

In the moments before she falls into the stream...  
Doubt assails her conscience, sorrow wracks her being...  
Letting go, she drowns...  
Her arms drift cruciform on the onyx tapestry...  
In the twilight mist rises from the surface...  
I reach into the water to touch her pale visage...  
As above so below...  
An angel flies on blackest wing...  
To crush her soul, to weigh her sins...  
Thy salvation her eyes hath seen...  
The wailing dead in rapture sing...  
The vaulted crypts, the blackened woods that reek of death's decay...  
The charnel house, the no-man's-land...  
This is thy domain...  
Requiem aeternam... dona nobis pacem...  
Et lux perpetua luceat eis...  
An angel flies...  
Azrael, how soon thy touch...  
Renders flesh to lifeless dust...  
Your will, my undoing...  
You deny me everything...