

## Of Scarlet Skies Made

Throes Of Dawn

The Heart of the Wanderer  
has been sewn into my breast  
The Soul of the Hermit  
has been blown into my shell  
The Icy nails of Misanthropy  
are hammered through my chest  
to remind me of pain...  
of scarlet skies I'm made

There in the distance  
in the skydance of the sparkles  
Heavens flooded with blood  
from where I descended  
from the forge of the gods

Made to despise yoy all  
Each thought a dream of thy end

...the final salvation  
Velvet veils upon me set  
For thou art, the nails in my flesh  
Eternal disease of my soul  
Erode me - from this human hell  
Grant me - my final steps  
towards the glowing red  
of scarlet skies made