

Posed to Death

The Faint

I feel a warm resistance
Beneath the outer layer
What once moved living organs
Leaks through a thin veneer

Blue blooded royal body
Elegantly posed to death
Not speaking, prince now are you?
Not breathing one more breath

Just now the curtain's folding
It falls and lies to rest
So selfish royal brother
You've loved your wife to death

Your ways could not continue
You'd rule with hateful hands
I called you toward the staircase
And I caused your violent end