

## The Legacy

Her voice once belonged to a mouth.  
It never finished singing its song.

Now her voice lingers  
in the halls of the house  
while the sweet melody of death  
accompanies it.

Little notes.  
Eerie sounds.

She sings perpetually in our midst.

The windows shudder like the frightened child.  
The faint song stings like the winter wind.

The animated voice carries on.  
Her song is never ending.

A song never dies with a person.

Her voice lives  
in the halls of the house  
while the sweet melody of death  
accompanies it.