

## Chalice "Abyss"

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Immutable, in mists of gold beyond this Acheron  
How grandiose the touch will be when each caress is  
gone  
How bitter rests bereavement on the souls of those  
bereaved  
Funereal our lust, through an eternity conceived

This grim façade of misery we never chose to share  
Do not the spineless crumble when their backbone isn't  
there?  
Tomorrow they will rise to find these remnants on the  
dew  
And realize with downcast eyes the guilt they never  
knew  
The dawn shall bring what lies beyond the shadows of  
our dreams  
An end to misconceptions through a tragedy it seems  
Alone we strive to greet the night as fates' benign  
embrace  
Seduces from a sanctuary beyond the life we face  
A love to curse this loveless earth, a weakness in a  
portal  
To humankind we bid farewell and thus retreat ...  
immortal

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