

# Third Moon, Captured

I stared through the azure of the blind man's eyes  
Beheaded Orchids in distant aeons wept  
I saw an embodied angel in slumber  
Withered astral wings and the body  
Impaled by silver thorns...  
Caressed by the breath of the serpent candle  
Strangled by the withered tears that dance  
The pure aorta of delivered life fades away  
Torn apart lonely croons of the golden weeps  
Bowed down by the profound mask of cosmic filth  
DRAIN THE BLOOD OF AN ANGELS'S WING  
AND GLOWING SILVER WILL BURN YOUR SKIN  
Deformed by the thoughts of an ancient wish  
Slithered by the fallen angel's reptile eyes  
Blinded by the wrathkind of the solar Icon  
Burned tongues whispered in welkin sand  
DRAIN THE BLOOD OF AN ANGELS'S WING  
AND GLOWING SILVER WILL BURN YOUR SKIN  
Afterglowed Illusion  
Broken horizon  
Impaled regrets  
Burned equilibrium  
DRAIN YOUR BELIEVE  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ANGELS ONCE DID  
(I stared) into my own wept blood