

## Maudlin Of The Well "Garden Song/The Curve That To An Angle Turn'd"

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Trust lies shivering by the hedgerow,  
Her life bleeds into cold cataracts.  
I see an eclipse in those eyes, rainfall;  
Of starlight trapped in bottles.  
My thirsty gaze will always remember.  
Dead, and I pierce her body with shards of me.  
What is afterward left.

Your face:  
Years wasted blending with a poet's eye;  
I have only a lifetime to forget.

My painful sleep unearths buried seasons,  
It is only ev'ry morning that I cry;  
Soft laughter seeps into aching wounds.

Please kiss me,  
Kiss away the cuts you've torn  
The knives in your eyes bled my joy lifeless.

I still thee hold in my loneliness,  
And wish that I could die in your false embrace,  
Holding you forever in a moment of the past.  
My Helen of Troy, please, this war makes me tired.

Belial  
Rosier  
Pain  
Liar  
I will never trust again.

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