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 tinctured 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.