

## Foretold

### Death in June

And in dark rooms  
The old man looks  
Looks through his tired eyes  
At faint faces  
Of twisted lives  
Lives of lies  
In the stillness  
There she lies  
As the pain flame  
Drains away  
She grows younger  
In child like eyes  
And tears mirror  
All things good  
And in blood flows  
All things bad