

Degeneration

by WinterTwilight

A cynical view of a common disease.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The dead branch on the tree;
the primary symptom of a deadly fate.
A carefully cultivated poison,
there's no cure. It's much too late.
There's nothing you can do,
the body will continue dying.
Try as you might to console,
drops of sticky sap; the tree is crying.
Not even the iron strong,
can battle this particular decay.
Once it grips the enamored soul,
it will never go away.
Not an army of thousands,
can combat what is wrong.
The poison was in the wound,
when she heard her first love song.