

Vector Third Movement

Ephel Duath

Follies wedged,
Deep,
Twisting brush against the warp,
This waltz agrees to armorial bearings stuck on my route.

To glide from the light blue of desire's room
Seems to be my favorite sing song.
Shall we talk about intermittent blindness,
Can we roam without miss darkness?

I've turned back to worm out a secret
But useless bounds are the presents.
Useless bounds are the presents,
I've turned back to worm out a secret.