

Doomed

Black Breath

Whispers of blood
Call across the night
Under the cloak of thorns
Sickness beyond time
There is no cure
For this bastard disease
Drink from the storm
Leaves you thirsting for more
A hidden subtle taste
That empties you of soul
What good is the light?
When in darkness can you see?

When you are doomed
Doomed
What hope can answers bring?
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