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Sine Spiritus
By Joseph Rojas

Death by blue, and insanity will bloom,
Along the night, most surely the full moon,
Then heaven looks down, ventures into the room,
Ending the night, I will see my love soon.
Chasing away the strife of yesterday,
Always looking for true love to follow,
Forgetting to forgive the words they say,
Replacing me with love that is hollow.
Rain drips so softly on what does not breathe,
Anger is the truth that we cannot see,
Last is the morning of the night we grieve,
Sorry does not fix what you meant to me.
Life's last loving grasp is what you live for,
On the verge of love's end, you'll hear no more.