

## 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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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  
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