

Enamored "Desolation"

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The fields etch a pattern upon the ethereal plains as
the wind holds the land in a lovers embrace Earthen
vessel all I carry is
Emptiness I wander these fields day and night blur into
a single reflection a silent lake of atrophied thoughts
moonlight
Challenges me to appraise myself and my fate is
mimicked by the seasons always repeating, though
winter waxeth like the moon

Alone forever echoing forward into eternal
insurmountable aeons sealing my fate before i can
scream. I cease and the fields taste
The scythe of finality

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