

My Pale Prince

Pythia

Where were you my pale prince
When my heart was suffering for you?
Were you standing at the gates
The waters black and running ever deep?

Winter comes, on my knees
Petals fall, do you bleed?

Did I feel you reach for me
Your fingers frozen to the very bone?
Searching for some empathy
I feel the passion spilling from your veins.
(Can you feel me reaching for you now, Pythia?
Can you feel me?)

Distant sands, bloom to seed
Snow on snow, do you bleed?

After all these naked yearnings
Can you feel me suffering for you?