

# Melancholy Of The Falling Monuments

Clandestine Blaze

The great signs stood tall in breeze  
Monuments from the past  
Outliving the failing memories  
Reaching state of divine gateway to consciousness  
In awe would man watch towards the skies  
Seeing rough edges of monument  
As firm silhouette against decaying world  
Himself standing in cold shadow, meaningless and  
forgotten.  
All man made to be crumbled  
All turning into dust blown away by winds  
Erosion consuming dirt  
Manifestation of Iconoclastic power of natural might!  
Melancholy of the falling monuments, dirt road towards  
the void  
Melancholy of the falling monuments, echoes of connection  
slowly silenced.