

Demure

Heriot

Bathed in your richness
Now stained with your filth
Silence as an executioner
A slave to your sin

Cold iron kisses my skin
A dormant dream, a souvenir you keep
Selfless life

Alchemy
A treasured soul
Torment is priceless
Sanctioned and sold
You face your judgement
Suffer my pain
Descend, decay
Terror takes me

Conjured by passion, a cruel image
Consume my gaze forever

Glazed in smoke, metallic underbelly, the simplest exit
Quest to maker forged by a goddess

Judgement