

## 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