

Poor Little Baroness

Elvenking

She was golden and of milky skin
Peace at heart far from all suffering
She was under Venus' spell
A Goddess pure from higher heavens fell

He held the scene, a poignant gleam
When he won her heart just with a beam
He approached so near, her trembling bliss
She was sold in slavery with just a kiss

He paused to draft forbidden rites
Whispering her false advice
And so he pleased his wicked needs
With all her innocence for years...

...for countless years

From that day she lost all of her grace
Decadence prevailed and drenched her face
Fairytale and stories told are fallen to pieces
Fallen to pieces

When will she see the innocent array?
When will she finally embrace
The harmony of life so long well deserved?
Worth being lived to the end

She walked a labyrinth gazing the stars
Searched an exit way throughout that dark
Little Baroness chained to the night
Possessed, bewitched and haunted to her plight

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