

Sleepless

Rigor Sardonicus

In the twilight frost a chilled earth does weep
As it's life fades to the ashes of clay

Mother is gone and bereft of hope
In a slumbering sigh all that was has died

A shade cast to the cold, black rain;
In the sleep that never dreams the pale cover of earth's harvest is barren

Weep your sighs as they cascade to ice
The breath of life has frozen in the night

Herein lies dead emptiness
Embrace the sombre desolation in this respite of grace

Mother is gone and bereft of hope
In a slumbering sigh all that was has died