

Willow

Diary of Dreams

Just give me nails
To be my burden

Crucified emotions struggle to survive
And the truth, she has not heard for long

Cold and bare, but sacred
Who has the guts to spread such lies

A picture of a willow - with a widow in black
A child ton bear - in blooming beauty

For she gave birth to dust

Roses covered by a layer of snow
Freezing wind surrounding,
What you call holy feet
Just a child without a wooden cross

Afflicted hands towards heaven
How could you dare deny

How can you blame a widow
For detesting who you are

Bare of sore - touch naked boundaries
And empty hands - a widow's life