

Her Last Home

Demether

Just like oil on canvass...
Touch of red, mostly black...
Thick are the air and the fog that hide her from you...

Weeps... shadow...
Cries ... sparkle...
"She sleeps, she sleeps..."

Once in time, there she was,
Standing by the willow tree,
Longing for an old feeling, being his...

Now she is like a torn flower,
Alone...

Among the trees, and underneath the leaves,
There is her last home, she lies there all alone...