

Torchbearer

"Far Advance Closure"

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I am the last one here, my children I buried in early
spring.
Through the summer I will mourn with my life.
Will she die too?
Now I wonder when it is time for me,
And who will place me in my grave.
The forests around this house seem to whisper that
time is soon.
Thogh the meadows are ever so green, though the sun
still do shine.
Lord, can you hear me and say what we have done
wrong?
And where did we fail in our faith in you?
We were told of a spreading death in the south of our
kingdom
By travellers that passed our land in the end of a pale
dead winter.
Stories we were told of how they had passed village by
village
Were all lay dead in rot, and silence had been all.
The roads untrodden for miles...

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