

## Flames In "Scorn"

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I parish and nobody will know  
as my mouth remains still  
my heart awaits me, filled with gravel  
as the pain grows with each touch  
since I marked her out from my tower  
reality focused through forbidden lenses  
she owns enough of preciousness  
a penalty given by the source  
but I still have no choice through  
the hinderers frighten  
a labyrinth closing at the edge of space  
but they never allow  
she's shut....for all beings but one  
I give, I scorn, I treat

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