

To The Deceased

Darkside

Dark mirrors curse
The ivory grief
Brown pearls fade
Shadows on pale walls

Decay glides through the rotten room
Angels blue eyes
Open up and fade
To black

Blue is the colour of the evening
The hour of our dying
Azraels shadow in silence
Darkening a brown garden

Evening walking
Dark villages of childhood
Water filled with
Poisoned sighs of mourning