

Fall

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The man beholds the valley beneath him
And stares at the beauty of his last sunset
The light drifts away beyond the horizon
The shadows grow longer with the wind

The man looks at the light that withers away
And feels the cold that veils his dark, fallen life
He woes the grace of past and the frail fond smile
In the forlorn of his lost and somber soul

The man looks at the darkness that lays below
And breathes the air that carries him through the depths
He stands still on the edge of his final step
In the forlorn of his lost and somber soul

The man steps into emptiness
And feels the air that frees the soul
He falls and falls into the depths
And feels the descending blackness