

Of Aching Empty Pain

Xanthochroid

Twenty years I've wished
To know my place
A hunt for peace
An endless war

Still I ran toward
The throes of death
'Til I felt the warmth
Of her chest

I heave and sigh
And reach and writhe
'Til at last I'm home
And can see her

Dancing
She looks at me with
Screaming eyes

Twirling
Calming motions
Gentle sighs

(I am lost), lost
Lost in untold pleasures
(In secret worlds)
Where once we dwelt