

A Sequel of Decay

Tristania

In decadence I take thee by the hand
too frail... to gain the promised land
too frail... to take your pain away
too frail... a sequel of decay
May milleniums gather on the mirage of desolated souls
far between departure and sorrow I breed my afterthought
In thy hours of vast dejection's haunt... wane
An angel strays upon my door so frail and lost within
To weep upon her days of yore my decadent come in
Her stain and tears upon my floor the sorrow that she brings
Devotion of a life outworn in decadence come in
May thy lids desorb from emerald seas a pending solitary
Though thy pain redeems, life it seems to be a fragile sanctuar
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