

Thy Serpent

"White Widow"

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Skins of mask are flayed and torn
Abrasions and scars hide face forlorn
Borrowed sunshine seems profane
Sorrow drains frozen emotions

Pale feathers eluding, soothing
Portraits of grief abjured, slayed
All your memories, platitudes chained
Scorches of grace never heal

Denial of rancor my angel
Calls forth dearth of reason.
Gilded path to mind's eye damnation
Pure white chemical paradise

Through dark colonnades, ruins of feelings
Your kindred pain, perfidious guide
Theatre of mortals, yearn to know
White widow

Dreams that sought graven image
Now they praise the christ of euphoria
Stabbed cygnet with stained wings
White widow

Emotion turmoil, the war in us
Parasite touch brings warmth of lust
Wounds of soul smile crimson within
Light lingers, as the rapture grows dim

Treason in kingdoms of bereaved pathos
Feed the flames!
With bonds of sacred love we burn
Bleed for flames!

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