

# Above the Edge of Doom

Darkseed

Don't drink the wine, it could be blood  
This torrent could be thine  
Turbid water cannot gleam  
Your amity to truth departs

The moonlit sky is lightning up in lands where  
shadows dream my thoughts

I want to deny my frown  
This war starves out my faith  
it naughts my peace  
Weed stamps on it's guilt, it crumbles off  
Ere you were born was beauty summer's dead

Find the first conceit of love there bred  
Faith falling...  
No bitterness that I have bitter thing  
Doom's calling

Whatever midnight hath been here  
The flames of love I cannot view  
So glid my path with thine eyes  
Winter's cold falling deep

Make glad seasons as thou fleets  
through crystal brooks where silence heats  
Winning, when I saw myself to lose  
Ruined love is built anew

On thorns rose stand  
Two mourning eyes thy face  
Bashful dreams, my soul is fled  
where late sweet birds sand

Solicit your evil minds  
wandering through the morning fog  
Through the grove where trees conseil the light  
Through the leaves, through fallen snow

My tears on your skin  
but water cools not pain  
from my soul which in thy breast doth lie  
(It's useless shine it may forbear,  
the weeping days to chase)

Find the first conceit of love there bred  
Faith falling...  
No bitterness that I have bitter thought  
Doom's calling...