

Reaching Happiness, Touching Pain

Cathedral

Dark oceans we cry, writhing in the misery, cast spit on the love that lay at our feet, the intrigue of pain we crave it's mystery neglect to explore the depths to sanctity. We reach happiness, divine in providence, our lamented desires. Lose scent of the essence, shunned is the prosperity, we feel the anxiety, self inserting the knives in our heart. Luring to degrade with bribes of affection, can't abide divinity over our imperfection. All love is broken, sombre in devotion, the hearse of selfishness has drove it all away.