

KIMAERA

"Holy Grief"

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Straps of sorrow cover the spirit
wandering in the shadows of life and death
raging emotions turn to numbness
as the images of those long gone recede.

The skies bleed awe
and lakes cry blood
as we lay apart
retching our love.

Psalms of the ancient ones
pierce the withering throat of our faith
and we inhale the smell
of divinity rotting in its grave.

One last memory mingles

of faint chants and broken vows
and until the next dawn
it shall engulf the sanity of his mind

Blinded by false light
he steps on razors and shattered glass
no pain tears his flesh
the real agony is already gone.

In the kingdom of holy grief
the mourning of the wanderer begins
no veils ,no remorse
only the whispers of a foreign shore.

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