

Iron Thrones

"The Final Farwell"

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Desire for your embrace,
Enchantment takes hold,
Leaves me gasping for air
Tonight while I slumber 'neath the silent hum,
Mere footsteps speak of splendor,
Tomorrow bring my love to me
Pale skin shimmers in the night,
Eyes close with wonder, arms caress with tenderness,
Your body is mine tonight
Together we rise,
Neath the moonlit sky,
Fixated on the darkness
Echoes that no longer return,
Carry on to be lost and never heard again
The strongest foundation begins to crack
Lay beside you motionless in the moonlight
You still sleep with thoughts benign
Ghost of a man inside, left behind
Empty of form and removed of shape,
Bounded by grey

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