

Reap The Grand

Venin Noir

clairvoyance bewilders me
beholding what I shall deny
fulsome vertigo, balmy spring
whithering, slipping through my eye
once a saviour, always a slave

what's she weeping for?
I have been to this scene before
life refuses to change the end
the end refuses to reap the grand

fear not my taintless acts
for they should set me free
quarrels on future tense facts
another backslide reverie

only love could make us even
need your eyes to reveal what's hidden
between darkness and light