

## Lament

Solitude Aeternus

A world turning  
in opposite direction  
bells toll of my lament  
skies not blue

Rain on the path  
I wander  
empty and alone  
never looking up

Mo not sad - just hollow  
each breath gone  
expelling life from myself  
closer to ash

Speak to me of beauty  
- Maneuver with grace  
Enter my thoughts with light  
- Maneuver with grace

Waking from nightmares  
a life of repeat  
we continue on  
straight to the end

And all I need  
- is what I need  
- to breath of my Soul