

In you were treasured many hopes
Tender pledging of days in grace
Bliss and dream intertwined as one
Joy such as all lovers might envy

Those thoughts are mine no more
For now I am empty; bereft of you
I must endure this life in solitude
And nevermore behold your face

I did not seek to wring your heart
The same act surely wrung my own
I had to brace me to the deed
Hence filled my heart with wickedness

The purpose was not to curse
The act was the only resolution
Constrained to dethrone our beauty
Thus preventing greater suffering

I must endure this life in solitude
And nevermore behold your face