By: digidestined93

written in memory of my great grandfather



booksie.com/digidestined93

Copyright © digidestined93, 2015 **Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

Final Mist 1

Roses blacker than coal,

Music that shakes your soul.

Gentle sobs have ebbed away,

Since he passed that dreadful day.

Red roses are no more,

Just my broken heart so sore.

Happiness has gone amiss,

Since he passed that final mist.

Final Mist 2

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 17:51:29