

Born into a field of flowers, to slowly wilt away
Sheltered by wings, delicately smothered by blindness
Released among the wolves, thus molded by resistance
Ridden by the clawed hoofs of tyrants

The fruit of other worlds, but grown by loneliness
Concealing a black soul, and but sensing the beyond
Uniquely grown from within
Shimmered by a darker night, but left to solitude

How can one disclose a darker night,
if one but rests?
Or evidence the suffering,
by wordly gauge?
Or comprehend the long-drawn agony
When pain and evil never trod one down

Like a warring sun, from a better kingdom
Beautiful, free, of different steel!
Dearly prized, and equally broken
He should have gone free of you!

An emotional tumour, gnaws from inside
Of heartless, spineless treason
The darkest night now weaves its loom
Soon to release its spawn