As the light of the ever fading sun dies like a candles flame taken by the wind darkness reveals it's beauty from the shadows haunting it beckons me calling my name

Slowly I transcend into a world so dark a place where the sun never rises the wrath of the heavens send onward storms blood rains from the skies wounds. . . so softly

So warm so soft
like the taste of your tranquil kiss
your tranquil kiss from your soft bleeding lips
the anger of clashing thunder
sings a song of hate
sings a song of hate so strong. . .

A black rose blooms it blooms from a weed and reeks the dark sent of death I close my eyes and all I feel is sadness only to open them and see darkness

Is this a dream I wish to never awaken darkness I beg of you take me eternally each step I take closer pulls me further away

So warm so soft
like the taste of your tranquil kiss
your tranquil kiss from your soft bleeding lips
the anger of clashing thunder
sings a song of hate
sings a song of hate so strong. . .

"In this garden of grief I stand alone scarlet rain it falls and I dream of you the angel I thought I knew the angel I thought was you. . ."