

Charon, Bitter Joy

The shadows grow taller,
A poison running through their hearts.
A night to remember,
Has come a night to crave desire.
For bitter joy.

Intoxication makes you warmer to debauch.
The lust in your wings now,
Has come a point to crave desire.

My heart is all for open,
For you two.

Our love in sin, our bitter joy.
Three of our hearts now tangled,
For the flash of a lust,
All these wounds are hard to close,
For bitter joy. For bitter joy.

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