

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.