

# Dream Widow, Angel With Severed Wings

It is upon us  
The time is night  
This life of servitude  
I would rather die  
This heart is empty  
My soul is spent  
I've made a final vow  
Never to repent  
I feel his presence  
The king is near  
Resolve this mortal man  
Fate I cannot bear  
Now full of loathing  
Hate has arrived  
Coursing within my veins  
Finally alive  
The serpent begins to  
Coils around  
An angel with severed wings  
Gathered before the king  
I was not born  
To be enslaved  
I am the lonesome goat  
One you cannot save  
Dread + repulsion  
Intensifies  
Bathing within fire  
Dancing in your eyes