

## Black Jena

Forseti

In this petal of storms here  
I will whisper to you this:  
Phoney paternalism has bitten the dust  
What shall be will be ...and must

Many shades of rose  
Have fled the nest  
Behind a vast amass  
Emptiness

They were stupid, blind,  
Not even our kind.  
A Guest and a Loss and a Ghost  
A Villain thanks the most

Better an end with fear  
Than a fear without end  
This time the victim is desire  
Here in Black Jena

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I am not what you see ...or must be  
This mask is you  
Masked eternally

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