

## The Darkest Flame

Primordial

You... gave me strenght to carry on  
You... pass all wordly troubles unto me  
You... gave my time meaning  
You... left your sorrow for my soul

I love you  
I need you  
I want you  
I live you  
I am you

I... layed a thousand souls to rest  
I... could be a martyr in their eyes  
I... wished only for them to see  
I... embraced where I once dwelled  
I... lived for you

"If rape, arson, poison or the knife has  
Wove no pleasing pattern upon this  
Drab canvas we call life, it is because  
We are not bold enough." (Baudelaire)