

World Within

Even Song

She closed her dreams into her teardrops
From reality's sharp-clawed demons
She hid her face of tearful eyes
From the scan of this grotesque world
As petals her wings are falling
Like angelic curses from eternal welkin
Her serene dreams are vanishing
Exiled far from the frozen light
She held a dead rose in her hands
Passing memory of a divine land
Her mate -- darkness -- adopted her
Shielded her body so frail
Only one place to find peace
Pleasant cradle of her dreams
A world within