

Wounded "Black Heart"

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Black Heart

I feel standing, remarkable.
Blessed again, it's to late.
A dark incision, I'm flammable.
The darkest years,
Scattered dreams.

The night she's calling.
Freezing.
The thing we started will get us back.
Watch the moon falling.
It will draw me a name.
A face of black hate.

Black star, let them bleed.
Shivering flames.
Black heart, sacred fiction.
Shrivelling my flames with rain.

To see the point and look what's falling.
Stumbling expecting, I look strange.
Remedy, luxury, tragedy,
Made me free.

I seek your eyes, to excuse you in dreams to come.
Fail to me, and become undone

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