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a dying thing

The cold wind caress something lying still in the grass, deserted

Dead eyes with a glass-like surface express the painful void of a soul that was never nurtured

Lying in the grass, is a dying thing

Moonlight smoothly watch something lying still in the forest glen, sacrificed

Weak limbs express the numb, vain attempts of a crippled soul that never sufficed

Lying in the woods, is a dying thing

The curious tidal hands of the sea finds something lying on the shore, forlorn

A wounded and burst chest express the dreams and hope that was ripped and torn

Lying on the shore, is a dying thing

Faint whispers echo through the shades, something is nearing

Lurking in the dark, is a living thing

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