

## 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.