

Charon, Failed

Place and time have changed,
Crawled in the room of hate,
Tied in your secret fame.

Lost,
I've lost the circles eye,
Fallen to rise above,
Higher than saints of lust.
Truly, sacred.

Failed in the lesson of grace,
Tamed to crawl,
Shot you through with fire that feeds you.
The bless in the shame, built to burn,
Shot you through with fire that feeds you.

Hide from these opium tides,
See how the waves grow high,
Higher than a man can fly.
Truly, sacred.