

Obeying the Iron Will

KEN mode

Sharp flickers of light set my senses ablaze.

Rain hits the window in waves;

Pulsing like the warm flashes that course over my nerves as the subconscious erupts into bittersweet bliss.

This has been culminating for ons and it appears the stage has been set for our epic conquest.

Sever combinations of raw animal lust and the most poignant of spiritual connections;

If I believed in destiny, this would be it.

My queen, my queen.

I survived through stagnancy on your prose;

Rebuilt in the face of devastation and brought conquest to new lands wishing you were by my side?

I count myself lucky that this torturous dance ever commenced, yet curse the parameters surrounding it daily.

Woven from the same scarce cloth.

Im tired of living for what could have been, as life is too short for second best.

My queen, my queen.

Lyrics provided by

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