

And the Maiden Spoke

Nevermore

She was born in 1617
She takes the glides of wind
Always chasing her dreams

She was a tortured soul in pain
She whispered this dark refrain
"You're not alone, so never be afraid
We are the cold and beautiful, you are the blue insane"

Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairs
And runs away
Sometimes she makes herself known to those
Unawake

And the Maiden spoke
In stuttered streams
As if her soul was dead
She spoke of nothing

She is the infinite
She is the deranged
Her soul drips the blood
Of the unfortunate and pained

She was a shameless soul stranded in the rain
Her redemption never came and she slowly went insane

Sometimes she whispers in my ear
"There's nothing to be afraid of"
Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairs

And the Maiden spoke
In stuttered streams
As if her soul was gone
She spoke from the land beyond

And the Maiden spoke to me

Sometimes she whispers in my ear
"There's nothing to be afraid of"
Sometimes she moves the chairs downstairs

And the Maiden spoke
Inside my shattered dreams
As if her soul was gone
She spoke of the land beyond

She was just another system slave
Just another system slave
Being led to the grave