

Icarean Tomb

2nd Suicide

Blind, broken, wings burnt to ashened coal
Obliterated soul on a broken throne
Severed from the ties of life and love

Of mirth and joy I drank once deep
A swollen mirage of endless release
Now break the spell in a violent glee
Blood wash away the weak

Here resides Icarean tomb
Inside a dead, cold Cyclopean womb

Left me stranded on the isle of chastening
Without the will to live
For the errs and misdeeds, the wantons and grieves
The reprisal is at hand

Here resides Icarean tomb
Inside a dead, cold Cyclopean womb

On the battered shore the tides decimate
A crimson tinted twilight wake
White flashes on the endless waterbed
Heavens bellow an empty threat

Of stories never told
Seeds of slumber, older than stone
Springs forth a valiant beast
The shame and lust released