

## Macabre Apparition

Nightrage

You think that this night will be the last,  
The loathsome details of this tranquillity,  
Beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth  
All of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.

Recollections and dirges mangled by the time,  
The ideals worships of this crude religion  
After every dawn,  
Hoping for a rainbow that may never come,  
Shadows which you can't feel.

Macabre apparition, like a flight of dead swans,  
Unable to see the forest for the trees.

An oasis which is not an illusion  
It will be forever there waiting.

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Unable to see the forest for the trees.