

# Venin Noir, Damsel Of Grief

(“This is a very straight song. It was meant to be this way. Because although it feels really co

farewell, damsel of grief  
you have never been so high  
sadness is your birthmark  
tearstained fate's beginning to writhe

faltering steps from the cradle  
lead me to these grasping thoughts  
life could be just a fable  
neverending pile of knots

harlot, crumbles on her knees  
flawless skills brings anything you please  
mundane, insane cult of fall  
securing peace by clinging to lies unheard

willing to bestow all her memories  
don't feel sorry for my plight  
her eyes shudder with all she sees  
dirges are sung whilst I dispel the night