

The Quietude Plains

Ablaze in Hatred

The deepest meaning
To reach the inner catharsis
To mourn in solitude
Finding a place
Behind the mist

Like the prophesy tells
Mind falls down
Now only whispering words
Holding the dearest
And to gather around

A shell of my former self
Weak and tired
Gasping for air once
And there I see
The final relief

There is no purpose
There shall never be a reason
Why to be completed or done
Just resting my eyes now
Towards the dark