

A Beautiful Scene for Death

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**The snow drifted down
Upon the ground
Covering it in a
Blanket of white
It glistened and gleamed
In the sun
Sending rainbow
Sparks a fly
Off in the distance
There is a figure
In black
He comes closer
But not leaving
A track on the
Snow
You don't know who he is
Until he is in front of you
He is death
And he welcomes you
With inviting arms
You step forward
And as simple as that
YOU'RE DEAD
You just have to wish to die.**

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