

## Demeter

### "Her Last Home"

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Just like oil on canvassÃ

Touch of red, mostly blackÃ

Thick are the air and the fog that hide her from youÃ

WeepsÃ... shadowÃ

Cries Ã... sparkleÃ

Ã“She sleeps, she sleepsÃ...Ã”

Once in time, there she was,

Standing by the willow tree,

Longing for an old feeling, being hisÃ

Now she is like a torn flower,

AloneÃ

Among the trees, and underneath the leaves,

There is her last home, she lies there all aloneÃ

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