

**Bis****"Lure My Spelled Emotions"**

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"As the streaks of fog & dust fade  
A sight of grey ashes & soft limbs cut  
The cold steel weapon, bleeding the emotion  
Is the weight of pain on an old heart"  
Sour blood streams freshly from my caged soul  
The strange apathy of the sky-shameless to weep  
How was I betrayed-my faith was so pure  
The hate I resent-stalking blasphemy may be the cure  
From falling steep-a broken man in guilt  
To become fulfilled-from the vows to the dark needs  
The winter strips the human shell from it's virginity  
The winter grows & nourishes towards a dark-  
melancholy  
The castle of trust & faith crumbles, and creates the  
path  
The path on which will lead him from the relic of the  
past  
Oh, god of harmony & filth  
How the fresh air creates music  
Blister, bitterness they ask  
The witches have done their task  
To seize an emotion and then, to cage it in your palm  
Vexatiously trespass and pull it out of my poor,  
vulnerable heart  
That material, which emotions are made-of  
Replenish that morose void with repertoires of treason  
"I anoint thee to scar the spring"  
I caress the exact spot, which I once assaulted  
I can feel those crooked lanes which force a mountain  
to bleed  
To fly & crow a curse on places never seen  
I hope, I beg, I crave for a raven's twisted dream  
From falling steep-a broken man in guilt  
To become fulfilled-from the vows to the dark needs

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