

Even The Heavens Cried

Necare

As the razor strokes the flesh upon my wrist -- the blood of a
"martyr" trickles down...
Painting scarlet patterns on sanguine fingertips...
This is thy blessing which rests upon thy lips...
Lucerna pedibus meis...
In aeternam...
Nunquam recordare inveritas...
The suffocating silence of the end...
Forever...
Tristesses...
My days pass away like a shadow...
As my lifeblood pools and seeps beneath the lychgate...
So does your love fill my coffin...
And lust unminding slowly drives each nail...
So cease thy curses across my breathless lips...
Lucerna pedibus meis...
Lacrimosa... nunquam recordare inveritas...
The suffocating silence of the end...
Forever weeping...
Even the heavens cry...
As I descend.