

From The Temples High

Nahemah

In the shores of void
Lays my dream
That advanced like the shadows
In the hungriest hearts
Of the darkest secret
A flash darkens the light
My beloved forever is denied
Under my thorned suspicion
Dressed in laments
Cried till becoming rivers
I wake under my own empire
A bloody crown of salt
At the new order arised
To be the stigma
The golden wings of first-born
Plated with dusk
On a withered throne
Raised where the circle excludes
The river follows it's course
Without resti n front of my stare
Always icy in me
Empty whisper
The question without tongue
Like a lying leaf
My beautiful cause
Rise me again
To look from below
And like a wave of tears
I'll desire again
I promise