

Servants To The Night

Arsis

I remember, the kiss of shame.
The hopeless greed that once united
our paths from earth to the wretched night.
Now we are closer to hell than to wholeness.

Forever in lustful disdain.
The drowning heart shall always remain,
in fear of our lustful disdain.
These eyes shall drown in shame.

In the light of our blindness,
Servants to the night, we are.
Bleeding for our hearts' reprisal,
Servants to the night we are.

A heart condemned to treachery.
Thick are the rivers of hopeless greed.
Three words to bind madness and mourn the loss of self.

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Lost words, heavenless.
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