

Blood And Grey Skies Entwined

Elend

Dying into a dance,
Dismal the tide of woes,
Your eyes still can't see
A wave in the foaming streams
Turned loose our prayings son.

The crawling snakes of massacre mesmerize the worn-out.

We gathered the first drop after the bite
And spilled the poison
Over
the earth.
The taste of rain was bitter:
Blood and grey skies entwined.