

## In Shrouds Decayed

Triptykon

I am your shrine  
I am your womb  
You rest inside of me  
My flesh shall be your tomb

Your words decay  
To foulest rain  
A shroud of mildewed lies enwrapping your remains

Your body draped  
Next to mine  
Exposed to all unless they've chosen to be blind

You caused my sweat  
To drop as blood  
Soling this meager ground of desecrated mud

Your mind depraved  
You've crucified yourself upon my barren grave

My fingers tenderly  
Caress your face  
I shall preserve my hatred until the end of days

I've conceived you  
I've destroyed you  
You were stillborn  
Inside of me