

Rain upon the Impure

The Ruins of Beverast

You who first cast the stone
Are you adorned with wings?
How could you silently suffer
The sight of your dreams' wreckage?

Creature...
Your harvest is poor
Your soul bleeds
Your eyes won't ever see

When the bread is broken
Wounds are nailed into your palms

You who first cast the stone
Where is the splendour
That once you wore so proudly?

Creature...
Your limbs are weak
Your path is short
Your breath is putrid

When the wine is offered
Disgust is drying up your throat

You who are without sin
Who was to block the left hand path
When it became the last resort?

Actress...
Your speech is mute
Your tunes are sad
Your voice will die down awfully

The day heaven laments your failure
With noise of rain (lashing down) upon the impure.