

Epicure

"Behind The Chapel Walls"

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The world alive,
Bathed in moonlight as I walked past
My grave in the fog.
Observe her form, lying beside the stone
And the letters she left in my name.
Where I longed to speak the worst of my soul,
I watch the tears that run down her face drop to the
ground
Without ever knowing that..
I crossed a wide ocean of change,
Consumed by a desperate despair all the way.
Yet, despite every hollow remain that I've gone
through,
The ghost is always you
Behind the chapel walls, where my soul's laid to rest.
There within a moment I understood;
I the watcher, just a silent silhouette behind the gates.
By god, one day, help me forgive myself.
She the conspirator will guide my hands and cleanse
my soul.
Though I have remained silent, the search is over and I
let go.
I will find a voice to describe all the horror inside of my
mind,
With determination.
I'm just a servant to the silence, the silence I despise.
Guide me through the darkest days.
Where in my heart beats a guiding voice? A sullen
hand to suffer my choice;
And now, to decipher, the moments gone. I finally
understand my fate,
And what has to come to be worth the pain, and ride
the seas of change
Whatever I become.
Like me, for that moment her face is gone. Life's lust,
my only friend.
No more the answers to force my own life to change.
Breathing, cause the movement when life is gone.
Still the silent silhouette, may my search be over and
lend me to rest.
I felt the anguish in that movement discovering me,

But consequently give my tired soul to be separate.

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