

Chorus Of Ruin, Dreaming Of Indigo

Chorus Of Ruin

Miscellaneous

Dreaming Of Indigo

The stone, disturbs the gentel waters

The ripples increase inifinitely

Lonely willow, placid tree

It weeps in sadness, mournfully

The blood it drips, the drop explodes

And from the mud a flower grows

The flower grows, then wilts and dies

The blood congeals, the tears they dry

Death comes to all of us

But to you on delicate wings,

Grace me with your prescence

The insperation it bring

Now your pedestal stands empty

Drink to absent friends

Rinse your innocence away

Fallen grace, fall from sight

I weep into my hands

For I'm shook with grief

Sobbing uncontrollably

I tremble like a leaf

Autumn now has come for me

A somber song I sing

Stagnant thoughts not realised

Disphoria complete

I vainly chase my youth

But youth flew long ago

Poisoned by your bitterness

You can't blossem when you can't grow

If I can have my time again

I wouldn't waste it on you

I'd ignore all the lies that

You'd insisted are true

You were a wild malady

Mired I never could be free

You closed your mind to ease your grief

Never alone in your misery

As dusty books fall into decay

Forgotten scripts on yellow leaf

Proud dynastis died and fell

A spirit leaves this mortal coil

Drifiting over non descript lands

Help a lot by clammy hands

Aromatic winds blow gossamer hair

As lonely conscience laughs we care

You joke I read forgotten pride

Left for innocence to defy

Our bodies rot the memories keep

It wakes the first born from their sleep

Guilt washes chastity away

Gods look on nothing to say

Alleihence closes from the pain

And in the earth our hopes are lain