

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.