

The Breathing Process "Blessed, Be Thine Martyr"

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I have seen death through your eyes.
Aversions, reflecting the skies breaking memories of
the tragedy that claimed her life.
In the wake her rebirth this world has been condemned.

Yet your lips still held perfectly with composure of a
lovers tryst.
The skies ignite in flames the mortals scour in ashes
before Antigone.
She wields the fog as though a weapon.
Artistically attired in flames, Pandora your dreams yet
to fade.
Your fate of love rebirth.
Rebirth.

Blessed, be thine martyr.
An embodiment of evil torn from your blood stream,
These flames were born from the womb of your
incantation.
The world encased in fog death is omnipresent my
beings filled with fear.
You're my last hope Pandora
Blessed be thine martyr.

I beg (a heart of evil that still loves has mercy
endearing sympathy have mercy. Now beg)
I have seen death in her eyes, I have seen love in your
heart.

Catastrophe has began the end is now closing in.
No sympathy Pandora be thine martyr.
My love these lies show you that I care,
Their lives are pawns to you their lives are lives to me
This is the world we reside spare their lives I beg you
please.

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