

Return

Arsis

All hail! The phrase of tainted prose
The etchings that cover the rose
Well of thought of you, must surely be denied
For impure are the arts
That are painted in your eyes

Tonight, our lies shall be known, my faithless one
Tonight, our lies shall be known
And I'll await my heart's return

Resting in the shadow of a tomb
For a presence ever lost
In the presence of forever: