

From the Dark Past

Mayhem

A face in stone, decayed by age.
A man who has returned to tell of his damnation.
Fears so deep, the mouth open wide.
The scream died away before dawn of this time.
The eyes - stares so empty.
The mouth - screams so silent.
Tell me! - what did you see there?
In the darkness - of the past.
Ancient times legends stories so dark.
Blackened his sight, now not even the memories are left.
Back after such a long time, the stone is cold as death.
But what formed it's true fears, only the wind is able to tell.