

Master one's grief  
and I walk through dying gardens  
Suffer martyrdom, enforced to admit my fate  
I came across  
abysmal  
feelings never met, before  
Audiece  
thou adorned, ivy  
of the thousand pleasures

Apologia's withering, words echoing in silence  
you used to be the apple of my eye, a flame within me  
my armful's bleeding as the fleshy aroma still disarms  
me  
and thorns become the carpet for my dream

Come apart, in my hands, be one with your emotions  
lay down to the kingdom of the auburn one  
imposing view, I'm dying of touch you deep  
pain you shall feel, painful  
odes to flay the untouchable skin  
that I kiss.

Don't catch me as I fall, let me touch the end  
let the seas to become charmy lakes, where my soul dives,  
and as skies whispering my name, as clouds torn apart,  
oh this misery fits me so great...but I'm lost, I feel it.

Eroding, the end shall be mine  
Ogress, feel my vibes as you cry.