# **The Dead**

A Twig born from a tree,

Along with it born a desire,

A desire to explore unknown,

Witnessed the tree through eyes of desire,

Called the tree lifeless,

Began a journey into darkness,

Started to grow searching for anew,

Away from the warmth into the cold,

Twisted itself to find a path,

Travelled far from home,

Tree couldn't see it anymore,

Coldness killed its' leaves,

Darkness murdered its' twigs,

Desire turned it cold,

Desire turned it rotten,

Desire turned it dead.