

Maudlin Of The Well "Heaven And Weak"

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I am a swan's wing, bloodied at the joint
And pasted to a boy's back, like in that story
You waved to me from a mountain as I slipped away
Dimming into rust-lit winters with a burning apple
branch.

Who are you that darkness my shade? You burned my
door down.
Don't wait for me, because you're a liar
And each time you dream in colour, I'll be holding your
head under
Who took my time away? I know you'll hear me now
I know you'll hear me now...You missed your way out!

I thought I had it all
When I was left in shame, I gained even more!
You will welter on your hurried path with me as a prince
to the world
All the beauty that is all of Life shall walk with me,
And you shall walk alone...in shame!

Dry as a bone withered and cold stuck with a dagger
again behold me for I am centuries old cut on the lips
by secretive men
Terror I watch you nervous slowly insert the dagger
again twisting the furnace walls gripping my breast
writhing in want
Smothered within your heavenly haunt cut on the lips
by secretive men slowly insert the dagger again.

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