

Shattered hello

They walk in the shadows of a time long gone
Lonely steps on forgotten stone
A hazy image, naught but a reflection
Upon a mirror they used to own

Crumbling brick and broken rock
Bare rusted bones of splintered life
Shattered glass, piled, shards
Structure cracked by web of lies

Roads twisted, cracked-vein, lost
Gardens dull and pale and dead
Flowers crumbled now to dust
Leaving no memories in their stead

Deathly calm and still and cold
Charred of heat but chilled of life
The warm that life and joy do bring
Long vanished since that long go night.

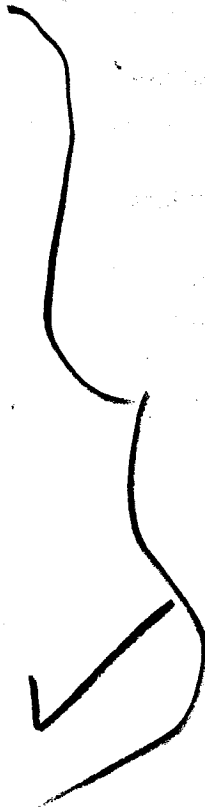
Tumbling, echoing, screaming pain
Houses fall and buildings tear
Onto the rubble of ruptured bodies
Cries of longing, words of despair

Great balls of fire, enveloping, eating
Scorching in their thirst for flame
Consuming houses, lives, and air
Making no distinct, no need for blame

The screams were deafening, enveloping noise
One by one cut short away
Voices snatched and souls ripped free
Released and caught as dark death's prey

Now, the silence deafening them
The lack of sound makes memories shout
Amplified by quiet, stillness abound
Land parched of life by unknown drought

The light has died, the bright has fled
Any feel but grief is gone
Just shattered dreams and ruptured life
A long dead day with no clear dawn



They walk among their home, their place
Now piles of rubble, stones of age
Scorched reminders and twisted thoughts
Times book has turned, now new ripped page

They look around, but see nothing
Nothing that shows what once it was
Whispers of past and glimpses old
All carved in image of deepest loss

Their home is gone, shattered, dead
Dust and dirt and red and bones
They may have lived, may endure
But have nothing but grief and stone.