

Fire Still Burns

Thrawsunblat

Wind still blows.
Rain still falls.
Earth still alive.
Time still burning wildly.

I see the lowering darkness, shades beyond black.
Stars are points on this ancient map.
The only warming solace in this vile place,
the only link to the old, forsaken ways.

It's like a breath inhaled from an air so sick
to suffer existence in this tar-laden pit.
Pale dead lights offer no heat.
Toxic smoke air, poison so sweet.

Moon still evades.
Sun still pursues.
Though chilled by the night,
fire still burns inside me.

I see the lowering darkness, shades beyond black.
Stars are points on this ancient map.
The only warming solace in this vile place,
the only link to the old, forsaken ways.

All the ancient gods
are man's embodiment of nature.
The portrayal of our ancestors,
symbolic of the forces that created us all.

The gods of old
are with us still.
Every rainfall.
Every breath drawn.

With the rising of the morning sun,
I look to the east and see it has begun:
a new dawn approaching, a return from abroad.
I depart this wasteland, back to the green of the gods.