

Atoned for Cries

Darkseed

Don't drink the wine, it could be blood
This torrent could be thine
Turbid water cannot gleam
Your amity to truth departs
The moonlit sky is lightning up in lands where
Shadows dream my thoughts
I want to deny my frown
This war starves out my faith
It naughts my peace
Weed stamps on it's guilt, it crumbles off
Ere you were born was beauty summer's dead
Find the first conceit of love there bred
Faith falling...
No bitterness that I have bitter thing
Doom's calling
Whatever midnight hath been here
The flames of love I cannot view
So glid my path with thine eyes
Winter's cold falling deep
Make glad seasons as thou fleets
Through crystal brooks where silence heats
Winning, when I saw myself to lose
Ruined love is built anew
On thorns rose stand
Two mourning eyes thy face
Bashful dreams, my soul is fled
Where late sweet birds sand
Solicit your evil minds
Wandering through the morning fog
Through the grove where trees conseil the light
Through the leaves, through fallen snow
My tears on your skin
But water cools not pain
From my soul which in thy breast doth lie
(It's useless shine it may forbear,
The weeping days to chase)
Find the first conceit of love there bred
Faith falling...
No bitterness that I have bitter thought
Doom's calling...