

Obsidian

Remembrance

I don't think I can lift my hand
From this painting so gray
Where every path leads to pain
Where an eternal night steals every shape

At my feet
Lie the wounds
The dismal stones
Will the mist be my shield
In the places where I can't see

Fall, obsidian night
Fall and devour me

Fall obsidian night
Fall and devour me
Fall obsidian night
Leave your wide shadows on me