

Tristania, Aphelion

Yearning for days of yore
in elysian daydreams
Burn with a fatal gloss
a confounding mirror of souls
Dance with the winterwinds
in thy visions so sanguine
Glance upon Stygian streams
where lies hidden a pale secrecy

Hark...
lures of the siren
yearn for the days when blithe thou was

Sworn to a secrecy
an arcanum devotee
Mourning a life with thee
a descendance of watery argentine
Trance of thy frailty
endure the exsanguine
Glance beyond closed eyelids
the conundrum of all mysteries Crossing in life...my heart
with silver in times...I'm weak
too weak...
Wan circling skies
secretes...silvering sorrow
Precious to me Aphelion
Thou are the fields where we wither still
Exhaust in thy waning world
My Aphelion
on a broken mirror
where the veils of night and day seems as one
May thy lids gather again
on a vast and frail crusade
Invigoration of pain pervation this time