



I have seen your gloomy eyes, in the
mist of light.
Smiling the pain, in the haze of my
heart.
Winding open the memory casket, that
long lay shut
Lit up the darkness in the trenches of
my heart
wounds too deep, screams too loud
and the violent symphony of the ghostly
nights.
I have seen your gloomy eyes
as they cast their gaze into mine,
pleading the freedom of the torture
I've seen your gloomy eyes
sending shivers down my spine
as I make way to your mortal release.
Seen them I've as, I laid your body in
the soil.
SEE THEM I DO
lamenting my deeds
as the ghosts of past convict me
of my ghastly deeds.

ABHISHEK B H