

DU CRÉPUSCULE JUSQU'À L'AUBE

(FROM DUSK UNTIL DAWN)

I AM COLORED WITH THE CHAOTIC PAIN OF SORROW,
 BENT IN MISERY FOR TODAY DESTINES MY TOMORROW,
 WHEN I DREAM I BECOME SMOKE, IN A CITY OF TIME THAT TRAVELS,
 THIS SISTER OF DEATH SLICES FATES CORD AND MY PRESENT STATE OF MIND UNRAVELS.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN SETS FIRE TO MY PATH AMIDST THIS STEAM OF POVERTY
 THAT TEARS AT MY SPIRIT AND SETS FIRE TO MY FLESH, ELUDING MY SERENITY,
 AND I AWAKEN FROM MY OWN BETRAYAL AMONG THE SUFFERING WILLOWS,
 TO WHAT THEY HISS INTO THE DRUMS OF MY SKULL, THEIR "HOMICIDAL DECEPTION" ON DEATH ROWS.

MY CONSCIOUSNESS IS WRAPPED WITH SHADOWS OF SWEET MURMURS IN MISERY,
 A MYSTERIOUS SADNESS BUT AFTER TEARS FALL MY SORROW PASSES MORE EASILY.

AS ONE WHO'S HEART IS CONTRITE, I AM DOOMED TO THE FLAMES OF NOE,
 A MOMENT OF VENGEANCE AND IT'S THE RAVEN THAT NOW CAWS AT THE CROW.

TIMES OF WRATH SHALL DISSOLVE THIS WORLD INTO CRIMSON ASHES AND DUST,
 DARKNESS IS THE CREATION OF MY HOLLOWNESS BECAUSE MURDERING ME THEY MUST.

MY LIFE IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN MY GRAVE SO I'M CONSTANTLY HAUNTED BY DOUBT,
 I AWAKEN THE LIGHT IN MY SPIRITS DARKNESS BUT THE PAIN SNUFFS IT OUT.

AN EVERGREEN, BUT GREEN NO MORE, NOW A WELLOW STANDING ALONE,
 I CAN NO LONGER WEEP IN THE DARKNESS OF ETERNAL NIGHT WHEN NO ONE IS HOME,
 SO WHILE THE DREAMS OF MY FUTURE ARE ENCUMBERED BY THE HISTORY OF MY PAST,
 I PRAY THE EQUINOX OF MY LIFE TAKES PLACE AND THE MISERY BE EVANESCENT AT LAST.

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