

A child in the night
Cursed to survive
Love like quicksand
And deflowered maid in tow

My woes
Yet I wandered through the gilded halls

A dreadful daughter of wretched martyr
Sick to marrow and to bone
Your fevered mother would care and bother
And love her like one of her own

Her words
The word of Christ tells us to forgive transgressions (Save me)
It is through Him we can distinguish right from wrong (Scold me)
A penurious handmaid gave birth to a girl in our care (Cleanse me)
We are compelled to persevere in place of the estranged father
Until his return

Bestowed upon my weary head
Was a secret (Veiled and untold)

But your mother was dying faster
And by my penance, in disarray
Her ruin looking on
A delinquent's confession

Death
Her bane and protector
Placidly waited 'neath the scorching moon
For yield

A descendant daughter

Snow made white the street of her dreams
And on that night I authored said theme:

Through these words I extend my hand to salvation (For grace)
And this writ may overturn the rich and reward the poor (Forever)
You have learned that my blood has flown to clandestine bournes (My sins)
And I reject pre-destined wealth in the den of iniquity

Tragic, the idle hands of progeny
Reclaim your souls

There is a rising tide of sorrow
Sister
There is a rising tide of sorrow
Brother
There is a rising tide of sorrow
Sister
The rise of a waxing sun tomorrow