

Suicide Choir

Mournful Congregation

Sometimes I feel, long ago life took the last breath from me
Life itself, the grand enemy
The white bride of wretched death, did guide me through gardens
grey
The fruit of which, would only fall to rot away

Amidst such vast gardens, even the sun itself doth seem so pallid
And the once glorious moon, its pallor so unhallowed

Seven statues of saddened stance
Perhaps the craft of a man still sadder
Fallen leaves of the thrice dead oak
A morbid portrayal of a once grand majesty

What would one tear filled glimpse stand to reveal?

The subtle fragrance perhaps? ...of a bloody wretched death!
Up on his grey green throne
Stained with the horror of a thousand bloodied suicides
Sate the Suicide Choir

Kneel before the Suicide Choir...
Be judged by your suicidal desire...