

Autumn Is My Sin

Nahemah

From the deepest dream
I caught a glimpse of the silhouette
I was seduced by the purity
That could never be tamed
Just as time does to leaves in golden fall
My worst nightmare
Was a sweet tragedy
That lifted itself over the bare trees
On an agonizing, desolate and withered forest
A fatal winter dwelled in my heart
When she raised her eyes
And shaved me the blaze of the moon
And I adored her
A tear falls in the loss of time
Under the weak light of my being
And its trail is nothing more than my soul
Pleadings from a sacred dawn
Just ironic voices in my mind
Whilst the honey tingled on my lips
I was crucified
Thrown to the passion of the night
Which embraced me with its pearl towers
And I knew misery
A dying christ was a heresy
That fell over me
Through the tainted lights of an illusion
Of a god that looked at me with scorn
Only then could I visualize my dream
My communion with her in the deepest passion
Of pagan eroticism
Fog is her silver veil
Covering two drops of water
With the most subtle dark fragrance
Drowning me with her movements til the ourance
A life full of black roses
My wife, I have shaved blood with you
Underneath the shadows of the crows
That taint the sky
To sucumb to the beauty
That pulled me down drowning me
In the days in which the grave sang for me