

Miser

"Dimorphic"

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When the storm came,
Bashing waters against my windows,
Ripping my calm and making the dark complete
I knew not to die in autumn.

Herald a spice of cold
Reeming through for life
Escaping the anguish of days gone bad
Towards days going worse.

Hell - I see it
Hell - I know your domains
Hell on a crown of thorns.

The terror of a statue taking posture
In this contaminated building.
If I could see it I'd tear my eyes out
For how to bear this knowing
Of how flesh turning to stone, iron or dust.
It happened just now.

Hell to be relived
In order to make a new god.
Hell for only me, so that you might live.

Nothing left in the mirror's frame now.
Something must have left this room.
Thought all the doors are locked
And have been sealed firmly since ages.

Nothing left in the mirror's frame now.
Something must have left this room.

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Hell - I know your domains
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