

## **Rune**

# **"This Sorrow"**

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What you can't breath... the chaos of snow and smoke.  
What you can't heal... old wounds and scarred skies.  
What you dont know... missing memories.  
What time will reveal.

On the frontlines in a battle over our minds...  
We are the miscellaneous debris...  
Coming to terms with how this might appear in  
hindsight.

In the furture, we are there... blanketed in ash.  
Explaining why the ghosts of all the lives wasted  
Haunt us. Leaving all things cursed.

Expectations as anchors. Captivation as strife.

Unbridled want controls what might be this life.

Handful of rulers with bloody hands writes  
History of the future. Creating all that's in sight.

This sorrow we suffer ails us alone.

How cheap is it to forget?  
How expensive to remember?  
Could just one joy compete with one death?

When the day comes...  
Bury my heart. burn my soul.

One more time around with this pathetic sorrow.  
This sorrow.

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