

Demonic

"Her Dreams Despise"

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(Instrumental - with accompanying work)

A wintry chill resides in my heart
and claims to plague within
abhorence and adoration
Of the misfortunes it resounds to
bloodied pulpit and spattered sounds
toward a misanthropic subjugation
Which I'd left unaware of shattered dreams
when I awoke to despair
in awe of betrayal and miscalculations
Of the archangel that I'd known
and loved to worship unatoned
that She could quash it;
synching its mellowed beat with
my love and a knife
She severs everything pure and true
an evisceration, compassion subdued
and forsakes the inner knowings of Her heart
And I believed Her lies, to attest to the fact
that She would abandon lasciviousness intact
returning to adore our emblished, lavish arts
Faith, (as I knew Her) drew further away
tempting fate to Her face
but masquing its underlying past
And my heartstrings were snapped
drawn too tight this time
to our twisted, phaerytaled rhyme
and our dissonent symphony in part

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