

Last Goodbye

Seven Thorns

Swirling smoke
like a velvet cloak
shrouding sordid lies,
obscuring your true intent

Visions shape
only to escape
into grayish mists,
of discontent

Bridge
Ruled by fear and anxiety,
through endless night I did roam
Morning's broken and I can see
this is no longer my home

Omkvæd
Paid, paid in blood, every step towards the edge.
Onto the crossroads I have arrived.
Through Gehenna you have been my guide
but tonight was my last goodbye.

Filled with ire
glowing like demon fire
that's how I've become
that's your accomplishment.

Leaving now,
with a final bow
to the hierophant,
a dissident.

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