

Rapture, The "Farewell"

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was i bewitched by the thin red line
and let it snip the silver twine
i stare in silence
that is mine

discomfort of my silent fear, so icy cold,
yet somehow seems to sear my soul
until the ache's too much to bear,
as mortal life now disappears

to steal sweet youth before it turned to gold.
existence now is not what i was told;

wastelands of sorrow, i welcome all i receive
blood before tears, you will see
cold and redundant, i deserve everything i get

what joy, want for nothing
sweet rapture for i am nothing

desolation is a delicate thing

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