

## **Autumnal Blood Moon "Loved Yet Decaying"**

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Cold light, The moon warms her.  
Dark sky, The trees sing their song of calling.  
Her moans ignites the night air.  
Cold tears land to the ground  
Like trees in fall.

A soft wind rustles motley colored leaves.  
Among the paths in this yard of graves.  
Setting sun, the cold rolls into this place.  
Her pale company outlined in silk and lace.

Please forgive me for dying on you.  
I didn't want to leave you alone.  
But I'm right here right below you,  
Even though my body is cold.  
Till death we're wed, she and I said  
But her tears land on my head, for I'm already dead.

She lights the candelabra  
And walks down the unlit stairway  
To a tomb, the crypt down below,  
Where my cold body awaits.  
In the shadows, the absence of torchlight,  
She feels my darkness pulling her body down.  
Caress dank walls to find the way.  
The pungent odor of burial ground.  
She sees my coffin.  
The very same one that I was buried in.  
Removing the funeral shroud,  
All black and worn,  
She touches my long dead skin

Her dark hair flows down the firm of her back.  
Her red lips shudder behind a veil of black.  
Eternal love she refuses to let leave.  
My cold in her warm rocking over me.

Tears of love, moans of sorrow.

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