

Withered Beauty

"Gazing Into A Placid Stream"

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Secluded, I sit motionless on the grassy knoll
A calm wind warms me, The Sun guides me.
Silently my eyes do close and through them I see the
stream.

In the Waters I see the temple aglow
Red now flows the water as the skies burn an orchid
hue.

Crumbled are the Ancient ruins of Purity
There once white color is charred black
Above them burn stars in forms of black
I cower at these visions

Haunted by these images I see my truest love her body
lays quiescent

Her raped and battered corpse lays on pools of her
innocence and warmth

Her tears blind me while I kneel to embrace the
deceased; I look away

I gaze into the stream once again

And see my eyes cold and crazed they stare back

For what is to come you will never know.

I have seen the violence destroy the vanity inside.

I have seen the black blind the sighted,

And passion deafen the ones who can hear.

Before me lay the three dead prophets, dead by their
own hands.

For this I laugh

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