

# Aphelion

Tristania

Yearning for days of yore  
In Elysian daydreams  
Burn with a fatal gloss  
A confounding mirror of souls

Dance with the winter winds  
In thy visions so sanguine  
Glance upon Stygian streams  
Where lies hidden a pale secrecy

Hark  
Lures of the siren  
Yearn for the days  
When blithe thou was  
Sworn to a secrecy  
An arcanum devotee  
Mourning a life with thee  
A descendance of watery Argentine  
Trance of thy frailty  
Endure the exsanguine

Glance beyond closed eyelids  
the conundrum of all mysteries  
Crossing in life, my heart  
With silver in times, I'm weak  
Too weak  
Wan circling skies  
Secretes, silvering sorrow  
Precious to me Aphelion  
Thou are the fields where we wither still  
Exhaust in thy waning world

My Aphelion  
On a broken mirror  
Where the veils of night  
And day seems as one  
May thy lids gather again  
On a vast and frail crusade  
Invigoration of pain pervation  
This time  
Aphelion

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 sanctuary