

Jesy Quinn

Darkness grows around the world as those remaining dwell in the shadows

A soul sets her hands against the glass

Heat spreads from the center, running the cold away

Pale colors sweep through the grey scale surrounding it

screams radiate from the halls and the rooms.

They burned a deep fire, fueled by passion within, however, their cries waned as the color spread.

What began as agonizing pain was twisted and warped into a dull screech

The pale crept its way throughout the world, and the soul would explain to you that the cries died.

That the tortured had settled and found their peace.

But they would stir

They would share and explain how the spread silenced their screams.

How their tears wiped away

The other pure souls smiled as they raised their own hands against the glass

They were saving the world... as its residence cried.