

Arc Gotic

"Portrait Of A Pale Lass"

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Time

My blood stained knife
With silver ornaments
Shine your blade and
Stab me in the back

She stands
Beneath the clouds
Smiling, as her eyes caress the sky
Her head falls back
Her breast sighs

My days
Neverending and faint
The nights full of doubt
Old wounds and burdens

So sweet
Come out and sing

Somewhere between
The study and the hall
Her ear pressed to the wall
The enfeebled lass
Stands and listens
To the tunes
Of her joyfull past
She caresses gently
Her curly hair
Her glance fixed
Upon the ceiling
And starts to sing

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