

## **Diary Of Dreams "Willow"**

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Just give me nails  
To be my burden  
Crucified emotions struggle to survive  
And the truth, she has not heard for long  
Cold and bare, but sacred ?  
Who has the guts to spread such lies  
A picture of a willow - with a widow in black  
A child ton bear - in blooming beauty  
For she gave birth to dust  
Roses covered by a layer of snow  
Freezing wind surrounding,  
What you call holy feet  
Just a child without a wooden cross  
Afflicted hands towards heaven  
How could you dare deny ?  
How can you blame a widow  
For detesting who you are ?  
Bare of sore - touch naked boundaries  
And empty hands - a widow's life

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