

Night In Gales, Through Ashen Meadows

...and my scrolls of earthen pain unfurl,
dripping with woe and scarlet slumber,
hastening to plunge itself into the richest tears of a faceless vagabond,
a heir of golden thorns, spat from the darkness between
and bathing in the undreamt marrow of none
and all what may sharpen these talons more than the fiery streams amidst?
no balm of reddest rapture will ever ease this bittersweet existence
nocturnal lamentation, perpetuate my beloved tragedy!
lugubriously dancing and crying I am
and will always be thirsting for floods of impurest pain,
pouring so splendidly from the scar of my brief being,
forever storming through the ashen meadows beneath...