

Lace, curves and shades
Spell my name
Engraved by the blade
Exposed and portrayed
By a soft and sharpened caress I'm laid
By ink and blood on the easel my soul spreads

Cry restless child
Enchained pride
Lips forever tied
Eyes forever dried
By a soft and sharpened caress you died
By ink and blood under the moon our fate's dyed

I am unborn, cleansed from your mistakes
you are the only one still able to live your life
I am unborn knowing I'll be forsaken trapped in a frame
I am your sketch, I shall see you die

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