

The Mourner

Necare

Obscured in shadow and ash, beneath November's sunless skies...
There you stood... pale flesh trembling in the chill of autumn's
last days...

Alive with grief, for sorrow never rests in the wake of death..

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The windswept branches painted your face in a thousand dancing
silhouettes...

So many regrets... summoned with a single tear...

So lovely, yet so alone... adrift in a sea of dying flowers...

Caress the cold marble, lost in solemn reverie...

Remembering the brighter days, forever out of reach...

The setting sun sheds little warmth upon your grieving heart...

Darkness falling, swift and silent... a cold and bitter rain...

Flee from all this misery, away from death's domain...

Life is yours, oh weary mourner; until your soul departs!