

Wounded

"The Art Of Grief"

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The Art Of Grief

Oh life, forgive the tears that I spend for them,
Fire runs through me as I find myself cursed with you.
These uncontrolled emotions rest upon my shoulders.
When evil human beings turn their views at me.
My shade,
I am in pain
They have banished me,
So I'll banish them....

(Death, the liberator)

I mourn about....
As I see people move away from life, hand in hand with
light.
Serene emotions, the beauty of death.
As the monarch of silence invites me,
Every form of silence becomes sound.

(Me, a visitor from the other side)

Greet me as I visit silently.
I, immortal with a dead heart.
I have become your kingdom.
I haunt to become your sound.
I am not lost.
I'm just no more around.....

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