

Descent into Chaotic Dream

Evoken

Withering inside
within these final moments
torn from my feeble gaze
are the visions of what were to be
A merciless chill within these incessant winds
embraces this already blackened spirit
cursed, and lost in it's own aridity
Loathing, and shattered by disbelief
Nightfall shall be perpetual, poignant as it declares
in the distance, a bell - harbinger of demise
Only it's disillusioned chime
can awake me from this nightmare