

Votum, Passing scars

Jeżeli nie widziałeś diabła, spójrz na swoje własne ja
If thou hast not seen the devil, look at thine own self
Jalal-uddin Rumi
Ill raise the blade into a heart
I have found a way to make you mine
Late afternoon, she steps out of the bright-lit road
Its now or never, I havent seen her alone for so long,
For so long
You
Enchanted me, conquered me
You, its all for you
These lines I carve run warm
A monument of love on you
Let me shape you
Let me hold
Ill raise the blade into a heart
I have found a way to make you mine
The path they will trace
The scars can never mend
Through blood youve spilled Ill display
A masterpiece of love, of love