish me on my way

so cold inside this shell
give me to the earth

the dreams that i deserted
the passion i would not release
the path i left untreaded
the mask that i refused to wear
existence left unnoticed
desire in my bones so dry
and silence in the virtue
all so quiet - all so still

i can feel them watching
feel the seconds die
can hear them laughing from above
they wish me on my way