From Burning Sentiments

And Hell Followed With

This will not end tonight. I have bared witness to tragedy in many and my refusal to accept this will end all suffering. The blackened horizon beclouded by the presence of the gothic architecture. The eyes of this decaying waste shall see that there is hope (there will always be hope). And in my refusal to drown beneath the currents, I with calloused hands have reached into the abyss and drawn forth from the night's breast the light of another once faded. I am no hero. I seek no restitution for the charity of my will. My coruscated pasts shall never distress my beating heart. I refuse to let the voracious tides of depravity consume this life. And with the grace of my comforting hand, I have removed the grey, blanketing mist that rested upon her eyes in seek of eternity. What once was dead now breathes again, eyes open to the world around.

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