

## Stolen Soul

Empty thoughts linger in a thick mist  
Reflections of us fading with time,  
Lovers leave, without having finally kissed  
If death is lethal, then love is a crime.

Hearts find a symphony in darkness, which is devilish and divine  
Seeking sanctuary in a soul to console the numbing pain,  
Blisters embedded on a heart that is truly mine  
Love is a deceitful bitch that drives to be vain and insane.

Many loves have come, and much love told  
True love can never exist in a heart so dead... and cold.

—*Brian Wilds*