Elysium, Youth Is Forgotten

bleed... silent are tombs of our youth as we lay here exhausted with pictures of long lost friends embraced by cold loneliness I yearn for a breath in this twilight of my life as my seasons slowly turn to grey weak butterfly children with broken wings they try to follow pale rays of light so don't you leave me here for every word is a freezing hurt swansong of my withered hopes last departure for my angels silent are tombs of our dreams as we lay here forgotten with pictures of long lost friends embraced by cold autumn rain