

Cemetery of Shattered Masks

Xasthur

And midst the writhe of parapets
Where angels sigh, lonely she sits
Upon the lip
Only a slip from whence I beg Her

That I would wish
Her kiss a chrysalis
To break to make my fluttered heart amiss
And in those frozen moments won
From grief that creeps to wreathe the sun
In drapes inwove with death's head wing
I thank God for the suffering

Love would have conquered all
But for the Rapture
That ancient plan for my defeat
Denied Faith skies that would have set Her free
It seems again dreams wend to capture!