

## Blessed, Be Thine Martyr

### The Breathing Process

I have seen death through your eyes...  
Aversions reflecting the skies  
Breaking memories of the tragedy that claimed her life.

In the wake of her rebirth this world has been condemned,  
Yet your lips still held perfectly with composure of a lovers t  
ryst.

The skies ignite in flames...  
The mortals scour in ashes before Anti-gone...  
She wields the fog as though a weapon.

Artistically attired in flames, Pandora;  
Your dreams yet to fade, your fate...  
Of love rebirth

Blessed, be thine martyr.  
An embodiment of evil torn from your bloodstream.  
These flames were born from the womb of your incantation.  
The world encased in fog,  
Death is omnipresent.

My being's filled with fear  
You're my last hope Pandora...  
Blessed, be thine martyr.

Evil tore her fro he veins.  
I beg...  
"Spare this world."  
A heart of evil that still loves has virtue...mercy...  
"Have mercy? Now beg!"

I have seen death in her eyes...  
I have seen love in your heart.  
Catastrophe has begun.  
The end is now closing in.

No sympathy Pandora, be thine martyr.

My love, these lies show you that I care...  
Their lives are pawns to you;  
Their lives are lives to me.

This is the world we resign...  
Spare there lives I beg you please...