Nicodemus "and The Night Cries In Return"

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Night sees the fallen and bloodshed that takes away. The crying eyes of tradition and it's valor. Brandish weapons so steel can lead the way. One against the other, won't take these feelings away.

Lost within the looking glass, It becomes one of the hour.

Time has become a helpless slave,

To the rhythm of the falling grains.

Sandy dunes of explanation blow to the other side of reason.

Escape the tidex of virtue,

For they know not the needs of the human heart. And of the sky, it becomes a canopy of the loud and leather wings.

The moon hath cast a shadow, blood red upon the beach of better things.

The calender beseeches them to enter dusk with a breath of freedom.

And the night cries in return,

A bitter concern for the reckless youth.

In every age there lives a villain to be sure. How far were we from my imagination? If there shall be passion in my venom, And truth in my lover's eyes.

Then a reign in evil I shall see, and paradise between my thighs.

There must have been some other way, without the history.

And conquest plays, a dagger to the bitter back of reason.

Drones of bravery loose all they have gained.

Worthy if risked in the glowing face of treason.

For they have endured the hardships of a new and vile

Eating and drinking of the zodiac delusions, innocent, fair, but forewarned.

Star crossed lovers break free of this torment.

Elude the guards of the past regime, Off to the east toward the howling wolves of dawn.

For in their flame, there is a brightness with purpose, simple and pure.

It shall exist now and forever, solely for them and for their pleasure.

Bringer of light illuminate, the path they walk with a peaceful grin.

Lost in a burning, they drift into yearning their hearts will sustain them in Sin.

... For sin will always see you home.

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