

The Veils "Stronghold"

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These words of grief, are they worth our speech? Or is it best to let them rest and force them out through gritted teeth? My tongue is tied because my soul is too bare. I never measure with regret until I feel it in the present. Uncomfortably close or comfortably distant? Silence finding my answers far too often. The beast appears to claw devastation into the desires of the weak. Nothing remains, no nothing remains. Youâ€™ve met your match this is no competition. Creature of comfort youâ€™ve lost your heart. These embers of memories and sunlit shards lay beneath my feet broken. My soul is a shipwreck an empty vessel that lost itâ€™s pride, washed ashore by the raging tide. Nothing remains, no nothing remains. So I sit in silence.

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