Graves and Death

In all the pandemonium

And all the madness

There will come a time

When eyes will see only darkness

You will seem petrified

An ogre in disguise

Yet still, bring your kith and kin

With tears in their eyes

This is the epitome of nondescript

That will cage your kinsmen in remorse

But they will taut your prodigious profile

Till the time they themselves will die

Now they watch your skeletal remnants

Brought by an atrocious demise

A beautiful body

Now lies in front of their eyes

As they continue to live a life

Filled with pain and strife

Under a saturated sky

They will say goodbye

By Zarak Khan