

Kimaera

"The Taste Of Treason"

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Your ailing cries, reach my deaf ears
and your longing sighs, caress my heart
unquenched by your helpless tears
what do you hope to summon by these hopeless feats?

what secrets darken your fair brow,
and of make silvery slithering serpents, leak?

do you seek salvation, cast aside
perchance drifted in by the wayward tide?
perhaps it's a kindly saviour, betrayed?
whose own blood was drawn to allay

to satiate your pain, as you craved
for his own, to strike his heart and remain...

The aconite taste of treason, still lingers on my lips.
and my blood is yet painted fresh on your delicate
finger tips.
sweet memories, rotted and quickly turned to dust...
as my black heart, fast catches rust

I wonder do you sing to him, like you did for my ears?
and do his able shoulders hold your everlasting tears?
as mine did, along with those fatal shears
that -my kind lover- you bequeathed.
what of your heart? mine's abdicated mistress
does it house my orphaned image still?
or is it host for another's, oh faithless!

how dare you wear her face? and how can you speak in
her tongue?
she who slumbered at my side... and for whose beauty,
I longed
standing before me is but a scorned, aged reflection
an empty vessel, void of her tender affection

and as with the last rays of the drowning, witness sun
I kiss goodnight and goodbye forever, my beloved one.

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