

Embraced, Dirge of the Masquerade

A whisper of fantasies
Like choirs in the wind
Graceful sweet poetry
In the ear of the lover

A poem of bloodstained roses
Shared in an oath
A serenade of desire
And celestial lust

Enchanting voices dying
Soon to be gone
Slowly sleeping away
Never to be heard again

Crimson love set ablaze
By the velvet words that are spoken
In a masquerade of deceitfull illusions

Tasting the nectars of passion
Given by the scarlett woman
Of the everlasting masquerade
Diabolic and seducing
As a spell of the passionate sirens

Promised eternal passion
Fallen in debris
Never to be forgotten
The end of lovers dream

A sombre portrait
Of a dreaming lover
Pledged to a bride
Of the masquerade

...and so the princess of twilight
disappeared into the unknown.
And then when nightfall came
the beautiful flow of an autumn passion
faded away like a dying flame.
The only memento of emotions
she left was the dirge of the masquerade