

Into The Moat

"A Settling Of Ways"

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tangled in this divine coil
I ponder on the concrete and the highest of laws
the injuries layed upon cannot be excused
I will keep you company not much longer
for I see my end is bound by earth
but not thrice I go under
at the smallest of ills, I lay my sword upon the table and
ask for blood
I place a plague on all your houses
my half is dead for yours has slain
the end is not the end you live, so why dread I send no
messenger
the nectars and wounds
are too great to let by
all I ask for is justice
for death is death no matter if the axe is golden
and love is love no matter how selfish

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