

Gauntlet's Sword "Observation Of Withering"

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How Beautifully I see my Withering, the sun is gone
once again.
My tree now has no leafs, and my hands are shaking. I
sleep in my Empty Grave.

As I wait unpatiently the doors to open
I embrace the flowers that I place
Next to my picture, no one else did

I touch my head, I touch my Eyes
I lick my tears and kiss my head
I hold my hands, I hug my chest

I nail me in to the black hole of emptiness

Feeling only the win, picking up the falling leafs
Breaking the cross upon my corpse, singing lyrics that
no one knows
Dancing with the Fog, kneeling in front of my body
I close my eyes and kiss my purple face

My destiny is established
The Black Walls
The observation of withering

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