

Penitent

"A Cathedral For The Silent Dead"

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I walk among the withered graves.
Sorrows freshly bleeds.
I kneel beside the mourning.
Existing for one purpose only.
To die.

In your marble vault.
My echoing song shall sound.
Down into the darkness of the grave.
Lost in a mysterious awakening.

Hidden terrors gently rise.
Solitary passion avails.

Torn among the silent dead.
Hollow they cry.

In the cathedral of grief.
Souls weep with no describing tears.
The last temptation.
Dark is the dwelling of the dead.

Contours in the dark night.
Spilling blood.
The deepest red.
Oh how beautiful you are.

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