

## 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