

## Wasted Lands

SuidAkrA

Tireless I faced my way  
The flames still burned  
To see the stars and dales  
My heart still yearned for

Surrounded by bleakness  
Osseous trees seemen to  
Seize the silence

A plain of ruins  
winds of dust tried to enshroud  
All Remembrance

A doleful figure cowered  
At the heart of this wasted lands  
his bowed head a mere skull  
the yield of dust in his hands

" I dwell beyond all fear  
and here in my liefeless claw  
shall grow your given seed  
the everlasting flaw "

On the ground of his eyes I  
saw a child drowned in fear  
In the deep he beheld the airy play  
Of those who can fly while  
fear turned into hate

Woe betide him and his tainted eyes  
Seeds of despair won't grow with tears of dust  
So I left this wilted man and his vale of woe  
To Resume my own path of dole