

Thorns Of The Carrion "Bleak Thorn Laurels"

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Thy love, I gather the thorns for thee
To speak the scars, sad many.... they are

They bleed their palms across thy face
They are the tears I wish to shed
Yet only tears of red shall fall
On this night, on your grave

The scent of dried flowers, rest upon the palls
As night graces rose garlands black
For bleak laurels of dead lilies and thorns
Hang so silently still upon walls draped in ornate death
Wailing in sighs deep and forlorn
In mourning I wish only to corrupt the silence
Cold marble reflections of dreams lucid in sorrow
A vision of beauty that forever sleeps

I am the one who regrets

Her loss, her love, the wasted years
For time withers away her ghost
And I live only to collect her tears
To lament the memory of her laugh
For her breath is still held close to thee
Yet she sleeps so still in thy arms
Yet thy kiss falls harsh on her lips

I am nothing yet I am, I am everything yet still I yearn
Let these bleak thorn laurels honor the vast sorrow I
have endured

The sad cypress sings of black star lit nights
Caressed by the crescent moon's blood red hue
Let the petals fall upon this sullen path
For nature's sweet kiss knows your song of tragedy

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