

## **Profugus Mortis**

# **"The Beauty Of This Form"**

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I watch in wonder with racing heart and shaking hand  
At the beauty of this form so delicate a creation  
But at the same time fragile and weak  
That all the eyes can see  
The illusion of strength is quickly dispelled  
As it's all destroyed with whisper and breath

Light and rain creation awake to touch with hand  
And the pleasure it would bring  
I am in awe of the beauty of this form  
Not constraints in all it's shape and form  
My flesh cries for it all  
And with it all my flesh would die

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