

Darkside "Shadowfields"

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within dead hearts
a bleeding face of pain
one voice sounds
sobing with horror that grows
expired, unsure and sweet
doing prayers with decaying souls
a miserable play
before prayers with stoned hearts
lights shimmering veil
priest strides up the altar
sunken colours move
streaming red on her cold lips

fear dominates me
feel it in my heart
in my soul

burning fever
crush my sweating face
realm of death

unforgiveness
burning in my eyes
in my heart

only poison
running through my veins
over the edge

faint angels watching altars
stream of blue eyes vague away
silence and shadows sink
in myrial spells suds swimming low
wretched figures reel into void
above my head
strike of blue colours voice dies on the choir
incense rising from black plates
on a dark bench I sit
raising my stare up to the cross
high upon high the starving voice

