

## Return

Arsis

All hail! The phrase of tainted prose  
The etchings that cover the rose  
Well of thought of you, must surely be denied  
For impure are the arts  
That are painted in your eyes

Tonight, our lies shall be known, my faithless one  
Tonight, our lies shall be known  
And I'll await my heart's return

Resting in the shadow of a tomb  
For a presence ever lost  
In the presence of forever: