

Heartbound Eve

Mandragora Scream

But one day the light of unwords
crept into their lair...
a pale gaze, a shivering embrace
and suddenly, the stake... the end...
Vesmiah and Tyll

Under the shroud, no aristocrat's crown
once the torment of death was unleashed
upon the herald of their fate
The word love will lie
lie to be born again, so I pray,
on the pages of another autumn tale.

Under the shroud, no aristocrate's crown

Till: "Words are born within the sleepwalking whispers"

Vesmiah: "They live in the satin rivers or unbridled winds"

Till: "And die by the scarred silence in the cruellest wasteland..."

Vesmiah: "Until the leaves rise again and the moon..."

Till: "And the moon looms over our dreams, when finally this autumn tale
summons our hearts, bound to the mist... bound to the word LOVE
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