

The Fury

Necare

Midst waves of mute dejection...
Crawl upon malicious spines of dull fury...
Rage burning in silence sought by my own wretched heart...
Born from the ruinous passage of time...
The truth of loss hurls its clenched fists at the fragile strands of abandoned faith...
You are the night...
Come forth in endless rapture...
You are the night...
To shield thy fallen crest...
Entangled in the scented tresses of their desirable women...
Soft graceful eidolons of light -- if only they were more than fleeting ghosts...
Apparitions faded by time and dust...
Stirring in dark fields of remembrance where tristful scenes of long departed loves are endlessly portrayed...
One must seize each memory with careful hands kept hidden...
And like rare, exotic flowers beheld by none...
Clutch them tightly to thy disconsolate heart and remember each one...
For this pain shall soon pass...
The soulblight's slow destruction of what is most precious...
Of what we hold closest to our impassioned souls...
Like the vacant sigh of a thousand dying dreams...
You are the night...
A tapestry of light...
A nihilism of shifting emotions...
Coalesce into patterned, empty tears...
You depart (from me) and I feel nothing.