

Path Of Golconda

"Petriachor"

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I have loved flowers that fade
-A murder of daybreak-
For it's bloom once seen after dusk
Dried within the golden light of lust
And as I, like the guardian of nightfall,
Sow the stillness of all smothered hope
I grew a cosmic space between us
And between the prayer and his god

Between the Prayer and his God...

I see kaleidoscopes breaking
Shattered glass on a shiftsanded soil
My weak hands bleeding
Scarred from the stars we grew dark
I pray for rain on my shoulders
And those stabwounds in our hearts
As I slid my soul with rusty razors
On this night without hope and sweet
Petriachor
... and the Parting of Hearts

I have sought hours that break
Damnation's tidings
But amidst the silent winds of grace
Roared those venom crafts of hate
In the scorpions nest where we had slept
Altogether with the fear of life
A deadly fire took our breaths
For any words and falling sighs:

The cold sting of envy

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Petriachor
... and the Parting of Hearts
... for only losses shall last
Forevermore... mistaken the past
For so fast I stole all roses from her grave

And in the waning light of a world forced to de cease
We danced as if this paradise was never meant to
leave
Her opal eyes were burning tears and ravens darkened
her
Lovelorn mares and gifted me the poison that we
were...

And I can never forgive me losing you
I can't forgive me losing you... again...

Arms that lengthen a yet magical mania
Strangle trust and grace
From heart to cunt succumbed to frost
Is all that counts thy colder face

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