

Farewell

by Minstrel Elizabeth

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In the coldness of moonless night
An old raven is lamenting
The fall of all-forgiving light.
There, obscured in a mist of red
A lonely shadow is standing
On the river-bank, spreading dread.
And there is blood upon his hands
His eyes in the dark are burning.
There, on the river-bank he stands.
His face is as pale as starlight.
Fresh blood on the sand is dripping,
And leaving no trace in the night.
All seven sins are upon him,
His soul like thin paper tearing.
The darkness becomes his coffin.
She came, though he was in torture.

Even though there was no hope left.

Yet death is just another adventure.