

Frozen Angel

Clandestine Blaze

Her dead eyes look into oblivion
Lips slightly open with fragments of bloody teeth
Still attached
Cold light grey skin with only few stains of blood

If only I could let her be
and forget what I found under the dress
But her destiny was to fall
into hands of true servant
And live for eternity
through rituals yet unseen
Proceeds in odor of melting frozen skin

Her remembrance
Her precious beauty
Her route into
Her sainthood

Her martyrdom
For whole femininity
Her mortal sainthood
Key to the eternal life

Frozen angel