

# A Romance by the Wings of Icarus

## It Dies Today

As the flame of the candle stands still in the biting air  
And the silhouettes of a broken man crash to the floor  
He rues the day he flew too close to the sun  
Recalling her smile as his wings melted  
And he descended to the depths below She had spoken of things all too impossible for hearts to behold  
Her beauty beckoning his soul  
Defenseless he fell enamored by her intoxicating charm  
She had spoken of things, which he began to believe  
This was not supposed to be, screamed the temptress Empathy being her only vice she constructed a heart  
shaped tomb  
There she swore she would lie and perish  
With his wings charred and the pieces of his heart  
Lying in ruins on the floor She had spoken of things all too impossible for hearts to behold  
He dreams of a day when the candle would begin  
To flicker in the cold night air  
Perhaps then he would fly again, he will fly again

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