

Sweetest Heart

Above & Beyond

The nails blood trail as another falls from scriptures
call.
And even beasts bow in defeat at the summons of the
fall.
This feeling crushes reason like the dark insight.
While the sun too scared to rise is burning from inside.

Alive, the dark insight. Nothing cannot die.
This time you forced it open, to see ruined our ancient
muses.
Nothing can be as sacred as the fight.
For your life in this night vampiric spirits shift in
sight.
A darkened gloom pulls down the room but the moon
it seems so fucking bright.
In my mind the light it binds my sight to visions of
forgotten rites.
Where in there was something no one could deny that the
flames
would burn my soul.
Time takes its toll, death unfolds.
As a right, as the light limits that in plain
sight.
The coming cold forever yearning to be told amongst the
desperate
masses cries.
Their gutted lullabies. their meaning has but died.

Now it's dampened the hue you can't see through.
When worshiped in two the
daemon's die to. Though the pieces seem alike.
Never enough,
never to rough the thrust of the blood, the cut of the
touch.
Trapped in dark and sacred pleasures yet nurtured at
birth and born of the
Earth.

Wait, I know this pain isn't OK.
It reeks of decay but deep in the dirt the fire still
burns.

Bled dreams lost and obscene. Visions of lust and
hatred.
No one screams nothing can be when hope and light are
wasted.
Grow untold a flower of poisoned laughter knowing not
where to find her
I succumb to the one feeling burning inside.