

The Send

"Consolation In Silence"

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Goddess of weather - spins her wool in my ear
Gossip and woes of angels - i do hear
Unknown vile i keep inside
Dwindles and disappears - when she is by my side
She sings her song
Her praise of life
That i know not of
My journal lay unopened in my lap
It has not opened since the day i began to rot
Cannot someone smell my rot in the air?
Cannot someone smell my decomposition?
Cannot someone free me?
Free me as i live
As i live but am dead
I am dead

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