

A Dance With Aera Cura

Miss May I

A kiss of shame tempts me to question love.
Her sweet taste kills all beauty.
Eyes of a goddess, I fall prison to.
A heart of a fool oh I've been cursed.

A Goddess of love,
She imprisons me.

So take my, take my hand.

I wont forget.

Her skin is crawling with regret the feeling of nothing,
Is this, all she ever wanted?

Her dress flows red, shimmering,
Reflections of the damned, cast upon these walls.
They scream for salvation.

Breaking everything you seem to love.

She, Rises up, From her shallows.

Breaking, everything, you seem to love.

I will never forget,
I wont forget.
I wont forget.