

## Shadowfields

Darkside

within dead hearts  
a bleeding face of pain  
one voice sounds  
sobing with horror that grows  
expired, unsure and sweet  
doing prayers with decaying souls  
a miserable play  
before prayers with stoned hearts  
lights shimmering veil  
priest strides up the altar  
sunken colours move  
streaming red on her cold lips

fear dominates me  
feel it in my heart  
in my soul

burning fever  
crush my sweating face  
realm of death

unforgiveness  
burning in my eyes  
in my heart

only poison  
running through my veins  
over the edge

faint angels watching altars  
stream of blue eyes vague away  
silence and shadows sink  
in myrial spells suds swimming low  
wretched figures reel into void  
above my head  
strike of blue colours voice dies on the choir  
incense rising from black plates  
on a dark bench I sit  
raising my stare up to the cross  
high upon high the starving voice