

## Harvist "Upon Brazen Wings"

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In the sunset sky I engage  
Ghosts of all angelic grace  
Secret words slipped from my tounge  
All to speak of youth so young

And as the moon rapes the sky  
Midnight clouds flutter by  
Ghosts of all angelic grace  
Permit me as I try to embrace

Simplicity for me was lost  
As I sat upon this earth  
With no hope to ever reclaim  
What I had lost since my birth

And as I taste my tears  
The stars kiss away my fears  
Thought I have the mournful disease  
The pain will stop when the breath cease.

And I know I shall have to wait for my time to slowly  
bide  
'Til I shall fly so free upon the wings of suicide.

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