

Chorus Of Ruin "Dreaming Of Indigo"

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The stone, disturbs the gentel waters
The ripples increase inifinitely
Lonely willow, placid tree
It weeps in sadness, mournfully
The blood it drips, the drop explodes
And from the mud a flower grows
The flower grows, then wilts and dies
The blood congeals, the tears they dry

Death comes to all of us
But to you on delicate wings,
Grace me with your prescence
The insperation it bring
Now your pedestal stands empty
Drink to absent friends
Rinse your innocence away

Fallen grace, fall from sight
I weep into my hands
For I'm shook with grief
Sobbing uncontrollably
I tremble like a leaf
Autumn now has come for me
A somber song I sing
Stagnant thoughts not realised
Disphoria complete
I vainly chase my youth
But youth flew long ago
Poisoned by your bitterness
You can't blossem when you can't grow
If I can have my time again
I wouldn't waste it on you
I'd ignore all the lies that
You'd insisted are true
You were a wild malady

Mired I never could be free
You closed your mind to ease your grief
Never alone in your misery

As dusty books fall into decay
Forgotten scripts on yellow leaf

Proud dynastis died and fell
A spirit leaves this mortal coil
Drifiting over non descript lands
Help a lot by clammy hands
Aromatic winds blow gossamer hair
As lonely conscience laughs we care

You joke I read forgotten pride
Left for innocence to defy
Our bodies rot the memories keep
It wakes the first born from their sleep
Guilt washes chastity away
Gods look on nothing to say
Alleihence closes from the pain
And in the earth our hopes are lain

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