

The Death of Hours

Draconian

A closing sanctuary in this shimmering night;
so tired, so restless under an ominous light

I found myself in thoughts of dying,
Shivering in bitter dismay
I see you there; and I wonder why
the silence does not break

Away, please turn away.
In my dreams you haunt me still.
Come, please come my way.
In my life I need you still.

The morrow-winds shall blow no more
So many pale moons ago;
A flower of death did grow

A closing sanctuary in this shimmering night;
so tired, so restless under an ominous light

You find yourself in thoughts of dying,
shivering in bitter dismay,
I see you there; and I wonder why
the silence does not break

Away, please turn away.
In my dreams you haunt me still.
Come, please come my way.
In my life I need you still.

To blossom in the deepest of black,
And thus we die to flower again

"I keep your memory near my heart,
My brilliant, beautiful guiding Star,
Till long life over, I too depart
To the infinite night where perhaps you are"
(Lawrence Hope 1865-1904)

A rupture through the dirty glass,
cutting myself to behold another spring

So I became the exile, unable to (sustain) love,
smiling at death and unite with my solitude
to finally turn the blooded page

I pray these tears will end soon,
but you just left my lying here
I wasn't ready for the world...
still, I was thrown in there