

Throes Of Dawn "Of Scarlet Skies Made"

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The Heart of the Wanderer
has been sewn into my breast
The Soul of the Hermit
has been blown into my shell
The Icy nails of Misanthropy
are hammered through my chest
to remind me of pain...
of scarlet skies I'm made

There in the distance
in the skydance of the sparkles
Heavens flooded with blood
from where I descended

from the forge of the gods

Made to despise joy all
Each thought a dream of thy end

...the final salvation
Velvet veils upon me set
For thou art, the nails in my flesh
Eternal disease of my soul
Erode me - from this human hell
Grant me - my final steps
towards the glowing red
of scarlet skies made

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