Scars That Bleed Again

Evadne

Endless nightmare of consternation,
where the shadow of my blame revives
In this dark fate that awaits me,
at the end of this impregnable gloom

Throne of sorrow, forgotten
Innocence in althar of mud
Soul of dreadful rest, forbidden
At the gates of this winter

Outcast in the depths of this forest,
the wind sighs at this ancestral kingdom
And my sorrow flows,
like scars that bleed again

Chrysalis nocturnal creature,
bounded to its bed of stones
Messenger of funerary dreams,
carrier of this plague of grieves

Alone and lost, she no longer belongs to this world
She awaits me, she awaits for me

The darkest hour and its frightful silence,
define this narrow path that leads me to her
Leaving the sun behind,
entering in a world of ashes

Throne of sorrow, forgotten
Innocence in althar of mud
Soul of dreadful rest, forbidden
In the arms of a mother named death

In the black breast of her grave,
dumb before the drenched throne
Forsaken flower, dethroned of her light
Lost in the eyes of the crows

Hold me in your arms, as the night embraces the light
Bury your hands in the depths of this silent sorrow

Her breath in the woods resounds,
empire of desecrated graves
Under silvery tears of the moon,
among creatures devouring the night

Alone and lost, she is the tyrant of this world
She is around me
She, my Queen of sorrow

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