

Lest I Sleep The Sleep Of Death

Inked In Blood

Your prey...
Your seeking me.
Your blade...
Sharpened to kill.
To swim in the ocean of hate burns my skin at the touch; it makes me mindless with pain.
I feel you focus your eyes on me.
And I can feel the arrows of your intentions piercing my heart.
You wear your blinders of bitterness yet you would wield the scales and you wield the sword.
And I know I am outnumbered, and that my enemies are near.
If I knew I was alone I could not bear this task of enduring.
I must hold fast to the promise that my beloved made to me.
I must remember our bonds of trust to each other.
I cannot remain without you, without you (all) my life is lost
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