

Mourn

Heriot

Crafted at the hands of cruelty
I claw for remorse

Retrace the footsteps of purity
Flinch at the wounds that are left behind me
Lord of decay, corroding my being
Let it burn the scripts
It seeps the mortar
Collapsing further

Illuminate the dissolution
From a body that lies here dormant
Decimation of the mind
Innate existence, my ambition

Misery around me
I feel misery surrounding
Soaked in silver
Putrid sun

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Condemn, sanction

Fatal infliction, mourning is hopeless
The cudgel drips inside this chamber
Everlasting shame

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