

All The Glory...All The Loss

Morgion

This flame...light, creation. Below my loveless divine...serpent.
My soul is but a deep, dark well.
Her grace, benevolence, beauty.
Wings, tenfold, harbinger, fate.
Rune, flesh, pleasure, wealth.
Everything beneath it's glare.
This time spells the end.
Nothing, empty, savage, seeking.
This earth, this place, knowing...
The raven within my body.
My soul a deep, dark well...time shall never sever us, for the
flame shall
Be us all.
The wolf within this vessel.
My soul a deep dark well.
I am Hades fire, for the flame shall be us all!
I shall not be, will not be...fate becoming.
To wish, to sense, to feel...whole.
I have not this want, take not this need.
I shall not be, will not be, loved in memory.
Like the moon above and the ground below, emptiness...
Acceptance of being whole.
I was once destined.