

# Altar of Plagues, A Body Shrouded

Pulled from my body, a part of you I never knew,  
(and I) fall into the whole of your empty space,  
empty and torn, with a piece of our own fate.  
Torn from the body, a part of me you never knew,  
(and you) fell into the nothing of my empty place,  
pulled with a piece of that vacant face.  
Where I came apart.  
Torn from a part of me.