

Tales Of Dark, Towering Grief Behemoth

[Takac / Zavodski]

Enter the fogdraped silva, ye sanguine flames of dusk
Carry me forth through the scent of dying flowers
Vain are the words that this cordial silence recites
When grief tintured thoughts enshroud my voiceless sighs.
Incline furtively into me, with no warmness of sympathy
'Tis not despise nor fear, what for the gloomy depths I foster
Where my sanity parched and seer shall weep
All defaced by soulscars incised so deep.
In yearning suppressed, where the art of vanishing lurks
Reveries are blissful only when inearthed
For dustless my frail wings are still
...slashed by barbed wire arms
that once held me so dear.
Of dolorous dreams, ridden with sickness internal, I feed
Grimly has the emotional volcano been smothered
While remembrances beseech, and the illusions depart
Wouldst thou hear the everhaunting rhymes
From the stabwound in my heart?
Mine is not the triumph over hostile ranks around me
But the formidable grasp of the all-devouring void inside
Deliver me from it's claws tremendous!
Cut me open forthwith!
Release me! Release me!
Through the whirlwind of visions nondescript, I crawl
As I kiss the freezing lips of solitude
Onward to the cold hypnotic aurora
Of towers exalted by crystallized distress.