

Twilight Ophera

"Trapped In Husk Of A White Crow"

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So falleth the chalice of dawn,
thralls of flame hellborn
vultures of myriad crowns
claimed her as their own
Higher and higher she rose,
clouds of blessed to breach
Seventh heaven to reach
if faith could last one breeze

No blame did reach her opaque shade
Nefalim to machinate what pride and hate dare to
unleash,
thou curious the spirit was still bereaved,
for what lust mould as silver wings
diadem cursed as hex ravening, nemesis to purge
...Fly away

Carnal shades caught winds, steel to cleave what dawn
brings
Bezonian fire in her eyes, ascending towards
empyrean skies
Wounded skies, libertine, on feathers this blood shall
crust
Fear of lies to mesmerize, she soars with wings of rust

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