

Willothewisp

Ancient

(Her) Nights spent succumbing to the brilliance of Blackeyes, feeling the warm embrace of your hand, memories like salt on a wound, dominate my new found spirit land.

Seeking wisdom in the darkness hovering helplessly around our pain crying with absence of real tears, like a child born in vein.

I can no longer bear to watch you cradling my form
Wrenching out bloody drops of desperation's futile storm
Welcome to the Willothewisp my love
Deaths arduous game
Mocking times insanity foreshadowing years of reign.

Oh my perfect princess, hard and cold as stone. I shall trace your lips with crimson. I'll protect you ; they can't have you to bury, to leave me. Slay all who dare touch my pretty doll, it will be bloody paradise, a misanthropes ball.

I hear you and beseech you, find a way to understand. Kill them for my body and be left with grains of sand. Do not waste your life in vain, protecting that which feels happiness nor pain.

Willothewisp my love, is forever now what be
Willothewisp my darkened darling can not be taken away from the
e.

I feel your essence all around me, and see you dead on our floor. Realize it would kill me to see you dragged out like a rotting whore. The dead are not theirs to take, fuck their reality. I seek revenge. Fuck their stupidity, your death will be avenged. My princess is not their dead slave, to tear apart and fit inside a holy lonesome grave.

Ahh! You torment me with endless worry. A doll is what is left of me, to kill it, insanity! Wake up live your life. Do not waste it in my name.

No! Why? Your body comforts me. Please understand. It is a Willothewisp my love, but at least I would have command. Help! Help! Ahh! I can not take this, my heart was black to all but you, and now you're dead. I need you in any form. I want you. Separation is what permeates the fear of death. Ahh! Ahh! Come back!

My essence is always with you. Hovering over you and what was I of my love and perfect self, I never meant to die. It's all right, do as you wish. I want my body to be with you.

I see them coming, my pulse quickens, my long blade smiles. Get away from her! Bastards, pawns! Die, you are worth nothing, Die!! They are dead as well, now bags of worthless flesh. How dare they try and take you, Ha! Ha! Ha! We are free together.

You shiver like a broken child before me, clutching my cold hand wet with tears, you kiss my hand and lips, and I feel nothing.

A presence looms about me, whispering like morning dew. My perfect death doll princess, I stay here forever with you.

He has won my body, but now he is insane. I reach out to dry his tears, only to find I am like wind to rain.

Willowthwisp is torture, death's arguable game.

Willowthwisp is hidden boundaries, foreshadowing years of pain.