

Warden of the Bane

Elvenking

Read the words I collected for you
Sing of drowning in lakes of your eyes
Calliope lightning the stars above that pine

To you, my beloved concubine
I gifted poems of brine
You were Beatrix, muse of hellfire, spawn of love

As the winds inflate anger
And the storm is raging on
Raven wings and magic runes
I foresee your crucible
Dancing heathen ancient rites
At the light of the torches
Reading fates into the stones
I invoke pagan forces

Leave my ashes to the wind
Scatter my remains into the sea
Leave them sink into Oblivion and on
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Art is judgement without any court
I was a jester tied at the stake
Giving my heart away until it ached

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Leave my ashes to the wind
Scatter my remains into the sea
Leave them sink into Oblivion and on
Way before the cost
At your throne of apathy
My poetry has died within my pain
I will not embroider words for you, again
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