

# Peccatum, Desolate Ever After

All is sad, deliciously sad  
and the world affixes itself  
to the sorrow  
quietly, the old woman's kiss  
brought to mortal lips  
swept away swept away  
the kiss  
swept away swept away

swift chill of desolation  
and the sadness affixes itself  
to decay

anxiety, the undone  
brought to mortal hearts  
swept away swept away  
her touch  
swept away swept away

All is cold, deliciously cold  
and the world affixes itself  
to the silence.