

## Melancholy Vale

In the vale the Full Moon shines  
Illuminating a sign as old as time  
Made from the wood and shrouded with creepers  
Decrepit from time; cracks getting deeper  
Glowing orbs circle the sign; dead since the beginning of time

Old whispers from the ghosts  
Forgotten stories begin to unfold  
Old spirits mourn the crumbling sign  
Last memory since the beginning of time  
Recollections lost in shadows  
Spirits long dead from old gallows

Orbs fill the air as if the moon exploded  
Many lights becoming imploded  
Spirits dimming as the sign crumbles  
All around are melancholy mumbles  
Shards from the sign are beginning to rot  
For the first time the memory hasn't fought

Now the only memory is the vale itself  
Soon will be lost like a broken bell  
Never again will memories be shared  
But has the new world ever cared?

In the vale the moonlight shines  
Illuminating the remains of the sign  
Wrapped around with dying creepers  
Ancient memory buried deeper  
Glowing orbs float away; Avoiding the coming day.

Brandon T.