

## Frozen Angel

Clandestine Blaze

Her dead eyes look into oblivion  
Lips slightly open with fragments of bloody teeth  
Still attached  
Cold light grey skin with only few stains of blood

If only I could let her be  
and forget what I found under the dress  
But her destiny was to fall  
into hands of true servant  
And live for eternity  
through rituals yet unseen  
Proceeds in odor of melting frozen skin

Her remembrance  
Her precious beauty  
Her route into  
Her sainthood

Her martyrdom  
For whole femininity  
Her mortal sainthood  
Key to the eternal life

Frozen angel