The Bait

Uneven Structure

Void then a swarm of shades going down my face
Leaving salt over my chest
I'm facing an empire on the verge of falling apart
Here lies that scent nobody should ever tail

Vicious flavour

Where water and air no longer keep their distance
Creatures become the last remnants of a new swaying skyline

You brought me here to witness the scale of his wrongdoings
Is it a wish for mending or just another of your funny games?
You made me an inebriste spirit in a torn vessel
How much longer will you play me?

This is my parade for a prostrated court
Their complaint, a lost choir made squalls
Carried with diligence to the eight sisters
Cloak as sheet, savior made savor

All this racket, yet you're just cooking the man

I feel their sharp scales

Through the wounds

Embracing bodies in a ruby-red water

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