

And now in tranquil fortitude  
The shifting sands of time

I was sick with fever  
Hand on the hymns  
Expiring  
Ashen eyes in delirium  
Soliloquy in suspirium  
No! No! No!

A lock on the sanctum  
One of the cursed, forever in debt

Daughter, my unfortunate son  
I bequeath you verity

Twins, usurping strands of flesh  
You are not mine

Poison loins of mother  
Cursed my vigorous seed

Longing for a child  
My love for her  
Birthed a controversial plan

Her eye on him  
One so ordinary, soon in nameless grave  
The bane of my existence  
Sordid flesh communion  
Gold in mouth, he impregnates

Swallowed my shame  
Like a man of affairs  
Lineage and name  
Still fast in my prayers