

Your Time Is Mine

The Autumn Offering

Raise your voices to the stars
Upon this silent alter
From lips to her brow
Still accused
Did I not bleed for you

I cant get the stain off
Burned by the foolish pride
You left me
With idle hands I left love
I let it turn to dust
My blood runs cold
Her kiss a venomous taste
Roses turn to withered stalks
Alone I tread this path I walk

I cant get the stain off
With my heart on my sleeve
Like a badge of sorrow
You made a fool of me
Now your blood is my desire
To drain you of life I must do
Give yourself to me
To walk away from light

Let me drown in the flood
Blind by the fear of what was
Some are kings
All are fools
None can last
None can choose
Take these scars
I gave a lifetime