

Dodheimsgard

"Fluency"

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Oblivion owned to live
he had never seen his coffin
and what was made from there
he had never tasted his tears

Can we trespass now

Never dream again
cause this world became the dreams
surely he would wonder about his steps
would always remember the past

What past? Times...

(He would strive on and on
collecting his peace entangled
in crayons the most valuable of all)

Out of the dismal mist
covering the crown
he stands like a sculpture
in a flowered garden
black and enameled roses

Can this forsakened deem
lay its hand on the final grasp

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