

Rinoa

"Past Maidens"

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Enjoy the past, the memories they last.
But we have today so embrace the moment.
I sit in naked wonder.
I walked through the trees beneath the breeze, saw a
child so sad.
Her bright eyes burn in me.
Shines with the pale moonlight.

Holy ghost I caught your lonesome stare, frightening
piercing sadness.
Your sight blinds my eyes.
Memories I cannot hide.
Your mystic haze stirs young romance; I shy away like a
child.
And the night plays with its shadows.
Oh it plays like a child.

The deathly painters on your walls, they travel on.
I looked to the room where we once laid.
My thoughts roamed all the way to the gates.
Morning fog whirling thick like smoke.

My restless farewell, my maiden.

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