

As The Twilight Passes:

There was no time to linger,
No corpse left to wither,
No silence to shatter,
No trace of disaster.
We stand in the ruins
Of all we have ruined
And traceless we walk
In the whispers of dark,
For twilight still keeps
When the light falls from reach.
All that which is broken —
Could-have-beens and words not spoken —
Are hidden in the ashes
As the twilight passes.