

## D?dheimsgard

### "Fluency"

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Oblivion owned to live  
he had never seen his coffin  
and what was made from there  
he had never tasted his tears  
Can we trespass now  
Never dream again  
cause this world became the dreams  
surely he would wonder about his steps  
would always remember the past  
What past? Times...  
(He would strive on and on  
collecting his peace entangled  
in crayons the most valuable of all)  
Out of the dismal mist  
covering the crown  
he stands like a sculpture  
in a flowered garden  
black and enameled roses  
Can this forsakened deem  
lay its hand on the final grasp

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