

Solstice, Absolution Extremis

this silence forewarning
and darkness opressing
I lay my heart on a bed of tears
with misery growing
so I paint a picture
so dark, and so black
upon the canvass of a twisted mind
my solitude engulfing
and I bleed from my heart
with no one to heal
so alone, so afraid
only pain left to feel
I pray for release
I yearn to be free
I hear the call of the afterlife
my sins so great
and paradise is calling
this paeon to woe
from a spirit torn
a requiem of a soul in decline
I await the kiss
from an angel so cold
the savage grace of final release
a penitant soul to be laid to rest
redemption must
absolution in extremis
a cacophony of mourning
with love deceased