

...In The Mist

Shape of Despair

Slow my feet are
frozen their veins
still closing helplessly afar
waking the creatures within

I am a lonely traveller awaiting to sleep
eternally under those cold woods
as my fall brings then

shadows of their wings as howling their
pleads wounded, I lay on ground
listening their needs

It's dark and cold
and they fly slowly
the way they were told.
To feast mine fleshly dreaming.
And they know surely,
they raped mine soul.