

Portrait

The Autumn Offering

She's draped across the bathtub
Or lying on the floor
So cold her pale white skin
Ill touch her to be sure
Blind redemption

The words were draped in broken embers
Regret is all that I have

I can't seem to sleep
Without her face
The lines under my eyes
Foretell my sleepless nights
Why am I holding on?
Denial of frail wrists

The words were draped in broken embers
Regret is all that I have
I need you to paint this portrait in my mind
To take away my pain

...and she's pure and silent

Crawl back into the womb
Premortal emancipation
The scars ripped across her neck
Mimic the holes of trephination
Throw her back

The words were draped in broken embers
Regret is all that I have
I need you to paint this portrait