

No one could deem this an end
Yet there is no grave for you to tend
The feathers fell to dark intrigue
A tell-tale praise - a solemn need
Reconciled with torment fraught
Swallowed down the throat of nought
Your hands lay bleeding with regret
The night when angels sorely wept
The manic sea of smothered cries
Ran in his blood, poured in his eyes
Yet the unrest would pine away
In solitude where death holds sway
So this is how credence declines
All words come down and laughter pines
A vagrant god released from debt
Discouraged yet - who will forget?
Their failing stare - despondency
The nature of his entity
The heartfelt warmth of which they sought
To brace comfort, he shelters not
Black rivers dug into the earth
Bearing out the human worth
He owns no awe, no love to crave
Only his death would have them saved