

Dekadent

"The Renaissance Of Purity"

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My Face in Soil
To Root out the Coil
The Fear out of My Life

Heart has turned to stone
And skin has overgrown
The scars of my given time

It seemed like an every day
Fear seemed to burn away
You came as a friend

By Soil embraced
By Sun set ablaze
Cleansed once more I am set free

These crimson stains are melted by water
Drained by a dead Tree
Dream no Dream
Cares do not seem
To cry out their need

A Sea of Tears comes pouring down your face
Like a true essence of purity that springs of utter grace

My Face in Soil
To Root out the Coil
The Fear out of My Life

See the Eyes of Stone
To the whole world they've been shown
And I did not know

Seemed like an every day
Fear seemed to burn away
You came as a friend

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