Camarilla

School of Seven Bells

What is gained in saying I am that, I've done this When life is luck of the draw then a battle of wits More useless to me than a motto is a creed 'Cause this vain imposition is a loaded decision Hiding in it's vision a treacherous seed

The situation is president No hero to raise No villain to defeat There is only the end you effect Only the elements to override me How do you contain a spirit then With no eyes or ears How could you please your case No threat of death to subdue it with No clock to abide No body to sustain

She carries A heart of sand Her words Are the surge Of the ocean