

An Extrinsic Divide

Evoken

Burned into the tattered tapestry of the foreboding sky,
are faded traces of forgotten sunlight;
as the fragments of ashes rain,
scattered over the vast distance
that separates contentment from isolation.
Futility is absolute, and alone and misguided are those
who would tread this mire; so cold and deep.

Lost are all who traverse these ominously twisting paths,
for hope is only a mockery of its own illusion.