

Abigail Williams

"The Conqueror Wyrn"

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Burning glances
Nocturnal devotions awaken the dreaming
Dead bereft of vengeance
And in the horizon wraith of a messianic failure
False visions moons waning pantheon of obsidian
seraphim

Wringing my hands drowns your blessing
A monument to heavens
A silhouette of the tired

Is death the only doorway?
Or just an infinite ending
Questions and contradictions
Your sewn mouth secrets
I've had all I can stomach

My apathy has blinded me
Casting my failures to the wind
And still death waits above
And below me
On the wane this intention lies
Broken shadows

Wringing my hands
Drowns your blessing
And so it rained fire
In light of my reason
What have I done to deserve this?
And so we wept...
And so we wept...
And so we wept...

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