

The Mournful Refusal

Evoken

Alone, rational thoughts submerged by the fear
Dark, only faint visions of the cruelty appear
In sporadic tone, the composition of beauty turned grim
and cold...

Once again, I must face the horrors of regret
Antiquity arrives before it is welcomed
Only to leave behind an empty shell of dilirium.

Waiting only prolongs the wanting
Living only prolongs the arriving
Death knows no regret of a mournful refusal

In sporadic tones the compositions of beauty turned grim
and cold...