

Venin Noir, Vile Pledge

(“As the title suggests, this song is about promises we make throughout our lives. Fortunately

bitter ode that gradually wilt
an immense abode for the mentally ill
by the hands of mishap it was built
an irony that smoothly undoes the seal

cure me evoking labored truths
as I am prostate under this log
lure me into following you
devious words coming from the fog

I watch you from the slits in desolation
I call you through the ripples in immolation
I stalk you through the woods in desecration
I foresee your flickering self-obliteration

vile pledge (to be forevermore secluded)
diving into idleness (bereavement's cold caress)

this excuse, released through the fever
chosen sufferings playing the deceiver?
plagues are fast, the dews keep aching
spells are cast, parasites procreating

but the rain is gone