

Withered Beauty

"A Cold Labyrinth Beyond The Dark Towers"

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Forever into oblivion

Like a flower that blooms on a fresh spring day.
It overshadows before a fierce winter storm.
The balance of what is, will be declared never.
The thoughts that hunt me, and cloud me with
resentment as I watch the Oak.
Beneath What is buried?
Darkness slowly falls.
It knows the dawn shall never come.
A tear of hope blocks my vision.
For the wind whispers the end.

Like that of a leaveless tree

It is like that of leaveless tree.
My shaky hands comfort what I can see.
Through a vision of distorted color.
A fine mist from the heavens freezes what it touches.
I hunch over to get my breath while beads of sweat roll
of my brow.
The stillness moves me like that of death.
The horizon burns with just a glare.
The Oak which no longer exists is a symbol.
There beauty and scent entrance me.
Could it be a sign?
Unseen to Mortal Eyes Echoed screams break
nocturnal silence,
Moonlight sets upon the cold labyrinth.
Devilbirds breed in shadowy caves
Darkened skies have long been ablaze,
The beast reared forth from heaven
To plague across blackened shores.
Doom clouds grow above.
A thousand foul devour their young.
The inhuman apparition casts its
Great SHadow, unseen to mortal eyes.
Helpless lies the Goddess of light.
Behold the vile legacy never-ending
Stare at the dismal smoke ascending
Through tyranny take rule of this Withered Earth

The spawn unseen to mortal eyes awakens beneath the dirt.

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