

In Shrouds Decayed

Triptykon

I am your shrine
I am your womb
You rest inside of me
My flesh shall be your tomb

Your words decay
To foulest rain
A shroud of mildewed lies enwrapping your remains

Your body draped
Next to mine
Exposed to all unless they've chosen to be blind

You caused my sweat
To drop as blood
Soling this meager ground of desecrated mud

Your mind depraved
You've crucified yourself upon my barren grave

My fingers tenderly
Caress your face
I shall preserve my hatred until the end of days

I've conceived you
I've destroyed you
You were stillborn
Inside of me