

## ...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.