

Arsis, Return

All hail! The phrase of tainted prose
The etchings that cover the rose
Well of thought of you, must surely be denied
For impure are the arts
That are painted in your eyes

Tonight, our lies shall be known, my faithless one
Tonight, our lies shall be known
And I'll await my heart's return

Resting, forever in the shadows of a tomb
For a presence ever lost
In the presence of forever
For a presence ever lost

All hail! All hail!
The phrase of tainted prose
The etchings that cover the rose

NOT FINISHED