

White Tomb Of A Whispering Forest

Drowning the Light

Footprints entrenched deep in the snow
The winds howl and the forest whispers
Dark shadows dance across the white ground
As the bitter winter takes it's tole
Echoes through the trees from the night dwellers
The silence of death approaches
Clawing at the bark... Falling to his knees
Nothing to hear his pain but the forest itself
The night air filled with sweet agony
Bloodshot eyes darting rapidly for any threat or foe
None to be seen, but he felt the presence
Back to his feet... His heart pounding...
In his weakened state he still fights
The further he goes the thicker the snow
Glaring yellow eyes from the dark cracks in the woods
Howls in the distance... Howls of hunger
They can smell the fatigue. They can sense the loss
His feet collapse from beneath
Sense starts to fade in this white tomb
Slowly his eyes close as the cold takes over
Eternal life through death
With no regrets
He was not a god fearing man
Nor a fake idol worshipping man
He lived in the same way manner he died...
Bitter, cold and nurelenting
And now he is no more