

# Helena

Will Haven

in a winter's tale  
rattled off to all in vain  
seduced into torture

here stands a monument  
of a womanizer's fold  
from diamonds to clowned  
sunken down

those tender lies you bleed  
deep within  
paralyze this movement

she is who gains  
from the broken sails of a man  
clawing out the passions  
only tides will know

a watery tomb  
cleanse the name  
outer shell melts away

what goes around  
i could never feel your pain  
through eyes pale

we are the chosen, to sail on

as we set sail, on a winter's tale  
rattled off to all in vain  
seduced into torture  
she'll not shed a tear  
for heartless souls