

Penitent

"A Mournful Bridge Over A River Of Tears"

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The gracious source of tears.
I cherish you.
Highly I love the images you create.
If I can't be touched by you,
let me dream of you at night.

Gloomy creations...
The dead arise...
Low they whisper to each other.
All signs of life is ending,
as you hear the funeral bells.

Life is overclouded.

Empty for months to come.
The mournful time is closing in.
Beauty in the name of sadness.
Autumn is the sorrow.
Come to me my dear.

The season of mourning has arrived.
I become the spirit of grief.
Autumn turns to winter,
and makes me what I am...

...A sad being with a cold heart.

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