Return

Arsis

All hail, the phrase of tainted prose
The etchings that cover the rose
Well, thought of you, must surely be denied
For impure are the arts that are painted in your eyesTonight, our lies shall be known
My faithless one
Tonight, our lies shall be known
And I'll await my heart's returnResting in the shadow of a tomb
For a presence ever lost
In the presence of forever

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