

## Woodlands Pt.2

No Omega

On the grass  
in his suit  
blood reappears  
but not through his nose  
dry mouth. red mouth  
open eyes  
for the first time  
blood gushing  
and my final  
thoughts mere  
imprints  
specks of dust  
nothing  
if i'd see you there  
let us rest at  
the woodland cemetery  
our silent film  
a vast ocean of nothing  
will everything continue without us?

[Swedish poem:]

meningslösa mening  
långa korta dagar  
hungriga mätta magar  
du är aldrig ensam  
ändå så känner du dig ensam

[English interpretation:]

meaningful but at the same time so meaningless  
long days, yet time passes so quickly  
we're never hungry, always hungry for more  
you are never alone  
still you feel so alone