

Maudlin Of The Well **"Gleam In Ranks"**

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A walk to Heaven isn't any better
With legions' fresh ascent
First they dwindled like always
And then I regretted closing my eyes
See, this dream was not inevitable
In the war of reds and golds
Our hero was gold!

Anon, with each pronunciation
Banners were smouldering, then dying
And burning my intestines
Taking away, alas,
All that kept me alive
Hast thou not crept up upon me?
Cruel poison of Life!
Thou hast taken everything.
But what hurts me is that
You've slobbered filthily
O'er the delicate lips of a delicate girl
And I shall announce what you are...
Yes, away thou goest
Into the desert betwixt blue angels
Choose thy canon and execute
Never is the morning of thy age!

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