

Changeling

Madder Mortem

Storyteller, bring your stories to my pyre
You, the tame man, be what I have learned to loathe
Tell me the secrets buried underneath a thousand years of dirt
Tell me the fever chills your blood
You were the last, I'll be the first

Fall as you are and for good
I am here, there's nothing left to change

Life bleeds too soon, counting time down on us
Hope withers at my touch,
leaving its ghost to teach all colours grey

Change

Storyteller, see the futile smiles and answers
I will teach you not to taint my sweet control
I have a deeper kind of riddle and a puzzle you won't solve
Laugh on your knees, laugh for the changeling and the joke that
took us all

Change