## **Dispirit**

Heriot

Desire has its hold on you Your diamond skin, sculpted bone Deceiver, it's too late for cowards truth

Sever the head of this saint Awaiting a rusted status

Silenced by power

Ivory witch
Death and disease
Nurture the void
Mental shift

The clear noose it swings with no grip Persecutor of fate, as the balance tips

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Desire Deceiver