

AF1

"The Weathered Tome"

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They're coming round again. i've returned and they've been waiting. their aged offerings received and returned, passed through wet eyes. i tremble as i feel them rolling in for, my sins, the old ghosts know. so chilling as i feel them mourn within my soul. as the mourning grows. unfold before me. turn back the page again. twenty-four hours spent wishing that the day was never ending. shadows of glory shading my heart again. recall the summer when i left my heart to cool beneath the shadows. i'm coming round again. i've returned and noone's been waiting. i strain my eyes to see but it's so hard to read old tags on fallen walls.

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