

# 13 Winters

## "The Gift"

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As I wake from a deep slumber,  
There sits the angel Gabrielle.  
He's so pale, yet a sight to see,  
His lips so soft greet me.

This dark mysterious gift,  
I've bestowed thee with just one kiss.  
My lips kiss thy naked flesh,  
As we entwine with the sheets.

He has cursed me with images,  
Only tortured souls would want to see.  
This gift he has placed on to me,  
As he cums deep inside of me.

Hoping now this is just a dream,  
Wish to forget but will always remember.  
For this is now my worse nightmare,  
Come to realize this is my reality.

Roses have decayed just by touch,  
Everything he touches seems to die.  
He has taken advantage of me,  
Now his face, no longer I want to see.

I have come unto thee,  
Gazed by how you sleep?  
I'm now your fantasy,  
And yet your remorse.

He has cursed me with images,  
Only tortured souls would want to see.  
This gift he has placed on to me,  
As he cums deep inside of me.

[Solo: Martin]

You have destroyed me,  
You will never set me free.  
You have become my worst enemy,  
You have taken my everything.

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