

Frost

"Empty Of Life"

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A man empty of life
Bleeding
His tongue tasteless,
his eyes blind
Judge him not.
speak no word
For you are dust
and to dust you will return
If thy eyes offends thee
pluck it out
The asp eats his side.
a mind that only speak rotten
Walking through his sorrow
Treading a path.
where thorns grow

If thy eye offends thee
pluck it out
Take one more silent step
Crawling
crawling
crawling, crawling
So you may feel the shadow
As I pass

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