

## Bitter Joy

Charon

The shadows grow taller,  
A poison running through their hearts.  
A night to remember,  
Has come a night to crave desire.  
For bitter joy.

Intoxication makes you warmer to debauch.  
The lust in your wings now,  
Has come a point to crave desire.

My heart is all for open,  
For you two.

Our love in sin, our bitter joy.  
Three of our hearts now tangled,  
For the flash of a lust,  
All these wounds are hard to close,  
For bitter joy. For bitter joy.

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