

Titan Transcendence

In The Woods...

One week have passed, my weary widow
- Perfume for the harbour-boat
Relieve me from your neck of marble
Release me when your limbs afloat

Follow yours and catch the diamonds
Before all hell reveals to thee
I cannot strive for understanding
As there is nothing more for me

I will never feel one moments sadness
For the days we never shared
As I have left the grip of changes
With you, my everlasting madness