

A Lovers Night

Moonbeams dance an awkward yellow light.

Shooting stars trace lines of white.

Dreamy visions of what just might

Fill the future

Reading mirrors like dancing stars.

And horror is written on the window

With red lipstick and the hint of night

Stolen by a villain's hand,

Plucked from this land.

Windy blasts thrill the night.

Cold shadows cast to fill the light

That once held hope, blue turns white

The army of Armageddon.