

## Comatose

Sound Slice Sensation  
Sour cold and flat  
Booming through the stars  
Sinking in the true dark  
Caress softly the fire  
Crystal spikes awake the blood  
Red tears on the snow  
And comatose sings.

They drip  
They drop  
Upon the tip  
Of the blade  
Of the Axe.  
Of the spade.  
You'll never know  
Who the queen was  
Who was your foe?  
And sings comatose.

-Are you dead yet?

Flash; ache the sparks  
They eat your sight.  
And blows the wind  
Its caress.  
Sensation.  
The fire on the snow  
The snow on the field  
The battle.  
Your fallen shield  
Your broken face.

-Are you dead yet?

You hear you hear  
It drips it drops  
The small flakes,  
Fluffy and pink  
And cold.  
So cold.  
Warmth flows  
Away.  
Flowers of light  
Eclode  
In your eyes  
A dark one  
Unfolds in your heart.  
Needles.

Through your bones  
Something cold.  
So cold  
In your heart.  
Metal ?

The sound; among the fury of the battlefield  
and the fire; one sound; screeching of the  
blade coming out.

Slice.

The sensation. The sour scent of blood in  
your mouth. The cold and pain. You fall.  
The ground is hard. Blood. A blurry figure  
prints itself on your eyes; crowned with ice.  
And comatose sings.

-Are you dead yet?