

The Fall Of Every Season "The Triumphant Beast"

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Agony, a melody.
On pain I feed.
To see you in this state,
Victorious feast.
I love you, still you are
Part of me.
I fi only avoid
Those pitiful eyes,
My voice in your cries.

Mind was ruined
By the rape of conscience.
Could no longer be the carrier
Of this growing tumor.

One last pleasure.
One last wound.
Please forgive me.
Never felt your father's love.

Exhaled his breath of rage,
The last of their kind.
Chanting from black outside,
As he pulled his death out from the closet.

Steps of hope.
Rough, red release.
Vast, dark, encouraging trees.
What remained was a finger's strength.

Demons danced.
Ghouls awaiting
Sinner meal.
The finger pressed.

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