Titan Transcendence

In The Woods...

One week have passed, my weary widow - Perfume for the harbour-boat Relieve me from your neck of marble Release me when your limbs afloat

Follow yours and catch the diamonds Before all hell reveals to thee I cannot strive for understanding As there is nothing more for me

I will never feel one moments sadness For the days we never shared As I have left the grip of changes With you, my everlasting madness