

Third Day of the Eclipse

Soulfallen

On that eve the rain fell like knives
As clouds of dark condensed above her
Yet in bliss unaware, they loved without care
Not knowing this night would devour the other

By morn' she was drawn to silence
As ignorance now flamed inside her
A mind lost in these acts of violence
Within walls of cold white that surround her...

Falling walls of cold light that now bound her...

So steal a line, recite a verse
from the poet's play, but none could heal her from her curse
Like a helpless child, she was held at bay
For she wished to leave but the world stood in her way

To her comfort then came the rain
Playing a tune against her window
But in death unaware, her mind was not there
But halfway to a world she now craved to go...

In dreams awake she prayed for release
If only this scarred heart could finally cease
Enough nightmares (for a lifetime) she had now seen...

And no hope is born from this eclipse
For the world will remain as cold as it is,
Cold as it's always been...

And I stole a line, but she could not hear,
The voice of her love nor the end drawing near...

'Follow me'
Spake the crow
In tongues of old
And she followed him

And on the dawn of the third day
She left behind this world of grey
And even the rain froze to mourn as she slipped away...

'So fragile is our slumber
Awakened only by death's cold gleam
For what are we but dreamers
On the sharp end of a broken dream...'