

Acorn

Clove Darkwave

What began in life as an acorn small
Then buried under earth
So that it may never see the light at all
Hardened from birth

There hidden within it hoped to stay
Deep dirty foil
Not wishing to see the face of day
Bottled in soil

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Containing dense secrets within
Water trickles down
Shades living in a wooden skin
It'd rather drown

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It knows what sorrows await to be
Pressure strains and grow
The illusion of emotion set free
Shell splits slow

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It could have never hoped to be so
Dragged on above
The colors of its leaves forced to show
It fits like a glove

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And there it grew into an oak mighty
Cursing its own
To serve the summons of whim flighty
Shouldn't have grown

For all oaks are born from an acorn
Seems such fate
A tiny poison heart grown by rainstorm

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Always too late

Branches spread wide and destroy
Pushing life away
Casting such shadows over joy
Dead leaves astray

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Branches grow until they sag
Roots run deep
Weighing down until they drag
And never will sleep

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