

# Azam Ali, The Cold Black Key

The key to this place  
Is a cold you know  
The real dispelled  
Into the world you know  
Doubt, tasted, you fall in  
Down you sink  
Into her deep devour

She's still the key holder  
And through this portal  
She courts you now

Endowed with will  
And a course your own  
Bound by the despair  
Of the shoreless hours  
Heed this flame  
Within the walled empire  
This desire  
Is all around

She's still the key holder  
And through this portal  
She courts you now

If love be revealed  
In the spart of an eye  
Could all be redeemed  
In the sea of time  
If the stars embed  
Like nails into the ground  
From the unheard prayers  
That have torn up the skies  
Would you will it away  
As you sail on your way