

Exit There; And Disappear

Enslavement of Beauty

So many a glorious morn have I seen
The sun gracing the mountain-tops with it's light
Kissing with tender lips the meadows green
Gilding pale streams of alchemy with heavenly blight
Even as my sun one early morn did shine
With all it's triumphant splendour
Alack, it's grace was but one hour mine;
An ugly visage shone through it's cruel agenda
When heaven suddenly came this near
It seemed to close all doors
The distance would not haunt me so
As the presence of the tales I had merely known before
But just to hear the grace depart
Pain I never thought I'd see
Afflicts me with a double loss
The fucking track is lost, and lost to me