

# Charon, Rain

Dying rose in a vase of gold  
For someone who rains  
And brings her to life again  
Blood on your defeated leaves  
And a tear for your arm  
No soul to weep for her

Rain above her eyes never reached to make her blind  
And the fire colored night  
Tragedy by trust, lost her world to the pyre  
And the fire wrote these lines

Seized to a world that's built on lust  
The dream has begun  
To share its silent touch  
Her loving turned to dust  
Frail in my hands, soul twisted out, crawling to the end...

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