

# Charon, Christina Bleeds

On the seventh day,  
He arrived to stay,  
A sky so grey, opened up for him.  
Like a hallow man,  
He kneels down to pray, without a shame,  
Calling her name.

Christina bleeds.  
The rope's caress, is oh so tight.  
The hanged man's love his last despise.  
Christina bleeds.  
The rope is tight, so fucking tight,  
Her fragile touch the last thing he felt.  
Christina bleeds.

As the evening crawls,  
She feels the loss when the wind weeps through,  
The promise carved in cross.  
In the evil dusk,  
She disappears, for the lust,  
The lost love that sears.  
Christina bleeds.

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