

Lure My Spelled Emotions

Bishop Of Hexen

"As the streaks of fog & dust fade
A sight of grey ashes & soft limbs cut
The cold steel weapon, bleeding the emotion
Is the weight of pain on an old heart"
Sour blood streams freshly from my caged soul
The strange apathy of the sky-shameless to weep
How was I betrayed-my faith was so pure
The hate I resent-stalking blasphemy may be the cure
From falling steep-a broken man in guilt
To become fulfilled-from the vows to the dark needs
The winter strips the human shell from it's virginity
The winter grows & nourishes towards a dark-melancholy
The castle of trust & faith crumbles, and creates the path
The path on which will lead him from the relic of the past
Oh, god of harmony & filth
How the fresh air creates music
Blister, bitterness they ask
The witches have done their task
To seize an emotion and then, to cage it in your palm
Vexatiously trespass and pull it out of my poor, vulnerable heart
That material, which emotions are made-of
Replenish that morose void with repertoires of treason
"I anoint thee to scar the spring"
I caress the exact spot, which I once assaulted
I can feel those crooked lanes which force a mountain to bleed
To fly & crow a curse on places never seen
I hope, I beg, I crave for a raven's twisted dream
From falling steep-a broken man in guilt
To become fulfilled-from the vows to the dark needs